FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Oui

MARCH 1978 $2.00

AN EXPLOSIVE INTERVIEW WITH HUEY NEWTON

NEW TRICKS FOR MEETING WOMEN

PART I OF A SIZZLING HOLLYWOOD PICTORIAL

PLUS

DEFENDING JOHNNY CARSON

LAUNDERING YOUR CREDIT

NITPICKING A MOVIE

HATING A ROCK CONCERT

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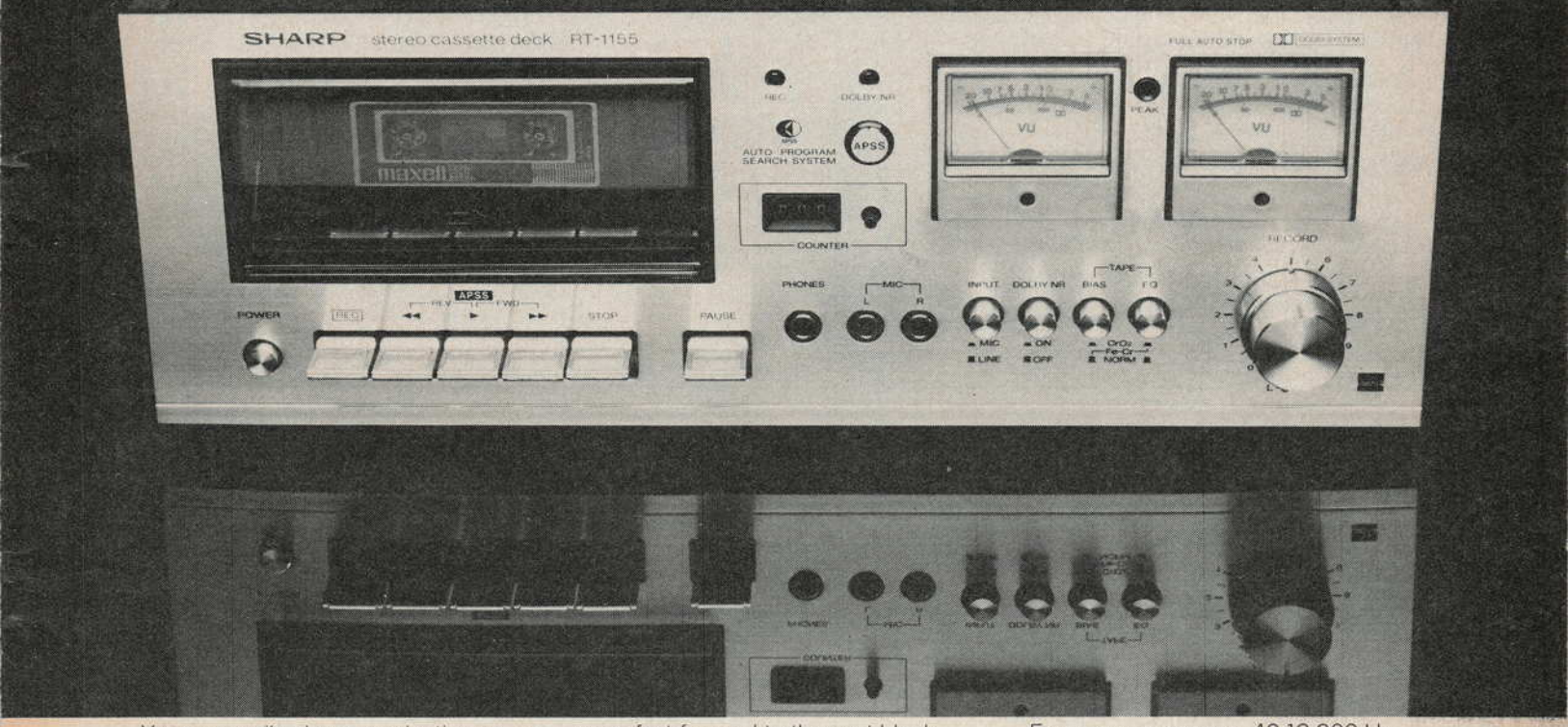

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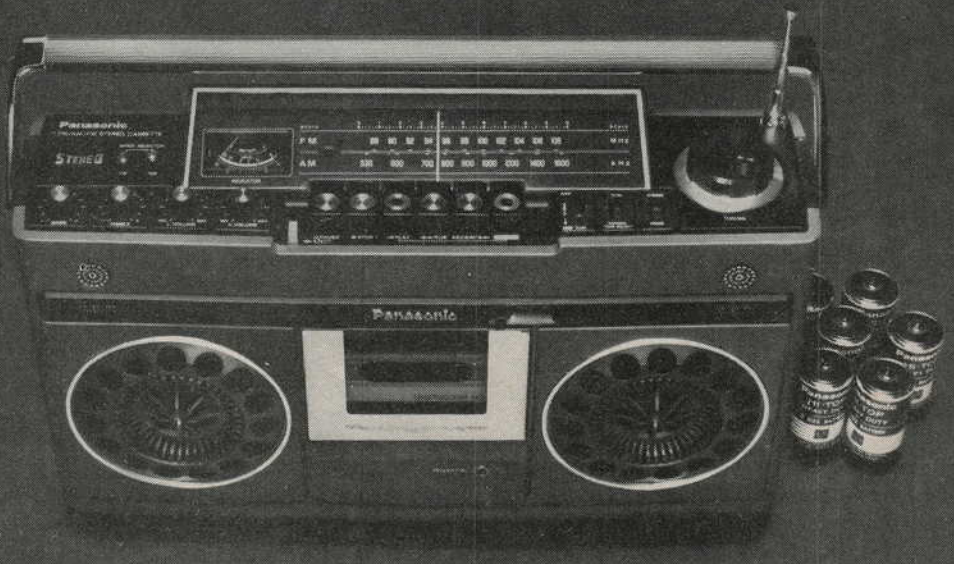

All Panasonic AM/FM cassette recorders come with batteries and AC cord. A car adapter (RP-917) is optional.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

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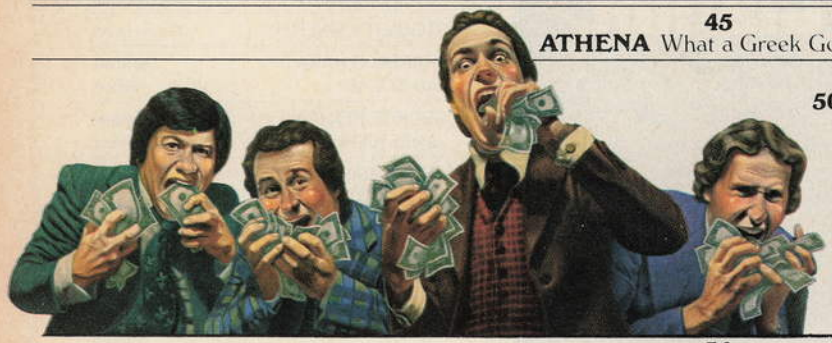

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Cover: Laurel photographed by Todd Smith. Wardrobe by Geanne D'Alessio, styling by Susan Swanson. Page 14: French waiters photo by Munni Kabir.

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"Señor, there's only one way to order tequila."

Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

He was known not to say a word. He'd just hold up two fingers.

That was mighty strange behavior for a tequila man who only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

However, once you got to know him and his Two Fingers Tequila better you understood what he was meaning.

"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.

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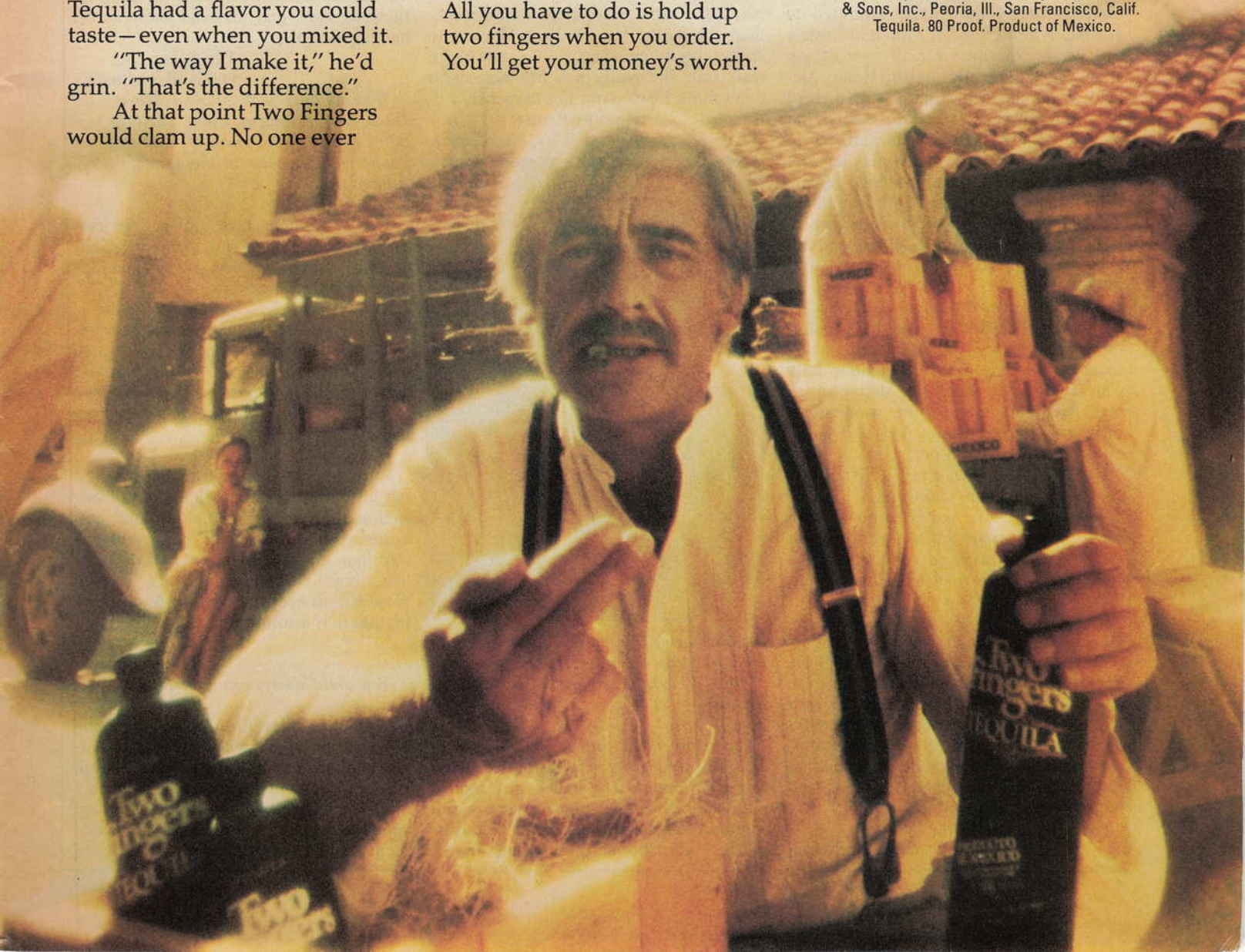

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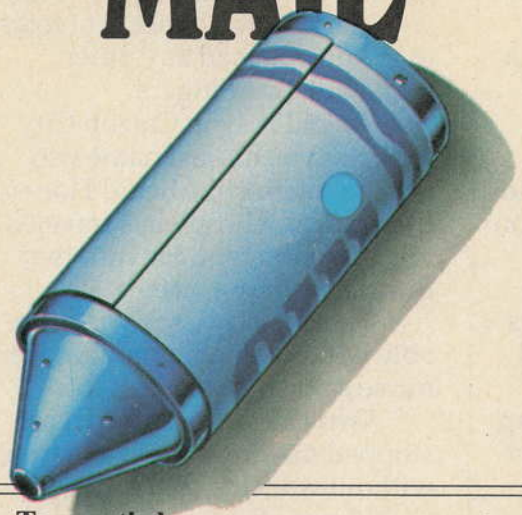

Love and death

The teenagers in *Pigs with Wings* (December) describe the most erotic fantasies I've ever read anywhere. Antonia's fascination with death and sex reminded me of my own rather morbid sexual fantasies—fantasies that I have never admitted to anyone. When I was 16, I thought I was a real pervert, because I really got off on lying very still while masturbating, pretending all the while that I was a dead person. A few years later, I discovered that men don't like their sexual partners to pretend that they are dead people, so I developed quite an acrobatic act, replete with moans and groans and simulated multiple orgasms. My boyfriends love it, but after they're asleep I still lie very still and have magnificent orgasms by pretending I'm dead.

As I said, I always thought that I was the only one in the world to have such peculiar thoughts, so I was quite shocked to discover that there is a young woman in Italy who incidentally shares my shameful secret. Are there many more women out there who have fantasies they feel guilty about? I'd love to find out.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Anaheim, California

So would we. We hereby invite any OUI *readers who harbor guilty feelings about their sexual fantasies to come out of the closet and write us a letter. Think of it as therapy.*

Black on black

Peter Manso deserves more than a little applause for his excellent panel discussion on *The New Racism* (November). Eleanor Holmes Norton is right on when she talks about the feelings of white Southerners, but I wish that the Reverend Jesse Jackson would cool his act—it's getting old. And nobody's listening.

RHONA JAMISON
New Orleans, Louisiana

Tongue-tied

I've been staring at *The Ultra-Ultra Girls* in the December OUI for over an hour now and can only say that I'm stunned. Ann Marie looks as unbelievably delicious as she did earlier this year; Kitten Natividad talks even more outrageously than she looks; but it's June Mack who really takes my breath away. Can she be for real? Can she really lick her nipples? I don't think I can stand this suspense.

HARVEY COHEN
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Calm down, Harvey. Of course June's for real. And just to prove it, here's another picture of her, indulging in her favorite activity.

I'm a tit man, and boy, was I ever disappointed by the pictures of Russ Meyer's women. The black girl looked pretty well developed, but who cares about smutbutt tits? Kitten Natividad was okay, but hell, you showed more of her snatch than you did of her jugs. Sharon Hill? Shit! Big-titted women should not be photographed lying on their backs. Let those giant knockers hang down so we can get our joys! As for Ann Marie, 95 percent of her tits are silicone! C'mon, goddammit, show us some real tits—and show us tits hanging down!

TED BILBO, JR.
Oakland, California

Take another look at Ann Marie, Ted Dildo, oops, excuse us, Bilbo. She's the real thing, as you would know if you'd seen her kiddie pictures back in the January 1977 issue of OUI.

June's sensuous face and catlike eyes have me enthralled—not to mention her 66-24-28 dimensions. Are you *sure* her hips measure only 28 inches?

GORDON J. GIBSON
Regina, Saskatchewan

That's what June told us, Gordon. Would a lady lie? (It's very interesting that you accept the 66-inch bust measurement with no question. Do you realize that means five and a half feet around?

I was happy when my husband tossed out his Farrah Fawcett-Majors pinup collection after viewing that cute blond brabuster, Ann Marie, in OUI. Predictably, he said that Ann Marie makes Farrah "look like a boy." Of course, now he's got Ann plastered all over the walls! I don't think that there is a solution to this problem.

B. BRYANT
Miami, Florida

You could always grin and bare it.

Such platitudes for the graying Russ Meyer from Ultravixens June Mack, Kitten Natividad, Ann Marie and Sharon Hill—and not an ex-wife amongst them.

There will be one more Ultravixen added to the film in a most personal final scene—and hopefully she will be even

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Winston King. Winston 100's.

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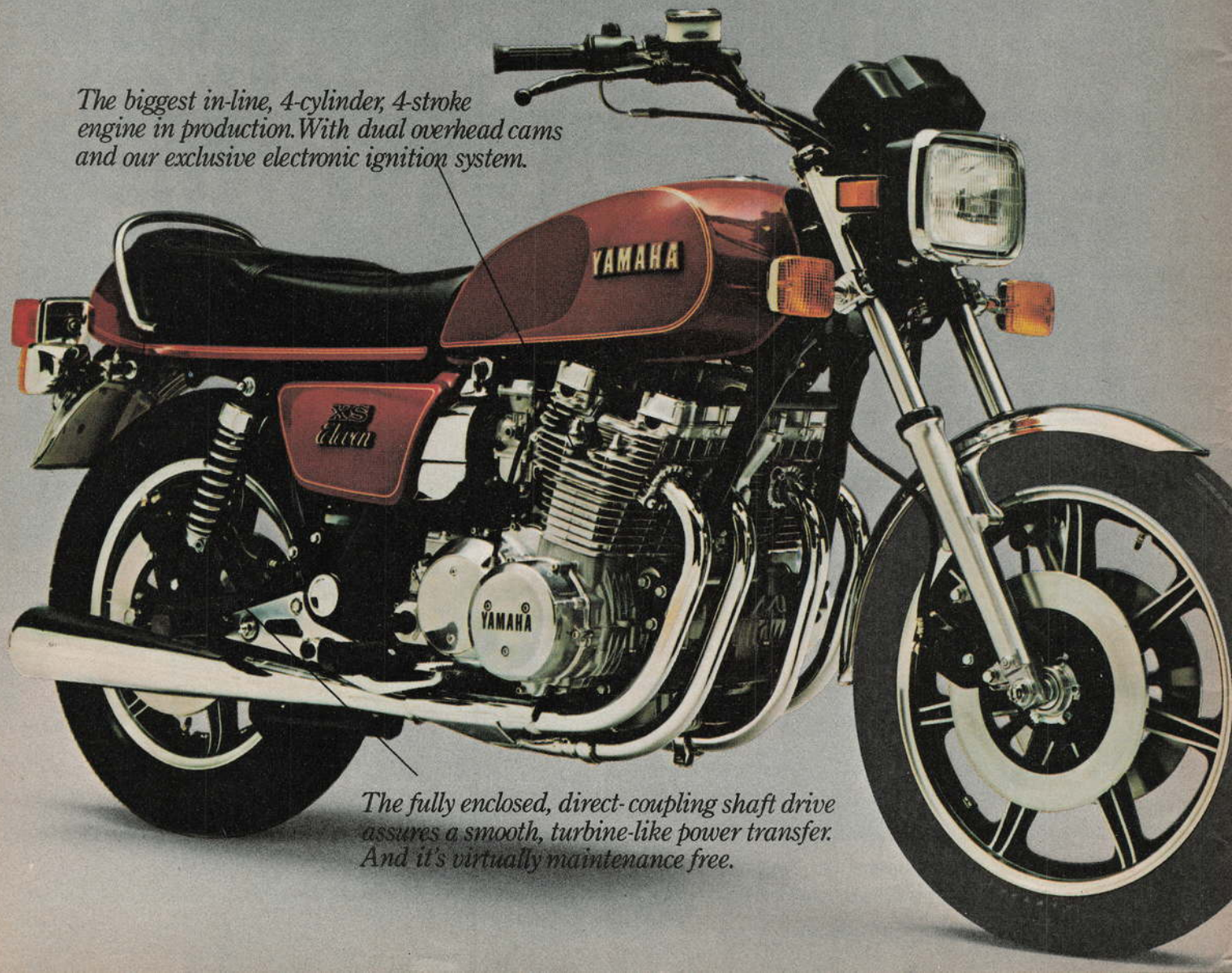

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That puts the XS Eleven in pretty fast company.

THE UNDER 12-SECOND 4-STROKE.

In fact, with the Eleven's 1101cc, dual-overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine, it may just be the quickest production four-stroke motorcycle ever built.

Its unbelievable standing quarter-mile time: 11.73 seconds.

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It means a very impressive margin of power for high-speed cruising and touring. Plus unsurpassed acceleration and passing power whenever and wherever you need it.

Even with two passengers and a full load of touring gear, it has get up and go to spare.

SPEED ISN'T EVERYTHING.

But as proud as we are of the XS Eleven's speed and performance, that's not quite enough for us.

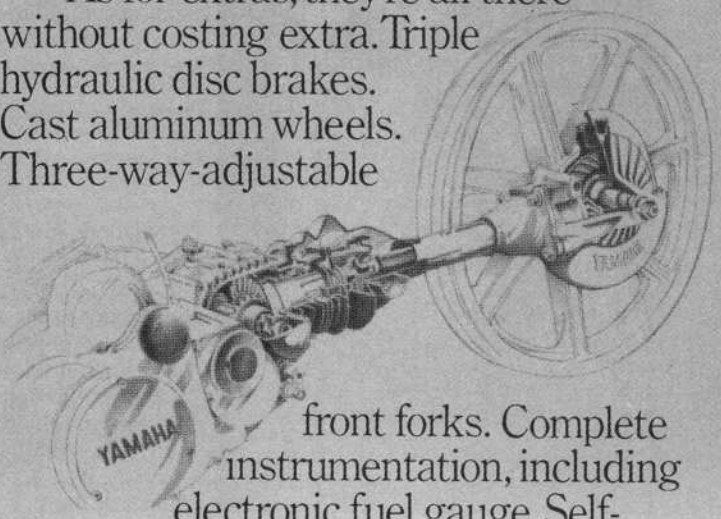
Comfort ranks pretty high, too.

That's why we hooked up the five-speed constant mesh transmission to one of the most sophisticated shaft drive systems available. Together they deliver an uncanny, turbine-like smoothness and quiet.

Actually, wherever you look on the XS Eleven you see evidence of Yamaha's innovative technology.

Our exclusive Transistor Controlled Ignition system, for example, uses precise electronic impulses instead of mechanical breaker points that wear out and need adjusting. And our unique vacuum advance system automatically senses and adjusts ignition timing for clean, efficient combustion at any speed. No other motorcycle has it.

As for extras, they're all there—without costing extra. Triple hydraulic disc brakes. Cast aluminum wheels. Three-way-adjustable



front forks. Complete instrumentation, including electronic fuel gauge. Self-cancelling turn signals. And more.

The XS Eleven may be the second fastest motorcycle we make. But on the street, it's second to none.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

more ultra than her co-stars. Perhaps some lucky reader might thrust herself forward at this time.

RUSS MEYER
Hollywood, California

Mercenary madness

The scariest thing about the *Conversation with Robert K. Brown* (December) is that the man obviously is quite an intelligent human being. And intelligence coupled with a lust for war is one of the most terrifying combinations I can think of. He says that he's not a mercenary, but in fact, he is something a good deal worse—a man who incites mercenaries. It's men like Brown who will someday bring World War III down on all our heads.

D. WEEKS
Boise, Idaho

Let's get Craken

Kim MacCraken (*Kim*, December) has to be the strangest girl I've ever seen in OUI. Her story says that she's anti-abortion but pro-guns. A couple of sentences later and she's insisting that violence is the only true pornography. What's going on here? To be honest, it's quite difficult to concentrate on rhetoric when one is staring at the most delightfully fluffy pussy to peek from beneath a skirt in a long time.

CHARLES BUTLER
Los Angeles, California

Kim says that she's aware that a lot of people don't take her very seriously. "Men always think that if you're pretty you don't have a thought in your head," she says. "So I had to devise new ways of getting their attention." Now that you have, Kim, we've forgotten the question.

Don't rock the CIA

I got a giggle from most of *Rock's Greatest Rumors* (December), but when I read the bit about Tim Buckley, Jim Croce and Mama Cass Elliot being murdered by the CIA, I remembered something I heard six years ago in boot camp in Fort Jackson, South Carolina. There was one new recruit in our outfit who was older than the rest of us—he was about 30—and he seemed more than a little paranoid. We got him drunk and stoned one night and he started to spill his guts. He told us that he was with the CIA, but that he had been such a fuck-up the CIA had decided he should go through boot camp. We all laughed at that story—until he began describing some of his exploits. It seems that he had been assigned to investigate the music industry, and some of his tales about certain stars have since become accepted as truth. The most outrageous story he told had President Nixon ordering the CIA to kill Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin, because he feared their influence as cult figures. None of us believed a word the guy said, and he disappeared a week later. I've been wondering ever since if there might be some truth to his accusations—I guess we'll never know for sure. I sure do wish I could remember that fellow's name.

A.E.B.
Pompano Beach, Florida

Get thee to a nunnery

Ted Nugent should be shot with his own blowgun. I've never read anything so disgusting in my life as his story about going nunning in Detroit (*Openers*, December). Jerking off in front of nuns is one thing, but dragging them off in cars is really the height of incivility. On top of that he can't sing worth a damn.

GLENN WILSON
Seattle, Washington

I just about died laughing.

TOM DELANEY
Carson City, Nevada

Nugent's story about the nuns reminds me of the time I gave a popcorn surprise to the one and only cheerleader I ever conned into going to the movies with me in high school. (A popcorn surprise is when you cut a hole in the bottom of a container of popcorn, through which you stick your dick. As you share your popcorn with your date, she eventually finds the surprise.) Anyway, it's a lot more fun than scaring a bunch of nuns.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Grand Rapids, Michigan

The glory that was grease

The Return of the Latin Lover (December) is one of the silliest pieces of writing I've ever seen. If I may quote: "The flowers are blooming in the same season, so to spick." So to spick? Groan. Then there is the photo of that middle-aged greaser we are all supposed to emulate. He looks like a reject from a Cordoba commercial. If you want to do a piece on the resurgence of the Latin lover, you should pick a guy with Al Pacino eyes and a Sly Stallone mouth, someone who really knows how to turn women on. Someone like, say, John Travolta.

M. KASLANSKY
Hanover, New Hampshire

Hooded compliment

I've been writing you people for some months now, telling you what a fan I am of your magazine. For some reason, you never publish my letters, so this time I've decided to send you a picture instead. Please notice my OUI license plates and my OUI-inspired hood ornament. What else do I have to do to make it into your pages?

BILLY CLARK
Berkeley, California

Not a thing, Billy. You did just fine. How did you know we had a weakness for hood ornaments? You sly devil.

Through a Glass darkly

In Jim Esposito's December article, *The Unspeakably Vicious Toys-and-Games Industry*, there are inaccuracies in the paragraph in which my name is mentioned:

Firstly, I do not claim over 300 patents in the toy field alone. My patents also relate to numerous inventions in many different fields, including electronic systems and industrial machinery.

Secondly, it is indicated in the article that I had invented a "ricochet gun," which employed a tiny, implanted record-playing device to make realistic gunshot sounds. The mechanism was not a record-player mechanism but a vibrating spring connected to a sounding box. A similar mechanism was developed by Marvin Glass & Associates, after receiving a request from a toy-gun manufacturer in Brooklyn to develop such a gun, following my disclosure of the invention to such manufacturer. Accordingly, I never alleged that Marvin Glass & Associates stole the idea from me. It appears as if the idea was obtained from the Brooklyn toy manufacturer (Maco Toys, Inc.) to whom I disclosed the ricochet gun confidentially, but

Glass, instead of developing it for Maco, licensed it to another toy company and thereafter collected substantial royalties under such license.

Incidentally, a patent that Glass obtained on the ricochet-gun mechanism was invalidated in court by my patent a number of years later, when Glass sued another manufacturer, Daisy (the B.B. gun company), for patent infringement. The idea for the ricochet gun was submitted by me to Daisy long before they marketed it and were sued by Glass.

I hope that the toy industry will make a concerted effort to eliminate the skulduggery which has existed in the past, so that the true inventors of new toys and games will be rewarded for their efforts and contributions to the toy industry.

JERRY LEMELSON
New York, New York

Day by day

Who wrote the blurbs in the *1978* OUI *Datebook*? They're even better than last year's. I can't wait until December 26, when Ralph Bakshi films the Walter Mondale bio, *Fritz the 'Crat*. Or for that day in August when California legalizes a new cancer drop made from orchestra pits. Looking at my OUI calendar every day makes life almost bearable.

HAROLD ADAMS
Kansas City, Missouri

The new choirboys

As I am featured in *The Latter-Day Intrigues of the Mormon Church* (November) by Jim Kostman, J. C. Louis and Harvey Yazijian, I feel it necessary to call certain errors of fact to your readers' attention. First the minor errors: Senator Bennett was never chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy; the Mormon Church does not own Zion's First National Bank; and William Timmons does not do PR work for the Church. Much worse, however, are the article's major errors: The relationship between the Mullen Company and the CIA did not go "far beyond the overseas cover arrangement," as the authors charge, nor did I conceal "CIA ties from the Justice Department on the instruction of my case officer." A complete discussion of all the errors, including the faultily drawn conclusions, would be as long as the article itself.

If OUI's readers want an objective review of the Mormon Church—or, for that matter, any church that teaches modesty, chastity and marital fidelity—then they are obviously reading the wrong publication.

ROBERT FOSTER BENNETT
Encino, California

Jim Kostman replies: It is Mr. Bennett who misleads and misunderstands. He did withhold information from the prosecutor's material to the Watergate conspiracy for six months. Furthermore, Bennett's firm, the Mullen Company, had a deeper relationship with the CIA than has yet been revealed. Parts of this relationship go back to a period before Bennett joined the firm. Robert Mullen, the firm's founder, refused to talk to us, but we pieced together the information from earlier interviews, documents and press accounts.

There had been published reports that a Mullen subsidiary called Interprogres was a CIA front. This firm promoted trade relations with Communist countries, as did the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, a Mullen client. When we talked to Bennett, he told us that he knew nothing about Interprogres. The next time we called, we had an Interprogres brochure listing Mr. Bennett, E. Howard Hunt (the Watergate burglar and a Mullen employee) and a number of other CIA men as directors. Bennett then admitted his connection to Interprogres but continued to deny any link to the CIA.

It was fortunate for Bennett that, when the Mullen Company folded its tents, he was able to get another job—as head of public relations for the man whom many think was at the heart of the Watergate affair, a man who also had a strong affinity for Mormons: Howard Hughes.

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OPENERS

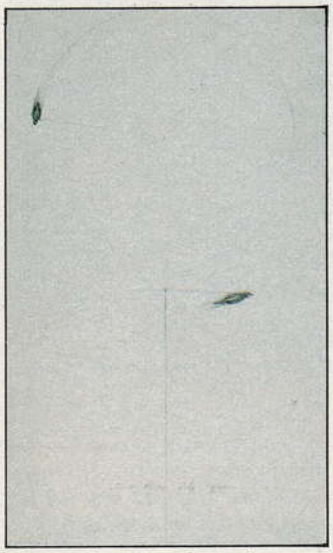
March may start out cold, but boy, are we gonna warm you up. Check out Openers' *investigative report on an amazing (?) new herbal aphrodisiac on page 21; learn how to burn yourself creatively on page 14; set your sockets on San Francisco's Street Sensation (page 16); see below and get some culture, you cretin.*

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART III

This flaming creature handing his heart to a girl-punk is Beluga, the resident monster at La Mere Viper, Chicago's punk disco. Seems they only let Beluga (Michael Cegur) out at midnight, when he bursts forth from the trapdoor of his tiny stage, grabs some hapless viewer and then beats, bloodies and Saran Wraps him into something Cegur terms art. "I'm into low art," says the 20-year-old Rocky Horror. "I used to be influenced by Patti Smith and Chris Burden, but they're too high-toned. My only idol now is Harvey." Harvey? "You know, the dog who commanded Son of Sam." More comedian than drag-punker, Cegur has a vociferous following at La Mere Viper, including one groupie who set her hair on fire as a way of applauding his performance. "The kids love Beluga," explains Cegur, "because he plays out their anger and sexual tensions. Also, it's hard not to love someone who's so honest about being twisted. I mean, Beluga dances with live lobsters, slashes his wrists and performs prefrontal lobotomies onstage." Really? "Well, some of it is done with mirrors."

—JOHN CALENDO

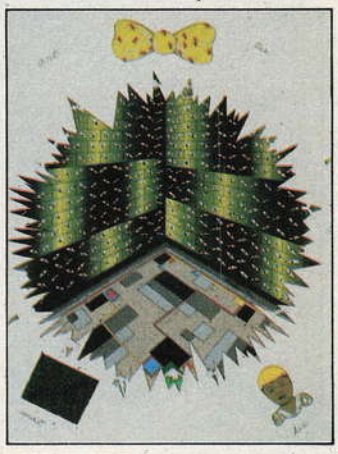
RECTAL REALIST ATTACKS MEATBALLS

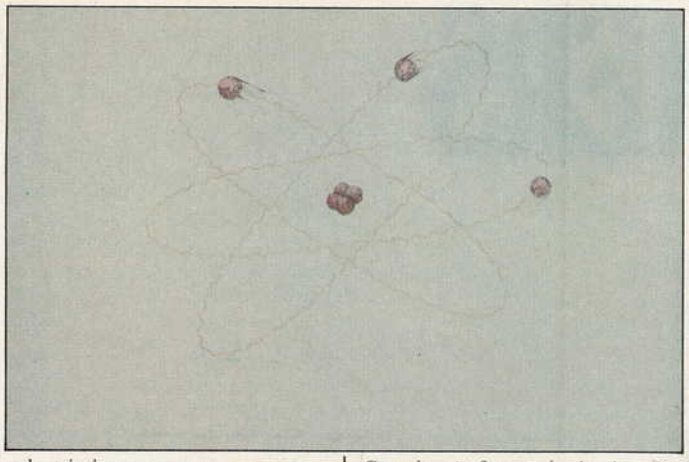


Some of our more uppity readers accused us of promoting a sicko when we featured Neke Carson's screw-in Lite-a-Bulb candle in January's *Openers*. A few suggested that a conceptual and performing artist whose greatest claim to fame was inventing the Rectal Realism school of art (painting portraits with paintbrush protruding from posterior) and the bleeding ice skate was not worthy of serious consideration. *We* even began to wonder whether Neke should be allowed on the outside unattended after we discovered that he was the drummer in Martin Mull's original band (can anyone forget—or forgive—*Dueling Tubas*?). Well, we can finally lay to rest all those terrible rumors about Neke's disordinary mental condition. For your perusal, we present three of Neke's latest paintings with descriptions. Obviously, he's just a regular guy.

1. *Dead Birds Fly Again*—mechanism to keep birds in flight after death.

2. *Anti-Matter*—explanation of





what is in an empty room when there is nothing there. 3. *Atomic Meatballs and Spaghetti*—future insignia of the Mafia.

BLUE SUEDE ENEMA

We expected that, after Elvis died, every rip-off rock raconteur on the planet would clean up on their one-of-a-kind photos, discarded Elvis scarves, pendants, T-shirts, etc. But the perversity and propensity of Elvis' philanderers has developed to a stage unequaled in the annals of rock phenomena. Consider, if you will, this item, which appeared in the classified section of the *San Diego Reader:*

"For sale—Rectal thermometer used by Elvis Presley. $40 or best offer. Call after 6."

One has to wonder if this obvious *steal* came with or without a notarized certificate of authenticity.

—MICK MORRISON

WHEN YOUR MOON IS IN THE 7TH HOUSE

And who says gypsies never sit still in one place? Madame Elmira's best "readings" occur when she's in a familiar place and is well relaxed. Now you too *can determine if Pisces is in Uranus with Horoscope Toilet Paper, a new bathroom happening from Oh Dawn! Inc.*

WAITER, MY ADIDAS, PLEASE

Fast service, anyone? Try the annual Paris Café Waiters' Race. Each spring, waiters from all over France gather at the capital to run four miles through the streets of Montmartre, dressed in freshly starched aprons and carrying a tray weighing 12 pounds on one arm. The trays are loaded with cognac, Martini & Rossi, beer and Coke. The beer is real and the bottles are capped, but the hard stuff is uncapped—to prevent unsportsmanlike waiters from cheating and slipping the bottles in their pockets. Capped or uncapped, it's no easy feat. And it's uphill most all the way!

The only reason for this madness is fun, fortune and folklore. Last year, women ran in the race for the first time in 25 years. Frenchmen and foreigners lined the streets for the festivities. One tourist panicked, thinking he'd left without paying his bill and was being chased by a horde of angry waiters. And a bum who was passing by swiped a bottle of Hennessy from a runner's tray. Some of the waiters took the race so seriously they went into training a month beforehand. The last mile, straight uphill, took the wind out of the sails of three cocky Parisians who finished the race in a café halfway up. But Ms. Manière, a tough, petite waitress from Dijon, jogged all the way up to the finish line. One old-timer weaved in hours after the race was over, claiming his bottles broke on the way. The celebration ended at the place du Tertre to the music of the Montmartre Firemen's Brass Band. Mr. René Guillemet, organizer of the race and vice-president of the Hotel Industry Association, is convinced the Tray Race exists nowhere else: "Only the French are crazy enough to do something like this!"

—JEANNE BRODY

CREATIVE CREMATION

Okay, all you romantics. Enough talk about the senseless physical exaltation of death—that morbid custom of displaying dead bodies in an elaborate and costly ritual. And enough, too, of your babble about mellow alternatives: ashes sprinkled from a mile high over John Denver's Aspen retreat or crop-dusted on a luscious field of Big Sur wildflowers.

Now, like the rest of us, you can simply put up or shut up. A mere $2.50 will buy you a lifetime membership in the National Cremation Society, Inc. That's right—now you can forget all about morticians, embalming and those endless casket add-ons. Lay back and enjoy what the society has to offer: "economy, health, ecology, integrity, dignity and simplicity. . . . Our

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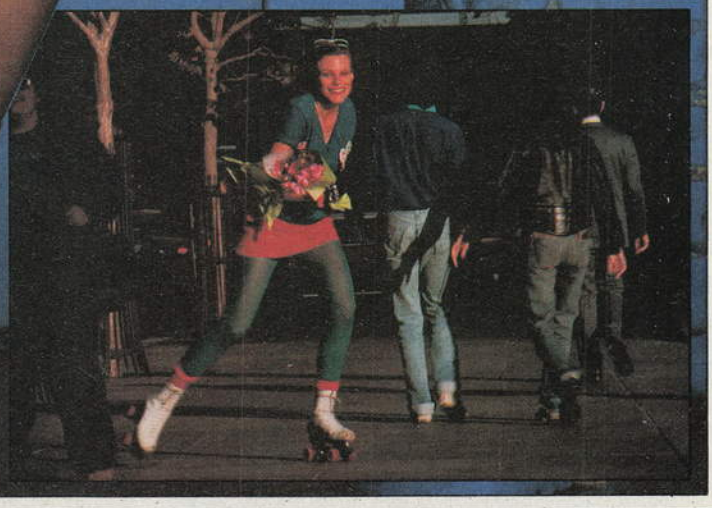
THE SKATES OF SAN FRANCISCO

When Susan Johnson, 20, decided to change her name to Suzi Skates and become the world's first full-time "street skater," she never dreamed she'd be an overnight sensation. But that's exactly what she is in San Francisco.

Skates, a six-foot-tall blond who wears miniskirts and siren-red derby outfits, rolls through Union Square, passing out leaflets for a half dozen clients and stopping traffic without even trying. Suzi does a wheely good job for $10–15 per hour, delivering candy to patients in hospitals, presenting flowers to passengers at the airport and escorting businessmen to their hotels. She's also delivered "an X-rated cake in an R-rated costume," hosted an all-day children's skating party and cheered up a group of tired stockbrokers by Shooting-the-Duck (squatting on one leg with the other outstretched) through their office.

Suzi is already interviewing a number of applicants for Suzi Skates, Inc., a delivery service that will compete with the bicycle messenger services that have become popular in San Francisco and other large cities. "All of my people will have to be just like me: tall, good-looking, slender and extremely aggressive." They'll be glad to work anywhere, provided the client pays for transportation and incidentals. After that, Suzi plans to market T-shirts, buttons—you name it. Until then, you can contact her at 519 Castro, San Francisco 94114 (415-431-4460).

—GARY HANAUER



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM KELLER

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22,000 members have 'Peace of Mind.' "

The entire cost of cremation services for a member is only $275, "and they don't pay until they use the service." After all, the society reminds us, "there is no theological reason for pouring money into the ground." The epitaph on their tombstone logo reads: "Here lies the high cost of funerals. May they forever rest in peace."

When the society is notified of a member's death, it proceeds as follows: The body is removed "from place of death to the crematory where they are carefully placed in a shroud. . . . The body is then placed in a special cremation liner, made for us and to our specifications. . . . The body is then placed in our own refrigerated holding area for a minimum of 48 hours. . . . During this 48 hours the 'paper work'; the death certificate, cremation request, cremation permit, social security forms, veteran forms, etc. are processed. . . . After 48 hours have elapsed, the cremation cycle is completed."

The special urn used by the National Cremation Society is a hollow sphere made of a biodegradable material that dissolves in a short time when submerged in water. This material, according to the society, is nonpolluting and "will not harm any water life or, indirectly, human life." The cremated remains are placed into the urn and permanently sealed at the crematory. The urn is then transported to an oceanic site, previously chosen by the member, for placement on the water. "Once this container touches the water surface, it begins to sink to the ocean bed where it rests until completely dissolved. The ashes fall to the [ocean] floor, returning the human element back to whence it came millions of years ago."

Alas, there are two problems with the society and its plan. Problem number one: For now, the society exists only in the state of Florida. Obviously, there are a lot of people dying down there—a good market—but what about the rest of us? Well, the society *is* checking out other states. But you can see one of their difficulties: It's going to cost a little more than $275 to transport an urn from, say, Kansas City all the way to the deep blue sea. Still, it's only a matter of time before the National Cremation Society actually goes national. And when that happens, look out. There might be a rush on available franchises.

Problem number two is a little more intriguing, and it's one the society refuses to discuss. When that urn dissolves and releases those ashes on the ocean floor—well, a lot of us have relatives and friends living down in Florida. Remember that the next time you feast on a fillet of flounder or halibut. You could be eating somebody's mother.

—ROBERT FRANK

IN BED WE RUST

OUI: What's that, Bob?
BOB BOLLES: Scooter sculpture.
OUI: What do you call it?
BOB BOLLES: *Fuckmobile.*
OUI: How'd you come to that?
BOB BOLLES: Aesthetic pressures. —BURY ST. EDMUND

THE LINE FORMS ON THE . . . RIGHT?

What would this world be like if lefties had anything to say about it? First of all, the pages of the magazine you're holding would turn from left to right, as would any periodical, novel, comic book, menu or telephone directory. If you think you could handle this, then imagine going about your average day with your right hand in a bucket (it might as well be): Your south paw would star in performing such tasks as ironing pants for work, measuring farina for breakfast, opening a can of tuna for lunch, writing memos to your boss, ladling soup at a dinner party. Leftists would probably be forced to find another name, and comments like "You can keep your left-handed compliments to yourself, you little twit" would be forbidden. Sound ridic? Check out Left Hand Plus (P.O. Box 161, Morton Grove, Ill. 60053, 312-966-3033), where a catalog of their perverted products can be had for one of your dollars. They have left-handed watches, note books, yardsticks, coffee mugs, gourmet carving sets, soup ladles,

MUSKRAT RAMBLE

If you think that this ravishing young lady is blindfolded and trying to outrun a muskrat down someone's hall for some reason or another you are absolutely right. Now, with that *out of the way let's get on with more serious matters.* —BOB KNICKERBOCKER

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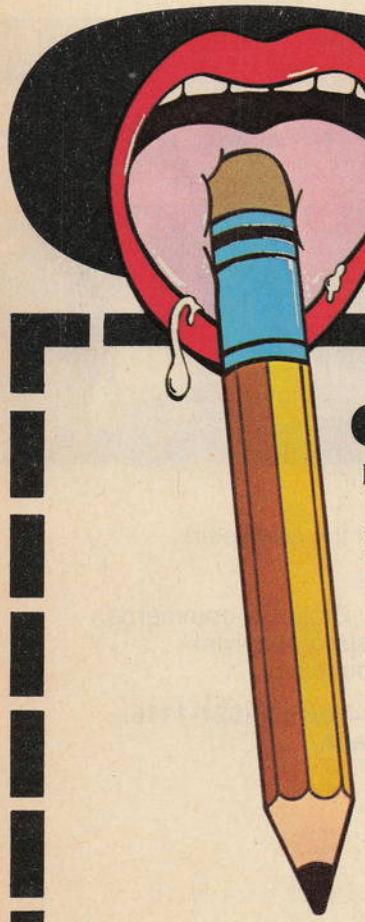

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OPENERS' 60-MINUTE INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

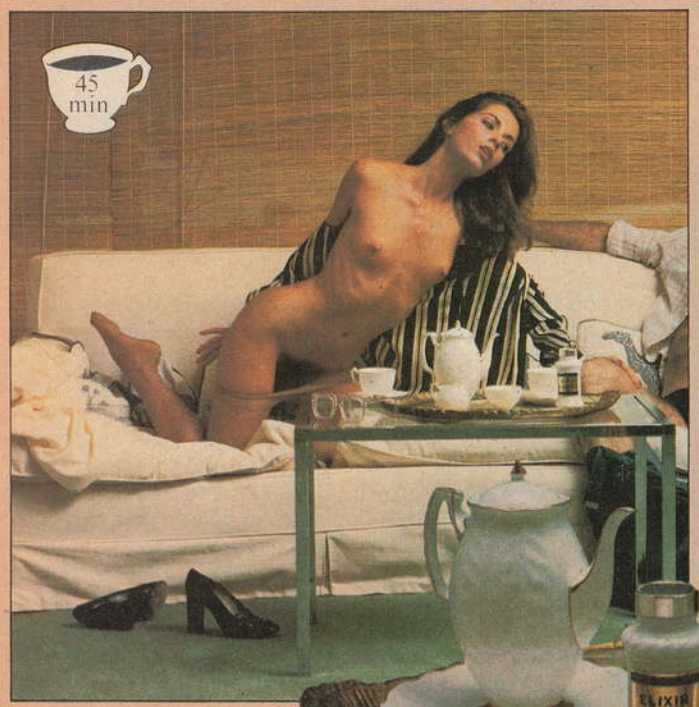
HARD-HITTING NEWS ABOUT LIGHTWEIGHT SUBJECTS

In this second (and possibly last) of a series, *Openers* investigates rumors that Elixir Exotica, which is billed as a "flavoring," is actually a thinly disguised aphrodisiac. Unlike the perennial hoaxes (powdered rhinoceros horn, mandrake root, Pet evaporated milk), this stuff—according to reports into our offices—*really works!* "It made me pulsate," one usually demure young lady admitted.

The alleged secret and lethal ingredient of Elixir Exotica is damiana, distilled from a small shrub that grows in Baja California, Mexico. According to IGM Products of Denver, Colorado (Box 6828, 80206), their concoction of seven herbs was discovered 400 years ago by Spanish royalty. When the king added but a teaspoon to a cup of the queen's hot tea or cordial, she "became more sparkling, exciting, more loving. . . . The queen was happy. The king was happy. In fact, all the ladies in the court were happy . . . pleasing their consorts to no end."

Oh yeah? Accepting this challenge, *Openers* recruited its own queen, a sophisticated, professional "Erotic Investigator" (at least that's how she's listed in the classifieds of the *Hollywood Blaze*). Here's her report: 15 minutes: "Well, nothing yet." 30 minutes: "I'm still waiting, darling." 45 minutes: "Ooooh, I have this incredible desire to play leapfrog." 60 minutes: "Are you *really* sure this is how Mike Wallace started?"

Back to you, Morley. Morley? Dan? Jack? What about you, Shana? *Shana!!!* Keep tuned for *Openers'* next investigative report.



guitars, oven mitts, scissors and instruction booklets on doing everything but *that* left-handed. But don't believe them if they tell you that some anthropologist has recently discovered proof that Jesus Christ was really a lefty. —SUNDQUIST

OCTANE ORGASMS

There's a terrific book out that takes up where Dr. Reuben's famous opus left off—and then some. Called *Handbook of Sexology*, the designation is appropriate only if you happen to have mitts the size of Kong's. The massive tome contains 1402 pages divided into 108 chapters written by 102 contributors from around the world, including Tahiti and Newark, New Jersey. These sexual savants cover the field, from experimental sex reversal in birds to Nordic traditions of marriage. You'll learn more than necessary about recreational sex among the handicapped, prostitution as "an underground sexual-health service" and getting it on in Red China, where "making love is a mental disease that wastes time and energy."

Into gasoline? The section "Sexual Behavior and Petrol-Sniffing" lets you in on the secrets of octane orgasm. Worried about V.D.? Edward M. Brecher, of Yelping Hill, West Cornwall, Connecticut, has a chapter on the latest in prevention. Even those of a scientific bent will find their cup of meat in chapters such as "Sex-Hormone-Dependent Brain Differentiation and Reproduction," while those of a folksier inclination should enjoy the chapter on fertility regulation with the subheads "1. What do women want?" "2. What is the matter with those women?" "3. They can't have it both ways."

The book is edited by John Money and Herman Musaph, is published by Excerpta Medica and is a steal at only $81.75. —RICHARD SMITH

THE ORIGINAL TRAFFIC "JAM"

Isn't it German of the Germans to indicate not only where to do it but how it must be done? Missionary position. Missionary wearing his shoes! Actually, some frisky vandals thought a parking sign near a cemetery was a nice place for a little prank. Germany does not have Authorized Sex Zones—yet.

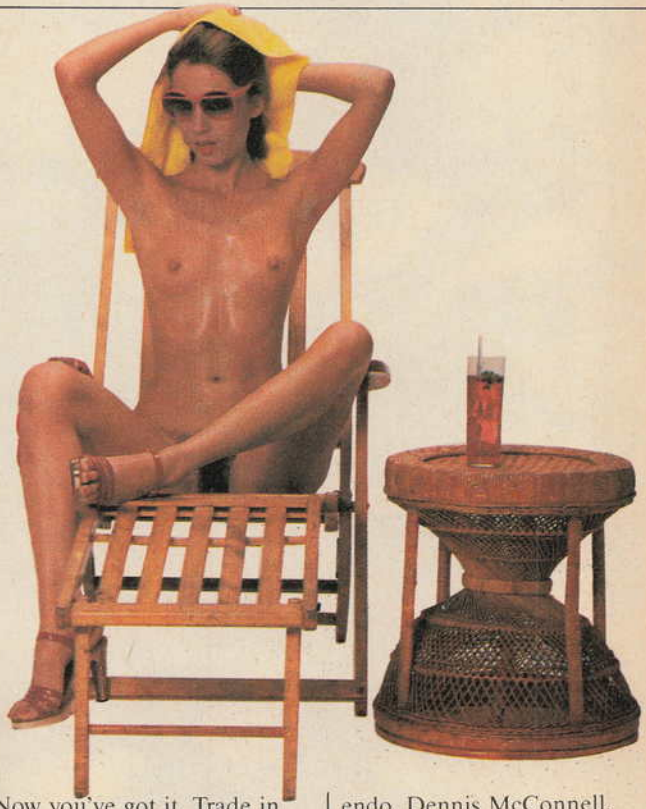
ONLY YOUR COUTURIERE KNOWS FOR SURE

This month's "You haven't come a long way and you're not a baby award" goes to Jakob E. Schmidt of Charlestown, Indiana. Schmidt has been granted patent #3,976,083 from the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office for his "Brassiere Having Simulated Nipples," described in the official record as: ". . . An improved brassiere comprising a pair of breast receiving cups, said cups comprising an outer layer of flexible fabric material; and a simulated nipple attached to said outer layer of each cup, said nipple comprising a stud element having distal and proximal ends and an exterior profile simulating the profile of the nipple of a human female breast . . . whereby the exterior profile of said stud element is noticeable exteriorly of said brassiere to enhance the appearance of bralessness when said brassiere is worn beneath outer garments." Mr. Schmidt's patent did not indicate if his bra was to be made of Tris or any other fire-resistant material to prevent mass burnings.

COMING SOON

Openers proves there really is a Shit Creek. (No shit!)

MERCI



Now you've got it. Trade in that steaming mug for a tall cool one. Didn't we tell you that March was gonna get *hot?* O.K., now loosen up and get ready for spring madness, for that fickle little fling you have every year with an April flower. But first, let's give a hand to all the rowdies who helped us get out of the cold. Our editorial contributors: Neke Carson, Mick Morrison, Keith Brandon Edwards, Richard Graham, John Calendo, Dennis McConnell, Jeanne Brody, Gary Hanauer, Robert Frank, Bury St. Edmund, Richard Smith, Nancy Sundquist. Art credits: cremation, Jim Heiman; lefties, Dick Daniels. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, horoscope toilet paper and elixir exotica, Todd Smith; that's entertainment, Nick Prins; skates, Tom Keller; fuckmobile, Lew Arthur; muskrat, Bob Knickerbocker; traffic "jam," E.G. Erbeck.

Older Brands Upstaged.

Growing number of smokers abandoning high tar favorites for Low Tar–'Enriched Flavor'™ cigarette.

LOW TAR–'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

It used to be only high tar cigarettes could deliver rich, satisfying tobacco flavor. Used to be—until MERIT.

Recent reports on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco—the new taste technology of smoking—show most MERIT smokers are making the move directly from high tar cigarettes.

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Sex Tapes

NYMPHOMANIA

Our topic is defined by Webster's as "an uncontrollable desire by a woman for sexual intercourse." Few men have not heard locker-room whispers about some alleged nympho, and few have not wished they could meet one in the flesh. Well, they're hard to find, but not impossible—and not all nymphomaniacs act as they do because they can't reach orgasm, which is the popular supposition. Some find it so easy to come that they don't wish to do anything else. Others become promiscuous out of insecurity. Injury can precipitate nymphomania as well—remember the lady who sued the city of San Francisco, claiming that a cable-car accident left her insatiably lustful? In any case, let every man beware: If a nympho comes into your life, she won't come without a problem.

Simon Z., 34, genetic researcher: I can't say I've ever run into a real nymphomaniac. Close, but no cigar. Tell you what, though: If you find one, bring her back to our lab and we'll try to clone her.

Beth N., 27, teacher: I went through a period, when I was in school, of what you might call nymphomania. I wasn't trying to screw every guy I met or to screw ten guys a day or anything like that. But I was having sex maybe once or twice a week with guys I didn't know too well. Probably they didn't respect me very much; none of them ever gave me an orgasm. But I'd given my virginity to a guy I thought I was going to marry, and when we broke up I was like a ship without a rudder. I needed companionship and warmth; and I needed sex, too, because I enjoyed it, even if I wasn't having orgasms. I'd never had one, so I didn't know what I was missing.

One night I had to study for an exam. I couldn't concentrate in the dorm, so I took my books and some pills and went over to the house where some of my former boyfriend's buddies lived. Unfortunately, they had some wine and some reefer, and instead of studying I wound up getting high. Finally, I decided just to give up on the test, and went to sleep in one of the three little bedrooms they had branching off from the living room.

During the night I woke up to find someone in bed with me. For a moment I thought it was my boyfriend. Then I remembered where I was. A voice in my head told me to resist, but it was a weak voice. I appreciated the feeling of having someone next to me. Besides, Lennie was one of my boyfriend's closest friends. It was with a delicious feeling of abandonment that I allowed him to part my legs and work his way inside me. Then I remembered that his two roommates were in the next room, so I struggled not to make any noise as Lennie wiggled his way to an orgasm. I didn't come, but I faked it, silently, and he seemed supremely satisfied as he pulled on his pants in the darkness, gave me a pat on the fanny and went back out to rejoin the others. I dropped off to sleep—I assumed they were talking about me, but I couldn't hear them—and dreamed strange dreams until I was awakened a second time. For a moment, I thought it was a monster who had escaped from my dream; then I realized it was Brian, the math student. He didn't have much experience and was evidently nervous, because he couldn't get a hard-on. It was with a feeling of being a Good Samaritan that I bent over, cupped his balls in one hand and started stroking his penis with the other. Finally it stood up, a bit uncertainly, like a drunk getting ready to fight. I would have been happy just to suck him till he came, especially since I was so groggy; but he wanted to fuck, so I mounted him and, with my hand, guided his semihard organ inside me. As I rocked back and forth atop him, I felt a rush of sensation in my loins. I said, "Yes, yes," in a froggy voice that startled me, and started jamming down harder on his prick—and of course the fool came, just as I was getting

ready to. His ego was so fragile, however, that I didn't let on that he had disappointed me. Instead, I said, "This house is going to get quite a reputation," and gave him a kiss, then rolled over and tried to get back to sleep. Somewhere in the back of my mind, however, I was expecting a visit from the third roommate, Freddie, whom I didn't like—he was an attractive guy, but he loved himself to the point of nausea. I was half asleep when Freddie came into the room, a cigarette between his lips, and started undoing his trousers. I said, "I don't want you." He said, "Yeah, I know—but you better give me what they got or I'll go to the dean of students and tell him you're a fucking whore." So I didn't resist as he turned me over on my stomach, pulled my ass up into the air, stuck a couple of fingers in my cunt to make sure it was open—it was open as an expressway and still sopping from the last fuck—then jammed his penis inside me until I thought he was going to break something. His cock was huge and it filled me wonderfully, so that I forgot myself again and called out, "Yes—do it to me, do it to me." But now that I really wanted to be fucked, he teased me with lazy, halfhearted strokes until I was so hot, I thought I was already in hell—and enjoying it. Then, with one hand on my nipple and the other on my clitoris, he squeezed them both like triggers until the sense of my own humiliation, plus the things he was doing to the already frantic nerve endings in my cunt, brought me to such a pitch of excitement that I could no longer help myself, but came like a thunderstorm.

In the morning, I packed up my books and left there in silence. I flunked the exam, of course. I realized I was headed in the direction of nymphomania and I didn't want to go that way, so I went back to my boyfriend, and my newfound ability to reach orgasm made all the difference. We're still together. Of course, he doesn't know that it took three guys to make me come.

Nemiah B., 27, importer: I picked up a nympho who was hitchhiking in California, back in the summer of '72. She was a white-skinned, black-haired wisp of a thing, with a virginal smile and suburban sangfroid, and she was apparently trying to resolve all the sexual tension in the country by herself. Somewhere, I'm sure, she had a mother and father who were praying every night that their little girl wouldn't be led astray by some conniving, lecherous old man. Well, it took us two days to get from Monterey to Stockton, because she couldn't keep her hands off my dick and we kept turning off the road to park the car in secluded places where we could get it on. By the time we got to Stockton, I was sore as hell and sucked dry. I immediately took a shower and went to sleep; when I woke up, my little roadie was gone. But would you believe I found her a week later, posing for nude pictures in the loft of an artist friend? She passed through the lives of several people I knew, then disappeared. I hope she's all right. In fact, I hope she's settled down. But I can't picture her marrying anybody, unless she runs into Siamese twins who are sensationally horny and joined somewhere above the crotch. Come to think of it, that would be quite a sight.

Sandra B., 33, sociologist: I'm extremely nervous. I always have been and still am. I rattle on when I talk, just as if I were taking speed. And the reason I'm so nervous is that I almost never have an orgasm. They say that women, unlike men, can have an endless number of orgasms—can come and come and come all night. I usually can't come, but I can fuck all night. It's still a thrill. I just like to stay on the verge of orgasm all night, every night. I don't walk around turned on all the time, but I do have incredible endurance in bed. No man can keep up. So I have to keep changing dicks, bodies, even husbands. I've been through several marriages. I wanted romance, and each husband just wore out. So I'm forever waiting for the right answer to my body. This time, maybe I've found it.

I've just returned from visiting my mother in the small town where I grew up. When I left for college, years ago, I was sure I'd covered all the men out there. They were all gossips and dull to boot. So, this visit, I wasn't thinking much about sex; in fact, I was practicing the church organ when an old friend came in. He was younger than I, which is probably why I never noticed him earlier, but now he looked just splendid. Little did I know what my cunt was in for. I didn't know if he knew my reputation, so I mentioned that I'd occasionally worked in the city as a model. I said that the job had involved more than just modeling. He laughed amiably and asked if I wanted to go out after I finished practicing the organ. Naturally I said yes. By the time we got out to the small shack where he lived, I was going crazy. I sat down on the bed, opened my legs and pulled up my gingham dress. He delicately slipped the silk panties down over my wet cunt and sucked. He was fantastic, totally generous and giving, and he seemed to know every nerve I had. I lay down on the bed. "I hear you've studied sociology," he said, as he climbed on top of me. "Yes," I said. "Well," he continued, "so have I, and I've learned a secret—but later." He stuck his thick, wet, warm dick inside my open cunt and I wrapped my legs around his lean waist, so that we were hanging together. Just as he was about to come, he pulled back. A drop came. Then he started in again. I was clinging to him, grabbing, hanging from his waist. Again he pulled back and a drop came. And then another drop, and another, and another. "Your secret?" I gasped.

He told me about this tribe he'd read about in some sociology textbook: it said the men could come 12 times in one night. "I figured they were just like me," he said, "in spite of the fact that they were specialists in the field. It's just practice, learning to come so that you squeeze out a drop but hold back at the same time. I can come all night." And he proceeded to do just that.

There, in the middle of nowhere, I'd found the secret I'd spent years searching for. And now that I'm back in the city after that fantastic night, I can teach others.

Just as he was about to come, he pulled back. A drop came. Then he started in again. I was clinging to him, grabbing, hanging from his waist.

Leonard W., 30, electrician: I'm not sure there is any such thing as a nymphomaniac. I think it's a figment of the male imagination. I've never run into one, that's for sure, and I've been looking a long time.

Ellen G., 28, statistician: Nymphomania? Not me. I'm a one-man woman. I had a friend, though, who fit the description; she would ball almost any man, any time or place that she had the chance. But I wouldn't call her a nymphomaniac, or any kind of maniac, for that matter. She was just very horny and a little insecure. In any case, the term is sexist. If a man is out there trying to screw every woman he sees, you don't call him a studomaniac, do you?

Ezra B., 30, executive: Emilie looked young and beautiful in the darkness of the lounge—so attractive that I went there when I wasn't thirsty, bought drinks I didn't want and sometimes nursed them extra-long because I didn't want the world to know I was sitting at the bar with a stiff cock. She would usually be in a corner with one or more young male escorts,

most of them artistic types, with beards and berets—and they would usually leave together, which made me jealous as hell, especially when I noticed how *many* of these characters were getting into her. They always maintained a high level of conviviality at Emilie's table, but even as she tilted back her head—with its Dolly Parton-ish tower of platinum tresses—to laugh, she kept surveying the room for admirers. Eventually I got under her skin, as she had got under mine, and she started to spend so much time looking in my direction that I couldn't look in hers, for fear something embarrassing would happen. But our glances frequently locked in the mirrored columns of the room. Whenever they did, her eyes would narrow and her teeth would flash. I always went home after a few drinks, but one day I couldn't stand it anymore. I had already gotten to the parking lot, then turned and went back to the lounge. When Emilie saw me, she did a double take that was anything but cool. A few moments later, she came to the bar and asked if I'd like to join her at her table, where she was sitting with a pair of wide-eyed striplings. Soon we were monopolizing the conversation; eventually she stood up and gave me a kiss. It lasted for maybe five minutes, and when we finally disengaged, our drinking partners—my rivals—were gone.

In the cab on the way to Emilie's luxury apartment, I noticed that her neck seemed a bit wrinkled, and as we padded through the upholstered corridor on our way to her apartment, I noticed that her hips seemed flabby. I wondered if she were older than she seemed to be. Regardless, she was structurally sound, with the legs of a colt, a bountiful bosom and perfect cheerleader features. No sooner had we gotten inside her place, which was thickly upholstered and dimly lit, than her air of distraction vanished and she snapped back to the business at hand, saying, "I hope you don't mind if I don't offer you a drink; it's your body I want, and I want it right now—I mean immediately."

In the red light of her bedroom, Emilie looked like a movie star. There was a huge mirror on the ceiling over the brass bed, and there was a hand mirror on her night table, which she used to watch my cock slipping in and out of her exquisite cunt as we fucked. She seemed to come with almost every stroke of mine—not violently, but gently, in a way that wasted neither her energy nor mine; her sexual energy flowed as smoothly as the soft classical sounds that played on her radio. We explored the peaks and valleys of passions, using a Kama Sutra-like variety of positions, until daylight started filtering in through her venetian blinds. We were sitting upright, facing each other, with her legs looped over my shoulders and my arms gripping her tightly, when I came for the last time, shooting my sperm right up into her chest as she cried out, "Oh, heaven! I'm in heaven!" We both sank into a deep sleep, or at least I did. When I awoke, Emilie was making herself up, getting ready to go to work, and I confirmed what I had suspected the night before but had managed to ignore in the heat of my lust: Emilie was an old woman, perhaps old enough to be my mother. She was wonderfully preserved, of course, and I couldn't help but admire her valiant battle against time. Still there was something more than a little disconcerting about the way she was trying so hard to convince herself and everyone else that she was still 20 years old and the belle of the ball, when it was really her maturity that made her so attractive—and so good in bed.

Michael S., 30, gynecologist: Sure, there are nymphomaniacs. California is full of them, and I see them all the time in the clinic. They come in with gonorrhea, syphilis, herpes—you name it. I'm talking about young girls, too—15 to 18 years old. Some of them may have up to ten lovers a day, and it's a pretty dim chance that they'll remember any names.

Agneta B., 39, buyer: I doubt that you could call me a nymphomaniac in the strict technical sense, because as I understand it, that term refers to a woman who can never be satisfied in sex. Now, in my case I get satisfaction, and plenty of it. What I really like is a good old-fashioned gang-bang with some hung studs who know what it's for. □

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON SEYMOUR

SEX TAPES letters

"Sex Tapes Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

Sex on the sly

As far as I'm concerned, sex on the sly is the biggest gyp in the world. I tried a couple of motel numbers and they were no fun at all. The first time I was self-conscious because the walls of the room were so thin. We did have sex, but we didn't really let go. I think we spent more time watching TV—which made it a worthwhile experience, since I don't have a color set. The second time I was with a boy who was self-conscious. Earlier, he'd passed himself off as a real Don Juan, but when we reached our hideaway, he was afraid he couldn't live up to his promises. And he didn't. We screwed once, quickly, that night and we did it again in the morning, but most of the time in between we just sat around. We didn't even talk.

RITA B.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Your column on sneaky sex reminded me of the time when I was 11 years old and had two girls in my room. My brother, Justin, was 17 at the time, and one summer his girlfriend, Sharon, who was Canadian, came to stay with us and slept in the other bed. Usually I slept on the left side of the room, while she took the right, but one night we switched beds—I can't remember why.

About two in the morning, I was awakened by someone running his hands over my body and whispering, "Sharon. Oh, Sharon." I was too scared to move. Then this person slipped into bed with me, turned my face to his and kissed me full on my lips. I looked up and said, "Justin, she's in the other bed!"

My brother was never so embarrassed in his life. He tried to pretend that he had just played a joke on me, and slithered out of the room, a beaten man. Even now, when I really want to tease him, I lean toward him when we are out somewhere and say, "Sharon. Oh, Sharon." He turns absolutely red and giggles uncontrollably. I can't say I blame him, either.

ANDREA G.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Sex on the sly is always an intriguing prospect—but it can be difficult to pull off.

I was awakened by someone running his hands over my body and whispering, "Sharon."

I met Barbara several weeks ago, after not having seen her for some eight years. She still had the same baby-doll looks but a bit more flesh—in the right spots—and, around the eyes and mouth, a slight tiredness that I found appealing. We had once been good friends—in fact, you might say close. Our families lived in the same tenement in Boston, and we shared a bathroom between the flats. Barbara and I used to have appointed hours at which we'd enter the bathroom simultaneously from our different apartments, lock the door and carry on. There was hardly anything we didn't experiment with in those growing years, and the bathroom was our lab.

We got to talking about those old times and I felt the same old chemistry, so I invited her to dinner. We went to one of those dimly lit French restaurants in which all the tables are covered with long linen cloths. During dinner, we sipped a vintage burgundy and talked about the fantasies we had shared in childhood. At one point—after the waiter had left us in peace—Barbara got down on her knees under the table. I kept munching my *ris de veau au maréchal* as her hand confidently made its way up my thigh to my crotch and undid my zipper. It was difficult, but I enjoyed the sensation of her mouth on my penis as I kept on slowly chewing—though I was unable to get an erection. After a while, she emerged from under the table and resumed her seat.

Then I took her place. I pushed her black velveteen skirt up past her dimpled knees; conveniently she had neglected to wear panties. Her chair was pulled as close to the table as it would go and my head was in tight between her thighs. Shoes went by but did not stop. Barbara never even twitched as we both continued eating. I heard the clicking of her knife and fork above me. Eventually she leaned over and in a whisper said, "Well, that's about enough. I don't think this quite makes it." I straightened my tie and resumed my seat. We finished our meal without looking at each other. I think I used my napkin quite a bit. When I took her home, she excused herself abruptly, and I have not seen her since.

GABRIEL D.
Worcester, Massachusetts

I once knew a girl who had a great mouth. She was thin and restless and her small body was packed with dynamite. She wore bright, fire-engine red lipstick and her mouth was

(Continued on page 132)

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SPORT

NEW MATH FOR OLD SPORTS

by D. Keith Mano

Quick now: What forward holds the record for most Cruex sprayed in one NBA season? At which Olympic trial did javelin thrower Vincent Prepuce kill a small pomeranian dog? How often in 1977 did Sparky Lyle spit tobacco juice on his own left foot? Which NFL quarterback gets horny when taking a center snap?

All of the above. Trivia, statistics. Remember the 1977 world series coverage? It wasn't coverage, it was a goddamned audit. Your TV screen came on like the tote board at Aqueduct. If it moves, count it: That was ABC's policy. What did Thurman Munson bat in the 7–8–9th innings, with men on second, with his wife behind the dugout? What percentage of Howard Cosell's hair is on loan from a Merino sheep? You know, human interest (5½ percent compounded semi-quarter-hourly). True, seven of ten sport fans are gourd empty above. They think a passed ball has to do with constipation, and they're probably beer-blown by the second quarter or the fifth inning anyhow. They need specious CPA data to judge athletic performance. In part baseball has survived so well because it's still the quintessential numbers game. Each play will remain separate, with time enough in between to figure out your combination lock by trial and error.

We are a calculating people. Moreover, TV and radio suck up mathematical input faster than the Madison Square Garden Zamboni sucks up shaved ice. Since 1965 or so, all sports have had to invent some sort of double-entry bookkeeping. They wouldn't seem *serious* otherwise.

"When I started with the Mets twelve years ago, there was very little competition for my kind of job. Now I get a hundred, a hundred-fifty letters a year from people of all ages—men, women—who want to do statistics."

I'm interviewing Art Friedman, cardinal number person for the Mets and the Rangers. (He also added up the Knicks and the Jets until "it got too much" by any arithmetic. I don't wonder. Me, I'd've had guards hookshooting TD's over the right-center-field blue line. So Friedman put down two and carried two.) "It's been glamorized a lot over the last ten years. One of the reasons is expansion. In the NHL, up until 1966, there were only six teams in the league. People would see the same players coming in ten, twelve times a year. Hockey has gone, in eleven years, from six teams to eighteen teams. Now statistics are part of an athlete's identity, part of his personality." Ya can't tell your players without a computer program.

"People say, Gee, you must've been terrific in math. It was my worst subject. I hated it. Because I couldn't apply it to anything. I grew up with Marv Albert. From the time we were in our early teens, we kept our own leagues; we did a lot of interviews and radio programs together. In fact, he's done a foreword for my book. [Tentatively called *The World of Sports Statistics*. Atheneum should be bringing it out in about half an hour.] The last job I had before I really got into sports full-time was as a bedspread salesman." Aha. Now I remember where I've seen Art "The Dart's" glitzy sport jacket before. On a bed in Howard Johnson's, downtown Detroit.

Friedman is one of the bright, industrious people who brought new math to athletics. Now (I quote God here) even hairs in an armpit are numbered. "When I came to the Rangers, nobody had really kept any kind of statistics. Just a simple thing like keeping the won-lost record of a goaltender. It was never kept before. The plus-minus system came in with the advent of expansion. They had to find a better way to evaluate a player's performance." For you ignorant sods: Player X will get a plus if his team scores while he's on ice and, obviously, a minus in ice-versa situations. (Basketball has since cribbed the concept.) Not all teams (the New York Islanders, for example) release plus-minus data—too embarrassing, too much like a report card. And hockey fights? "Yeah, I note, in my opinion, whether somebody won the fight, lost the fight, or call it even." Howard Cosell would tell you how often Dave Schultz led with a skate to the *cojones*. Howard Cosell is so childish, he couldn't even commit adultery.

Are players, um, interested in all this? "Oh, extremely so. There's a lot of them who will try to be very cool and nonchalant about it and say, you know, they don't care. When they're going poorly they don't want to know from me. I'm their worst enemy. But when they're going well, you better believe they want to know. When it comes to contract time they want to have all the ammunition they can get." In sport today, it's who counts who counts.

And now we come to Harvey Pollack. And I'm worried you're not gonna believe Harvey Pollack exists. But there *is* a Harvey Pollack—I swear it on my zinc fillings—statistician for the Philadelphia 76ers, the Baltimore Colts and any number of college teams. Pollack is to basketball what Linnaeus was to species. Each year he and his Japanese calculator put out a stat book containing the most *outré* roundball figures ever. Harvey Pollack is wonderfully obsessed.

"We not only have complete information about our own club, but we have stuff

(Continued on page 119)

D. Keith Mano's rash should be cleared up before he goes to summer camp.

Getting caught with this plant can turn your life upside down

Getting caught with a marijuana plant in your home can land you in jail for several years with a felony conviction.

Marijuana smokers are no longer arrested in eight states. The U.S. Congress and many other states are considering similar reforms.

But growing any amount of marijuana remains a serious crime in most states and under federal law. It means that 15 million regular smokers are forced to support an illicit market.

This doesn't make sense to us.

Smokers should be permitted to grow their own marijuana. Cultivation for personal use should be decriminalized. A proposal to do just that is pending in California and will soon be introduced in Oregon.

Write your state and federal elected representatives. Tell them you support decriminalizing private marijuana cultivation for personal use.

Help make the new marijuana laws come out right side up.

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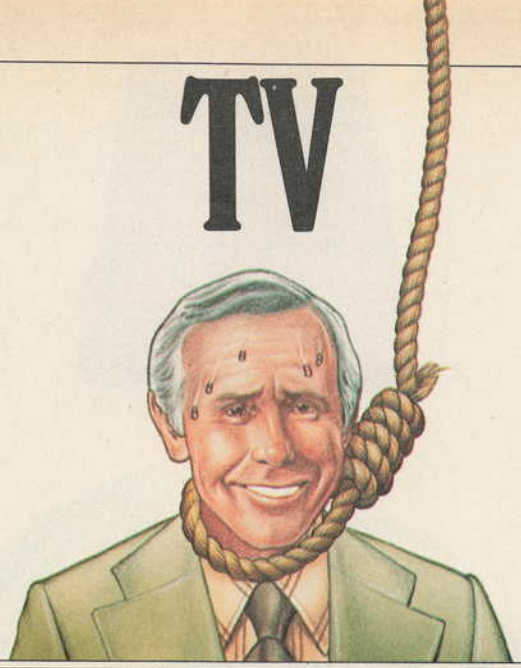

IN DEFENSE OF JOHNNY CARSON

by Michael Price

In the beginning there was Jerry Lester, Dagmar and a host of other hopelessly confused frenetics. Too loose, said the graysuits of Rockefeller Center. Too fragmented. Not enough form. That's why the *numbers* aren't there.

Then along came Steve Allen. Brilliant. Intense professionalism coated with the elusive, but essential, *illusion of spontaneity.* (Mention that quality to a member of the current entertainment crop and you'll probably get a glazed "Huh?") Steverino carried it off with clarity, wit, insouciance, excitement, skill and—another illusion?—irreverence. That was vintage Allen. Pre-Jayne. Who figured that right after the nuptials he'd go out and get himself nerded? But back then . . . too rich for the minds, they said upstairs. Too—waddayacallit—esoteric. You know, much too intellectchewal. That's why the *numbers* aren't there.

And then Paar. Not much real talent, but at least he was childish. Jack Douglas, a gifted writer, managed to make him look hip. José Mellis made him look liberal. Hugh Downs made him look conscious. Alexander King almost made him look Jewish. Jack Paar, a fine blend of ineptitude and arrogance, and we ate it up, but . . . too emotional, they said. Too unstable. He makes people nervous. That's why the *numbers* aren't there.

Once again—seat open in the snooze-time talk game.

By now we had our own candidate. Johnny-the-Kid. He was killing 'em over on the game-show side, and was pure dynamite when Paar was off in mid-snit and they used him as a substitute host.

Johnny was fresh. He had style and speed. And he could out-winsome the entire King family. When Carson appeared, man, *The Tonight Show* moved! NBC fucked around, teasing us with alternate candidates, but the Kid paddled a fast canoe. He came, he sat, he conquered . . . and the *numbers* were there.

After the coronation, Carson redecorated, moved in, unpacked. Among the luggage was his very own buffoon, an early flesh 'n' blood Bullwinkle with network throat, armadillo hide and varicose nose. If Johnny Carson was merely different from Jack Paar, Ed McMahon was the diametric opposite of Hugh Downs. OK. Good. We'll worry about a musical foil later.

The Prince made other sharp changes. He got rid of the cadre of regulars who supported Paar, freeing those who were capable of making it on their own to do so. Dodie Goodman thrives beautifully in Fernwood. Genevieve hasn't been heard from since. Showbiz.

Carson didn't have Steve Allen's moves, especially musically, but he certainly didn't disappoint us. He pitched with some classy change-ups. Magic. Pencil-drumming. Carnac. The Mighty Carson Art Players. Wonderful Art Fern's Teatime Movies. The Great Carsoni. And the outrageous lists—the everything-you-could-ever-want-to-know shticks that still cream insomniacs from coast to coast. He even knew astronomy, for Heaven's sake.

So we wanted him, we got him, and we canonized him without even so much as a blood test. And it turned out to be a pretty good deal. For us, that is. But for NBC . . . They got their *numbers,* all right, but along with them they got John the Indispensable. If there's anything big corporations definitely do not want, it's indispensability. And they thought Paar was an assful of trouble. Hah.

Coincidentally, Carson nailed down the job officially during a period when West Coast writers were in fashion, like Nehru jackets, and I happened to be in New York learning how to play "meetings" from the big guys. One morning, while in an NBC elevator, I caught a portion of conversation between a couple of executive types. One of them was pontificating upon how damned lucky Carson was, and how he'd probably agree eagerly to any and all network suggestions. I'd sure like to find that guy again. Maybe sell him some aluminum siding.

Mrs. Carson's little boy, you see, had not just fallen off the stupid-truck. All the time he was waiting in the wings, and even after he ascended, Johnny was paying attention. And the understanding came to him, as it did eventually to all those in the talk-show racket, that the secret is not how well you do, but how well you *wear.*

That's the hard part. Consistency. And Johnny Carson, with sharp instinct and innate good sense, realized it well before some of the Rhodes scholars who ran his network. Some of them, as if you didn't already suspect, still haven't gotten the message. That must be because it's so simple. Network executives, you see, do not like or relate to such a thing as simplicity. Simplicity justifies neither their ludicrous salaries nor their endless rounds of interlocking, incestuous meetings. It's too simple.

But Johnny Carson understands it, and he also thoroughly understands the fine art of scarce. Now, let's be realistic. He's human and he likes it at the top. He's also smart enough to appreciate that in order to stay at the top there has to be something, damned near anything, a little bit special about every single appearance. So the min-

(Continued on page 121)

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MUSIC

WHY NOT TO ATTEND A ROCK CONCERT

by Ed Naha

The modern-day rock concert is a good-natured cross between a bad Fellini film and the best of Dresden. Attended by young music lovers, who often resemble the supporting cast of *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*, and held in arenas that usually qualify for statehood, in both size and population, the contemporary concert is not so much an event to be enjoyed as much as one to be endured. Times have changed since that first night you saw Crosby, Stills and Nash, or Yes. If Woodstock were recelebrated in 1978, the universal catchphrase of "I was in the first row, man" would probably be altered to "I got out alive." The peace sign would be replaced by a Purple Heart and a headband by a tourniquet.

Still, rock concerts often cannot be avoided. Working on the assumption that almost everyone will be trapped, at one time or another, at one of these sadomasochistic affairs, we have scientifically assembled *A Survivor's Guide to Rock Concerts*. What are the problems most likely to be encountered? How can they be avoided? By visiting some of the nation's most frequented rock halls, we have found the answers. To begin with, remember: When attending a concert . . . no matter what you do, you will not have a good time. Statistics prove that at least once during the evening, you will wish you were home playing super-pong.

Attitude. When planning to attend a rock concert, be a realist. It is not important that you really enjoy the music, but rather that you exit the hall in one piece. Many people over the age of 18 enter a theater thinking negative thoughts. "Wow. Do I feel old. Look at all these kids. They're so much younger than me. I feel like a fool." This is a fine beginning for the evening. Chanting these phrases over and over on the way to one's seat will prepare you for what is to come.

Don't be flustered when some of your fellow concertgoers refer to you as "mister," "sir," "pops" or "gramps." Smile sweetly, and throttle them while singing the lyrics to any hit by The Beatles, the Airplane, Hendrix, Cream, The Doors or Moby Grape. The youngsters around you, not recognizing the tune, will assume you are a religious fanatic and probably leave you alone for the entire first set.

Preconcert Training. One of the first things one notices upon entering the music hall is that the air is filled with flying objects: Frisbees, beach balls, paper airplanes, falling adolescents, cherry bombs, live grenades. To be able to catch, punch or ward off any of these objects on the same level as your younger and more agile concert peers, it is important to be in top physical shape. Jogging one to two miles every morning and embarking on a strenuous program of push-ups and sit-ups helps get those reflexes in shape. An average rock concert demands two or three weeks training before actual attendance. For some superstar bands, such as the Rolling Stones or Led Zeppelin, this training period may be extended to 12 months and include the study of martial arts, first aid and exorcism.

There are always shortcuts, however. If you enjoy skeet shooting or other everyday sports, bringing along a small double-gauge shotgun or a baseball bat will readily solve both the problem of flying projectiles and the annoyance of young rock fans calling you "pops."

Dress. Things have changed since the easygoing days of the Fillmore, and a kind of reverse snobbery has taken place in rockdom. If you don't look like a concertgoer, no one will treat you like a concertgoer. In order to avoid confrontations, it is always best to dress the part of a "fan." For laid-back Eagles-Ronstadt concerts, for instance, a lumberjack shirt and battered Levi's would be considered essential wear. Since enhancing one's status through dress is permissible, a beer stain or two on the shirt will garner extra points. A cowshit spot on the knee of your pants will also do the trick.

For hard-rock and punk-rock concerts, well-worn T-shirts, ripped jeans and sharp objects stuck in one's ears are a must—pins, earrings, certain types of cheddar. For truly *punk* affairs, being hit by a bus and dragged several blocks by its rear axle will ensure the proper aesthetic flavor of your apparel.

Shoes. The ideal footwear for modern rockdom is anything coated in plastic. However, if it is not possible to laminate your feet, sneakers are a fine substitute. Sneakers will adhere to any surface, no matter if it's covered with phlegm, beer or broken glass.

Dates. Unfortunately, most adults attend rock concerts with members of the opposite sex, and, for most males, this means bringing along a female date. It is often dangerous to bring dates to rock concerts, for a number of reasons. Will she run off with Clapton? Will she hate the music? Will she hate me? Will I run off with Clapton? The risks of date-taking vary from band to band and audience to audience. The following is a thumbnail guide to the type of band and corresponding breed of date that should make for a

(Continued on page 128)

Ed Naha's latest book—"The Encyclopedia of Rock," due out in July from Grosset and Dunlap—is currently in the Veg-o-Matic stage.

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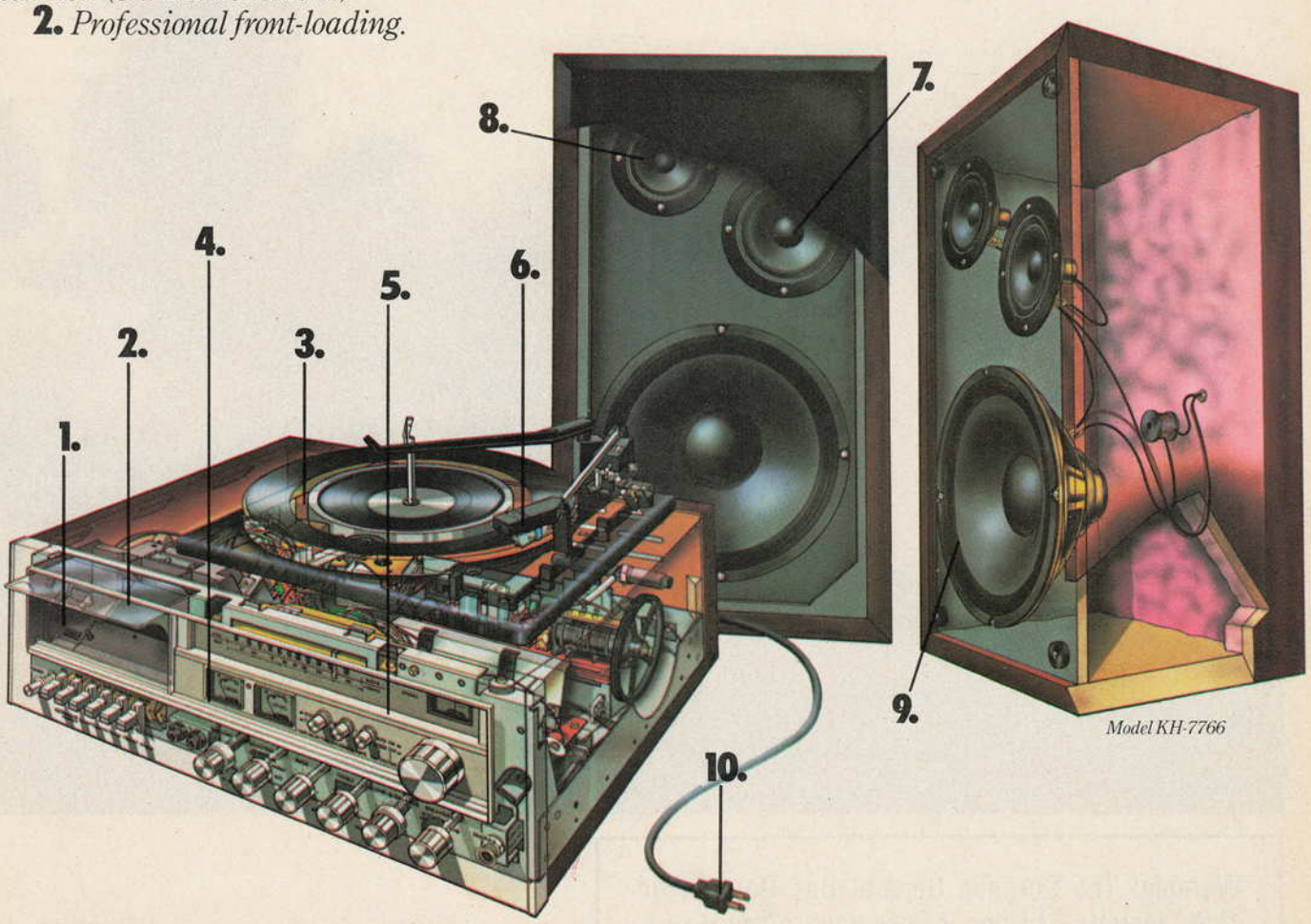

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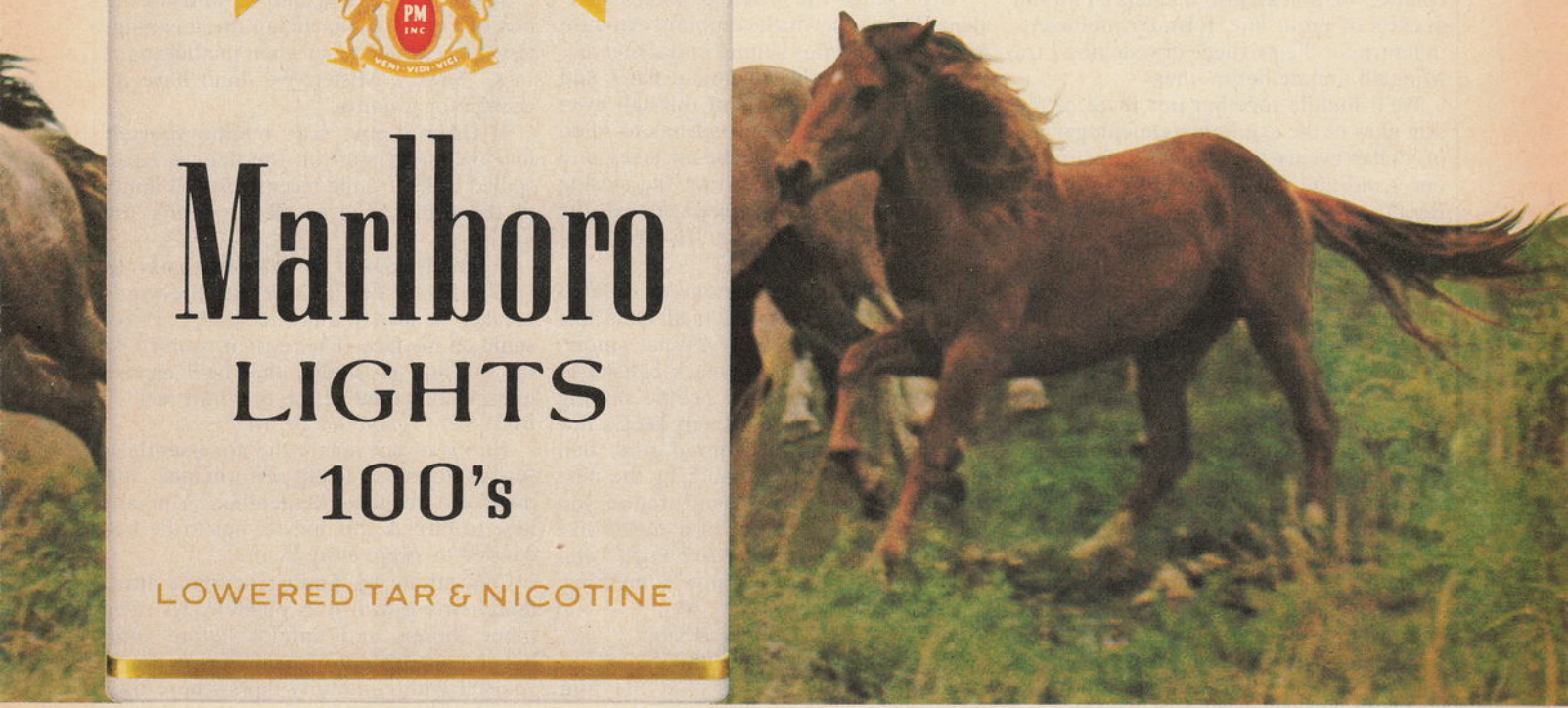

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FILM

HOW TO NITPICK A MOVIE

by Rick Sublett

By the end of this year, American film makers will have ground out approximately 150 movies, and foisted them upon us at an average, ill-spent ticket price of three and a half bucks a clip.

Of that 150, 3 will be excellent, 6 will be so-so, and the remaining 141 will be what we've come to expect from the Hollywood holding companies and maverick independents—shit.

Nonetheless, all projections show that a record number of escape-hungry people will throw up their hands, pitch in the towel and toss down a few billion hard-earned dollars at thousands of box-office windows. Like lemmings to the candy counter, we'll flock into theaters to fill the pockets of profit-line, formula producers, in return for the privilege of watching Liza Minnelli imitate her mother.

We'll huddle together out there in the dim glow of the exit lights, clutching a box of dollar-twenty-five rubber popcorn in one hand and an underlined clipping of Rex Reed's picks in the other. We'll hope for the best, knowing full well we probably won't get it. And, in the end, we'll wind up settling for Robert Redford's cue-card emotions, Barbra Streisand's self-indulgent megatonnage, and compressor-driven latex sharks.

Of course, since few of us have the guts to stand up, walk out and demand our money back, we'll simply sit there and take it—Saturday night after Saturday night, week after week, wasting our leisure-time lives in 122-minute segments. The Chinese call it "death by a thousand cuts."

The only defense—short of joining a weekend bowling league—is to fight back with what's left of our media-numbed minds. To show the producers, directors, writers, hams, hacks and flacks that our brains haven't been washed, just slightly dry-cleaned. To let them know that they can't flatten our spirits as easily as our wallets. We must resort to the Ancient Art of Nitpicking.

Nitpicking—the psychological equivalent of kung fu, which combines cynicism with a cramp-proof behind and a keen eye for picking out the cinematic flaws and fuck-ups that run rampant through even the best of what Hollywood has to offer. Just train yourself to see the mistakes, and then you too can rise during the closing credits, shake a self-assured fist at the screen and shout defiantly: "Ha! You bastards, you didn't fool me!"

There's nothing mysterious or difficult about nitpicking. It's latent in all of us, like oral fixation and penis envy. What's more, you don't have to achieve black-belt status to win the respect of the people sharing row 16 center with you. Merely keep a few rules and techniques in mind, and then apply them steadfastly. And, by the next time the Academy Awards roll around, you will be able to walk out of a movie like *Rocky, Bobby Deerfield* or *Exorcist 15* and say to your date, "You know something, Shirley? That sucked!"

Rule #1: "Prepare for the Worst."

Before you even leave the house on movie night, tell yourself that the film you've picked is probably going to be a dud, no matter how much Richard Schickel or Jay Cocks liked it.

At first, you may have to sit in a quiet, dark room and concentrate deeply before you can attain a complete state of preconceived disappointment. But worry not—it will come. After that, it's simply a matter of reinforcement to maintain your disgruntled mood, while you negotiate the time and distance from your home to your neck-stiffening front-row seat at the Bijou.

Disappointment Maintenance Techniques:

1) As you bring your car to a stop in the theater parking lot, tell yourself, "The attendant has just finished three years in prison for auto theft."

2) While waiting in the six-block line outside the theater, repeat to yourself, "They've oversold the house by at least 900 tickets. Maybe a thousand."

3) When you get within 15 yards of the box office, begin practicing the meaningless threat you'll make when the ticket girl says, "Sawrry, Mister. We don't have no change for twenties."

4) Once in your seat, remind yourself that the sticky stuff on the floor is *not* a spilled Coke. It's the recently tossed lunch of the drunk who sat there during the matinee.

5) Finally, look at the man sitting next to your wife or date—the one with the windbreaker on his lap and the strange, shifty smile on his face. Then resign yourself to the odds-on possibility that he'll expose himself sometime before the third reel.

Rule #2: "Ignore the Movie."

That is to say, ignore the nonessentials, such as story line, acting performances, the director's imagery. Remember: You are here to nitpick this movie, not to be bedazzled or swept away by it.

Concentrate on finding as many little things wrong with it as possible. As each frame flickers and unfolds before your bulging, slightly out-of-focus eyes, concern yourself with continuity flaws—those tiny mistakes the director never caught during production or decided not to reshoot because he was already a billion dollars over budget and his leading lady was busted

(Continued on page 129)

Rick Sublett, who earned a D in film at Northwestern, hated "Gone With the Wind."

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THE GHOST OF WRITERS PAST

by Lawrence Dietz

Ghostwriting—you know, when a celebrity is asked to write a book about whatever it is that made him famous, but has great trouble composing even a grocery list so hires a *real* writer to pen a script for him—has these two dirty little literary secrets. The first, of course, is where the celebrity—movie star, politician, jock, crook—purports to have written the thing and the reading public is never the wiser. That happens all the time.

But the real dirty secret is that a lot of ghost work is done *by* writers *for* writers. This may seem to you a contradiction in terms, since a writer who has to be written for seems about as socially useful as a mechanic who can't fix cars or a sex therapist who can't get it up. But it happens, this ghosting for other writers, all the time.

At a large, smoke-filled party of writers a few years ago, a man (not a writer himself) said it seemed to him that writers were nothing more than shy egomaniacs. The reaction was howls of laughter from some, and how-dare-you? sputtering from others. But, after considering it over the years, I think he was right. We writers may be hiding behind our Olivetti electrics, but somewhere there lurks the kernel of the thought that we could be Robert Redfords—sort of.

Thus, it can be reasoned, ghostwriting by definition means the creation of a convoluted clash of egos. On the one hand there is the secret "Robert Redford," hunched behind his or her typewriter, batting out deathless prose primarily in the form of proposals and outlines to book and magazine editors. When the ideas are acceptable, they generally carry a valuation high enough not to be totally insulting, but too low to satisfy a writer's basic needs. On the other hand is the celeb, whose story is presumed to be of such extraordinary interest to the reading public that the same editor, who is perfectly willing to leave a practicing writer without two rooms of his house, immediately unwraps the corporate bankroll to sign up the glittery name.

The problem is that the "famous person" is generally about as qualified to write his or her story as a lax-muscled writer is to star in *Downhill Racer.* But the deal is worked out nonetheless: big bucks to the celeb, who then must hire the writer (either on salary or percentage) so that the story will, in fact, appear. The nuts-and-bolts dollar amounts vary from case to case, but as a rule, the average advance paid a writer for a book is way under $20,000. Taking a fast look at your paycheck and figuring out what's left, you think that 5 or 10 or 15 grand is a lot of money to get in a lump. But of course it doesn't come in one lump; it comes half (perhaps as little as a third) on signing the contract, the remainder on completion.

A bankable celeb can haul in from 25 to 100 grand without disturbing the oil on his agent's scalp. Naturally, this disparity rankles the writer. (No one, the writer thinks, pays *me* anything to be in the movies, which I really couldn't do anyway. Then why. . . ?)

From all of this it might appear that the bitch is only with actors or actresses whose lives, as revealed under the probing questions of Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson, are not exactly a lesson in high drama. But what about the John Deans of this world? It is an ill-kept secret that Dean's book was written by a Washington journalist, Taylor Branch. And H.R. Haldeman's promised book—now that he's out of the slam—will be "aided" by a professional writer. Ehrlichman and Mitchell are also talking more books (although as far as I've read, Ehrlichman seems to be bent on going it alone). These guys, of course, are not the only criminals who are ready to tell their stories for cash. The point is not that their stories are intrinsically uninteresting, but that the function of journalism used to be that reporters would research and write about the principals in an event. Today the publisher is more interested in signing up the participant. One wonders how these people have time to accomplish the feats about which they're going to write.

The really peculiar thing is that this often happens in the magazine business. The game generally goes that an idea is sold to an editor, expenses are run up, and bits and pieces of the story are told the editor verbally, bringing him to a lather of expectation. A great story. Save 20 pages in the November issue. (Have to justify those expenses on a per-page basis.) And then this piece of *ab-so-lute* shit is delivered. How to explain this to the other editors? Can't. Can't show it to them, God knows. Twenty blank pages sitting there. Got to fill them. Got to make this story work. (This is what is known as *can-do* thinking. You recall what a grand job of can-do thinking the military did in Vietnam.) And so the story is made to work. The November issue appears, and because the editor involved doesn't want to be humiliated by admitting that he made a bad assignment, and because the story is a success, he keeps his mouth shut.

And the writer—this is the best part—the writer takes that story, shows it to other editors and gets bigger and better assignments. Maybe even book contracts. But never, never, a contract to ghostwrite someone else's book. □

Lawrence Dietz, Executive Editor of New West, *has ghosted one book too many.*

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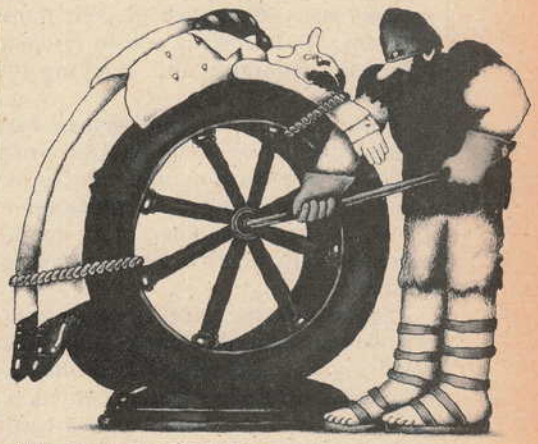

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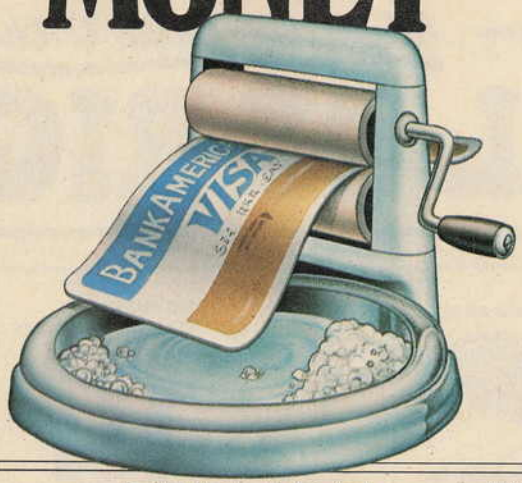
MONEY



THE ART OF LAUNDERING YOUR CREDIT

by Chris Barnett

A few years back, a gang of computer-savvy con men devised a plan to clean up some credit ratings that had gone "tilt." They connected with a female clerk at the Anaheim, California data processing headquarters of TRW Credit Data, the nation's largest credit reporting agency, and, with her help, designed a system for turning poor credit risks into excellent ones. Then the scamsters scouted up some desperate deadbeats and charged them $300 to $1500 to electronically scrub their soiled credit ratings squeaky clean. Once free of their transgressions, the financially reborn resumed borrowing, charging and enjoying the good life.

Other flimflam men and women have planted themselves inside banks, savings and loan associations and mail-order houses, and fed doctored information into a credit agency's computer. In an instant, larcenous souls were purified for new acquisition binges.

Then there's the "fee" that an overextended but otherwise upright consumer could pay to computerized credit healers to have past fiscal sins wiped out. But don't get sucked in by all that. That's a costly caper and only the hard-core plastic freaks have to go that route.

Most people don't know just how easy it is to scour a black mark off a credit rating without breaking the law, or how they can make sure no blemishes accidentally pop up to haunt them in the future. With more and more people putting it on the cuff (Americans now owe $182 *billion*), you've got clout in the credit arena you never dreamed you had. And it's all spelled out in the Fair Credit Reporting Act.

Before that act took effect in 1971, you were at the mercy of big credit grantors like banks, savings and loan associations, department stores and credit card outfits. They had you by the short hairs. You either got credit or not as often on whim as on your creditworthiness. Remember that brand-new 1969 Corvette that you ran out and bought when you got your first job? And how about the ski boat, those Pierre Cardin suits, the wild weekends in Lauderdale, the Cape, Hawaii? Well, when they repo'd your vette or programmed in a notation that you were constantly 60 days late on your Master Charge payments, you never knew how badly that screwed up your credit rating.

Your credit history and rating was a secret from *you* but available to any place which offered you the convenience of charging purchases or borrowing money and subscribed to a credit reporting agency.

No longer. The Dark Ages of credit are gone. Thanks to the FCRA and two other recent laws—the Fair Credit Billing Act of 1974 and the Equal Credit Opportunity Act of 1977—you've got muscle. No longer can a computer spit out inaccurate or obsolete information about you. Never again can you get ripped off on a purchase and have it charged to your credit card, no matter how loudly you scream. And you'll never again be shot down for a loan because the lender thinks you're too young, too old, too female, too single or too divorced.

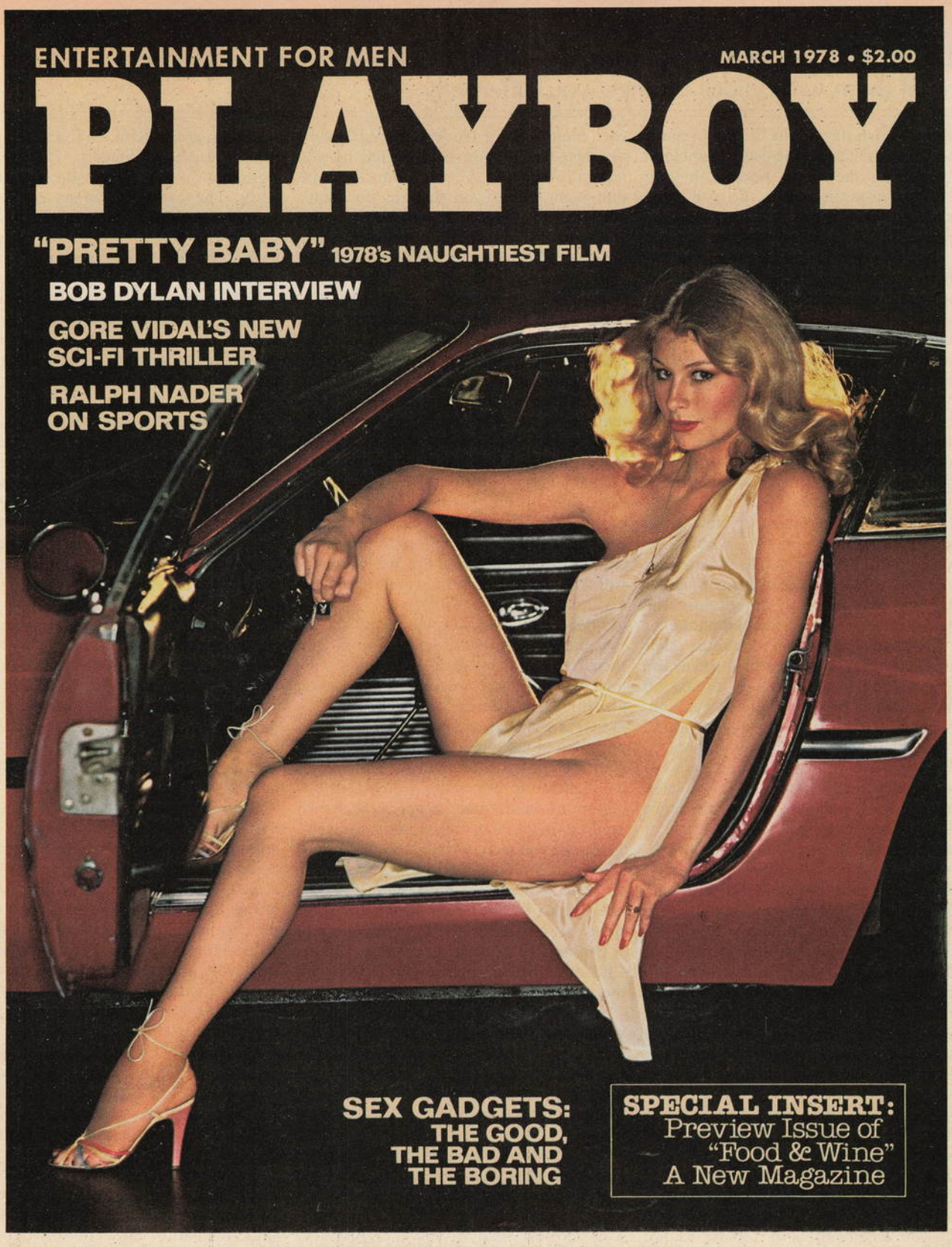
And here's the clincher. Once you get copies of these three laws (they're available from responsible credit reporting agencies; Associated Credit Bureaus, Inc., 6767 Southwest Freeway, Houston, Texas 77074; or any Federal Trade Commission office), read them, study them, and you're equipped to clean up your own credit history if it's wrong. Or if you've botched it up in the past, you'll find out what you can do to rehabilitate it.

Take personal checks, for example. Bad ones rarely slip into credit bureau computers and few people knowingly pass them, but for any one of a half-dozen reasons you can have a bad check outstanding and not know it. If you call Telecredit, a nationwide check verification firm (toll free 800 421-0839; in California, 213-277-4061) and ask for consumer relations, they will sift through the computer for any "derogatories" (creditspeak for a black mark) they may have on you. If they find one, they'll send you an authorization form. Sign it and return it to them; then they'll summon up the facts—which merchant has the check, the telephone number of whom to contact in order to clear it.

Once the check is paid, says Telecredit's vice president, Jim Eichelberger, the merchant contacts the firm's Los Angeles headquarters and the negative information is canceled out of the computer. But you can't rely on a harried shopkeeper to contact them. Telecredit has 50,000 merchant subscribers and an undisclosed number of "derogs" in its system, and even Eichelberger thinks it's wise to call back and tell them you've cleared the check. Once expunged, there's no trace of the malfeasance. "Unlike credit reporting agencies which use historical information," Eichelberger adds, "ours is a forgiving system."

Eichelberger's right. Credit bureaus do not forgive—at least not for seven years, which is fast compared to the Almighty. After that, the law says they must wipe your slate clean of everything except bank-

Chris Barnett, a financial writer who is leery of both Beverly Hills promoters and Wall Street lawyers, has never met either Dan Dorfman or Andrew Tobias.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JOY RIDE!

Let the beautiful girls of PLAYBOY take you for a spin in the March issue! Our exciting pictorial on sex in small cars proves once and for all that it *can* be done in a subcompact. Also: We "road test" some of the best (and worst) sexual gadgets on the market and visit with the folks who design these little bedroom helpers. Plus, Bob Dylan opens up in a rare and candid interview, Gore Vidal ends the world once and for all and Ralph Nader tells how pro team owners are sticking it to you, the fan. All in PLAYBOY, on your newsstand now.

MONEY Many credit grantors are willing to take another chance on you, but every one of them will eyeball the new you differently.

ruptcies, which stay on the file for 14 years.

So step two in squaring away your credit is contacting the credit bureau in your area. They hold the aces in the card game of credit. Their records on you are often the deciding factor in whether or not you get credit or even insurance or a job.

Before the Fair Credit Reporting Act, they were impenetrable fortresses of credit information, but Washington has ripped their doors almost off the hinges. Now you have the right to be told the name and address of the credit bureau issuing a consumer credit report that has caused you to be denied credit. You also have the right to look at all the information in your file and find out who has been feeding them negative information on you—data they put on their computer.

If you live in California or New York, credit bureaus must supply you with a copy of your credit report by mail if you request it and pay a fee. Credit bureaus in other states are required only to disclose the contents of your file over the telephone, or they'll make you schlep down to their offices. However, since credit bureaus are trying to polish their image, thanks to some prodding by their trade association, Associated Credit Bureaus, they may mail you a copy if you ask and pay the fee.

You can save your money and get your credit report free in 30 days if you've been turned down for a loan, job or insurance and think you got a raw deal because of something that was in your credit report.

What happens if you're convinced you've been bum rapped? Ed Brennan, vice president and general manager of TRW Information Services Division, which has files on 60 million people nationwide, says his firm and others will reinvestigate or reverify any item you question. And if the store or credit grantor doesn't answer a TRW query within ten days, says Brennan, "we give the benefit of the doubt to the consumer and we erase the item."

In short, credit bureaus will do a lot of legwork for you. They'll tell any merchant who's been shoveling erroneous information into their computers that they're wrong, saving you the trouble. And if you've been thinking of hiring a lawyer to help you clean up your credit history, they'll save you the expense. "The consumer doesn't have to spend a lot of money on some idiotic consultant who isn't going to do anything more than he can do himself," Brennan says.

But don't for a minute think the credit bureau folks are standing there with open arms welcoming you into their data banks. They're still as tight-lipped as Gordon Liddy when you ask them how many mistakes they pluck out of their computers each month. Some lenders or credit grantors who feel they've been stiffed by you naturally won't let the credit bureaus erase that item; but if you dispute the item's accuracy, the bureau is required to reinvestigate it. If you're still not satisfied, you are entitled to have a brief statement of your side of the story placed in the credit bureau's files. Your explanation, by law, is included in all subsequent consumer credit reports.

If you've screwed up your credit in the past, many credit grantors are willing to take another chance on you without demanding your firstborn, but every credit grantor eyeballs the new you differently. Robert Holloway, a staffer in the national General Credit Office for Sears in Chicago, says, "If the person has had medical problems, a divorce or a layoff and sincerely tried to keep up before falling apart emotionally or financially, we probably will set him up with limited credit, perhaps a $500 ceiling. But he still has to pay off his old debts as well as keep current."

Some retail stores are very out front with their credit policies for past problem customers, and they're not about to make you grovel. Karl Adams, credit promotion manager for Sanger Harris, a Dallas department-store chain and subsidiary of giant Federated Stores, says "ability and willingness" to pay is the prerequisite for regranting credit today. A person with past credit problems can "rehabilitate himself" at Sanger Harris with a "marginal or starter account"—a credit line of, say, $50 to $150. "I've found that very few people are out to deliberately welch on their debts," says Adams.

Outfits like American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche aren't so free with their plastic once they've been burned.

A spokesman for American Express, which has eight million cards in circulation, says, "You have to prove yourself—establish a sterling credit history—to get it back." It also depends on how much money you beat them out of the last time around.

The spokesman says their biggest problem is not with slow-pays and no-pays but with lost and stolen cards. Say you're in a massage parlor and get rolled. The American Express man says you're probably unwilling to report it as stolen and the problems start. Or if you legitimately lose the card, report it and the card is canceled, and then you find it and start using it again, your credit with American Express can be scrambled. "Your card is on a hot list," warns the spokesman, "and if you disregard our instructions and use it, it can be confiscated anywhere, anytime."

Until recently, credit card companies had you over a barrel whenever you had a beef with a merchant, be it a hotel, restaurant or rent-a-car concern. They had your signature on the charge slip, so you were stuck. Then you, like many cardholders, simply subtracted the charge from your month-end bill and paid the statement. Before long you were listed on the delinquency rolls.

Now, under the Fair Credit Billing Act of 1974, the credit card organization has to step in and settle the argument between you and the merchant. You've got an ally; no more bitching about the problem with a faceless, insensitive computer. The amount in question is set aside without interest or late charges until the matter is resolved. The American Express spokesman says problems are usually settled fast. "We have specialists who may have mediated seventy similar disputes and they know what they're doing." The bottom line: Your credit with the credit card company is never jeopardized.

Oil companies are a strange breed when it comes to credit. Some oil companies bend over backwards to help you get their card back, but none are a soft touch. Al V. Hogan, credit manager for Shell Oil in Tulsa, says if prior debtors work out a payment schedule and stick to it, they may get their card back. That's a big "may." There are no guarantees, since each cardholder situation is different.

Evan Housworth, senior vice president at Citizens & Southern National Bank, Atlanta, says you can help restore your credit history's health by being completely honest when you come to reapply. "If a person says, 'Look, I've had problems in the past, here are the reasons, but I haven't refused to pay anyone, I've just been slow,' they score points with us. But if they try to sweep it under the rug, there's a problem because you'll find out and wonder why they didn't tell you."

Housworth is often willing to grant a small line of collateralized credit to get a person back on his feet creditwise. "As bankers, we just want to make sure our exposure's not too great and that our risk is secured."

Today, there's no reason to let your credit rating slip if you're disciplined. But if for some strange reason you can't fathom credit or can't control your spending, you can get help. There are 200 nonprofit debt-counseling services throughout the nation ready to help people dig themselves out of their holes or at least prevent them from falling deeper into debt.

Stan Benson, president of Consumer Credit Counselors of Los Angeles, for instance, won't coddle you. He starts by asking you to surrender your credit cards. He'll even hand you the scissors so you can

(Continued on page 130)

ATHENA MARIE

BEWARE OF GREEKS BARING GIFTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC MÜLLER

Athena would rather her lovers be Trojans than wear them

Athena wonders a lot about the nature of wisdom, which is only natural, considering the goddess who inspired her name. "I used to think that wisdom and experience were one and the same," she says, "but I've seen too many grown-ups make absolute fools of themselves." Her Greek eyes darken, turn serious. "They are especially silly when it comes to sex," she goes on. "I've known women my mother's age who act as if they can't turn on a light without a man to show them how." Of course, that's easy for

her to say—she's only 18 years old. Her mother insists that Athena was born wise. She grew up on the Greek isle of Hydra, where she learned to swim before she could walk. Then it was off to Summerhill, a progressive boarding school in England. "There was absolutely no discipline at Summerhill," she explains. "Children seven or eight years old could smoke or drink or run around naked—and a lot of them did. I used to think of myself as a guerrilla fighter caught in a jungle of humans. I don't think I've ever known what the word *innocent* means, at least not in a personal sense." Not even when it comes to sex? "As far back as I can remember, I've always known about sex. I just can't recall not knowing. Of course, I didn't actually indulge until I was 13, but even then it all seemed to come naturally. Maybe it helped that I did it in the ocean." Why the ocean? "Because that's where I feel most alive. I draw energy from the sea. Besides, it's terribly exciting. Being bruised by the rocks, being knocked about by the waves—half the fun of sex in the sea is just trying to survive."

She has traced
her roots
back to
Zeus

MIND OVER MONEY:
HOW TO PSYCH YOURSELF RICH

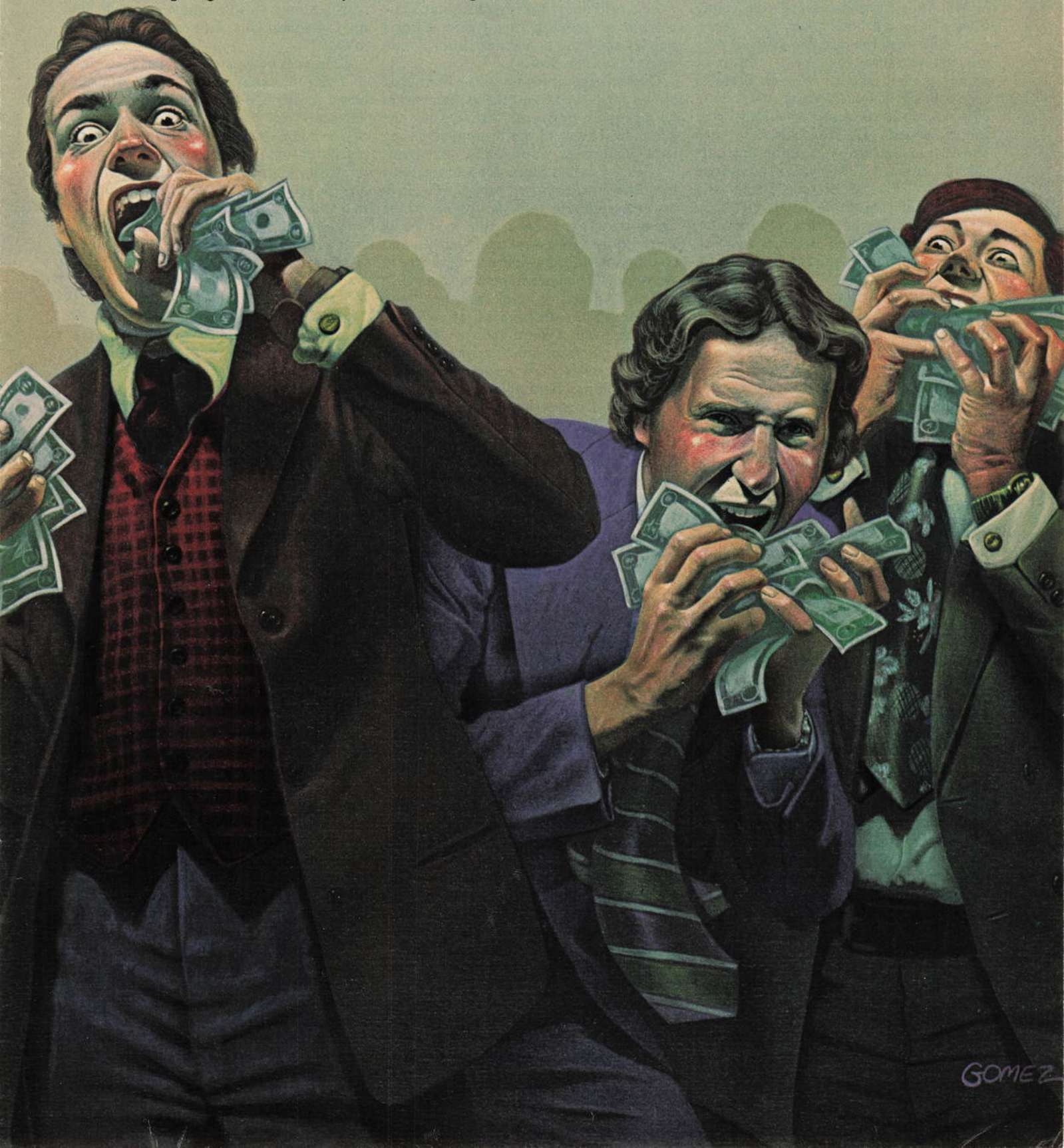
A cash-on-the-barrelhead glimpse at how the prophets of profit prosper

BY DICK HOBSON AND TOM GREENING

There's this would-be novelist, tantalized by the specter of Alex Haley laughing it up with the tellers at the Bank of America, who signed on for an est-like seminar called "Fundamentals of Prosperity Training."

Having heard that the marathon weekend progresses from staring at greenbacks to talking to them to rubbing them all over your body, and that it climaxes with stuffing dollar bills into your mouth and chewing on them for awhile, the writer was horrified. He had a phobia about germs. He went to the bank and exchanged his filthy folding money for fresh-from-the-mint bills.

At the climactic moment, of course, the Prosperity Guru, an expensively tailored young man of 28 who calls himself Leo Sunshine, commanded, "Now exchange your bills with the person next to you," and the writer was forced to masticate the grungiest, most torn-up, moss-covered greenbacks he had ever seen. But did his mouthful of old-dollar-bill



MIND OVER MONEY "At est, they beat 'em up, bite their arms off, tell 'em they're assholes and crazy machines... but they don't give 'em anything."

juice do him any good? You bet your annual report. By his own testimony, he smashed his malignant writer's block, doubled his literary output and has been rolling in crisp green lettuce ever since.

Leo Sunshine's college of pecuniary knowledge (tuition: $250), headquartered in Mill Valley, California and conducting classes in rented hotel rooms in a dozen U. S. cities over the past two years, is only the latest entrant in the growth industry of moneymaking schools. Werner Erhard's est, in business for six years (fee: $300), offers a graduate seminar called "The Money Series" ($22.50). Paul J. Meyer's 18-year-old Success Motivation Institute (basic course: $599) has an advanced program: "How to Become Financially Independent" ($125). W. Clement Stone ("Mr. Positive Mental Attitude") sponsors monster "PMA Rallies" in sports arenas at a bargain $10 a pop. And the Reverend Ike preaches "Green Power" at his Science of Living Institute. ("Now I want you to give me some money. Please do not give change.") One way to make money, it seems, is to teach the art of making money.

The basic premise of all these fortune academies is that the moneymaking mystique is all in the mind. Anyone with a head on his shoulders can psych himself rich. The trick is in counteracting one's childhood poverty-programming. The kid caught sucking on a penny ("Take that filthy money out of your mouth!") unconsciously keeps that dirty stuff away from him for the rest of his life.

Sunshine calls these negative notions "doo-doo." Seriously. In deprogramming them, he has his trainees write down on pieces of paper: "Money is the root of all evil." "Rich people lead miserable lives." "Poor is pure." They crumple up the papers into balls and pitch them to Sunshine, who airily bats them away. "What is all this?" Leo demands. "It's all doo-doo!" the trainees scream. Thus they are purged.

Then comes Leo's *re*programming process, which involves chanting such *affirmations* as "I am rich," "Infinite riches are now steadily and freely flowing into my life" and "Millions of dollars come to me now for my own personal use." Prosperity trainees are urged to spend their money with confidence while telling themselves: "All the money that I spend comes back to me vastly multiplied." "You cannot reap," admonishes Sunshine, "unless you sow."

The technique of *imaging* is central to getting rich. Most people image what they fear, he contends; so for homework, trainees are instructed to create treasure maps. "Image what you want," Sunshine intones. "What you see is what you get." Effigies of checks made out to the bearer for sizable sums are a big item. One impecunious trainee treasure-mapped a Corvette—which rolled up two weeks later. The blocked writer hung a magazine ad for a Bentley above his typewriter. (But he's still driving his 1966 Volvo.)

Over an organic repast at The Source on Sunset Strip, Leo Sunshine explains what he means by *Prosperity:* "It reeks of the good life. The word can be applied at any level—materially, emotionally, spiritually. It could be called Success Attitudes but I like the word *Prosperity* better." He traces his preoccupation with the subject to the age of six when, in his original persona as Brian Murphy, "I was totally upset and confused to find that there was poverty in the world." Then, when he was 13, Brian's mother, Anne Lee, took up the Unity religion, whose doctrine of affirmations forms the core of Sunshine's preachings.

Is Murphy/Sunshine prosperous himself? "I've never been destitute. I've been in debt and had hard times but resurged." Resurged? He has made money in the American Indian jewelry business. He owns a magazine called *The Great Escape*, featuring "delights and pleasures for the mind and body." He owns a cosmetics concern, Dynique, based in Los Angeles, organized "like Amway" on the basis of multilevel sales distributorships. As for his Sun Seminars: "I feel good about my drawing power and the product."

Like any slickly run mind-over-matter machine, Sunshine's Prosperity therapy has the predictable testimonials from people who have tripled their incomes. Millionaire Marshall Thurber claims, "If I had taken it earlier, it would have saved me a lot of time." One Jan Tangen states, "Within a month after the training, I was offered a songwriter's contract." Then there are the varying numbers of trainees who woke up to find sports cars parked in previously unoccupied driveways.

Some have stalked out grousing that Sunshine was too gratingly "up." Admits Leo: "Yeah, we get some hard-core pixies in there—the wet bunch of Louies who come in and rain on your parade." One trainee, after 44 hours on a straight-back chair, decided: "I don't think you're going to go home and find money on your doorstep just because your thinking is affirmative. You gotta hustle your butt. Leo makes it sound like you don't have to do that."

Another concluded: "One of the weaknesses is that it relies almost entirely on the personality of Leo Sunshine. There's a lot of hoopla and drum-banging and out he struts looking like a movie star. Everybody applauds. The comments are, 'Isn't he wonderful?' not 'Isn't this a valuable experience?' It's almost a vehicle for the guy's ego. Otherwise, why would he change his name from Brian Murphy to Leo Sunshine?" His gurumania appeals to those with a secret passive motive: "Psych me up, O Radiant One. I'd never get there by myself."

Graduates of est are critical of Sunshine for being too sunny, and Sunshine, himself an est graduate, is down on est for being a downer. "They beat 'em up, bite their arms off, tell 'em they're assholes and crazy machines—anything to get 'em out of their minds, as they say—but they don't *give 'em* anything. My training reinforces the fact that you are a Magnificent Being."

"*Asshole* is a term of endearment," counters Santa Rosa real estate developer Jacob Lehrer, who leads a periodic est graduate seminar, "The Money Series," for up to 400 Marin County trainees. "We're simply trying to dissolve the barriers between you and your money. Are you running money or is money running you?" He would have you take a look at your secret payoffs for psyching yourself poor. Maybe you're resigning from the rat race with a sense of moral superiority and your payoff is piety. You'd rather be right than be rich. "Our money seminar is like a poke in the ribs," says Lehrer, whose subdivisions are rich in monetary payoffs. "It seems like I don't do very much at all and everything just keeps expanding."

The est message essentially is an arm-biting, rib-poking version of mind over money. Since the source of money is in your head, according to chief esthole Werner Erhard, you have only to blast loose from your bankrupt mental constructs to become a self-generating source. By the end of the five-session money seminar, you could be generating your own greenbacks.

Texas, naturally, beats all—when it comes to head trips about the old mazuma—with Waco's Success Motivation Institute spewing out books, seminars, deluxe briefcases, tape recorders and cassettes worth $20 million a year, or $5 million more than its nearest competitor, Reverend Ike, rakes in. Founded in 1960 by self-made insurance millionaire Paul J. Meyer to teach others the secrets of his success, SMI's secret word (at $599) is *imagination.*

The young Meyer imagined himself a millionaire, and by age 27 it had happened. But can it happen to you? SMI lists numerous millionaires in its voluminous testimonial literature. While the message is familiar ("how to be a winner," "how to

(Continued on page 108)

Dick Hobson writes for several national magazines, Tom Greening is a clinical psychologist, this article is part of their work-in-progress for a book, and both of them once ate a roll of nickels.

"I will make you shorter by the head."

—Queen Elizabeth I

THE UNANSWERED LETTERS OF Lazlo Toth

The author of last year's best-selling "Letters of Lazlo Toth" reveals for the first time some of his signed, sealed, delivered but "No Reply" missives

by Don Novello

Secretary Joseph A. Califano
Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Washington, D. C.

Dear Secretary Califano,

I've been reading about how the press is jumping all over you for hiring a chef. You said it was wrong of you to describe the chef as a "personal assistant," but that you plan to keep him on to save us taxpayers money. Thanks! You'd think the press was paying for the chef the way they carry on!

You've got to stand up to the press to put them in their place every once in awhile, especially when they make a big deal out of a simple 402-word job description! If you described the job as: CHEF – HE COOKS SO I CAN EAT, the press probably would have said "eat" wasn't a proper description and made you change it to "chew and swallow."

Lazlo Toth NO REPLY!

Lazlo Toth

P.S. I've liked you ever since you hit those four home runs in one game when you were back in Cleveland. Keep it up!

His Most Gracious Majesty President Idi Amin
Uncrowned King of Scotland
Kampala, Uganda

NO REPLY!!

Dear Royal President Amin,

I've just read in the paper that you've been named the Uncrowned King of Scotland. Congratulations! You've been a soldier, a President, and now a King! What's next? You can't go much higher! I also read recently that you said Carter got elected because you endorsed him and ensured him the votes of "black and white revolutionaries." There's no doubt in my mind that black and white revolutionaries sure are a sizeable block and that a lot of them turned up at the polls (they make them state their occupation when they register), but I heard (grapevine) that there also was a large turnout of "suburban guerrillas," so I figure they probably balanced each other out. I only wish we could get back President Nixon! I wish you would have spoken up a couple of years ago for him!

My best to all your people! Just because we supported different candidates doesn't mean we can't correspond! Come on over for a state visit! ...America and Uganda – both countries that are easy to spell!...Send me your picture! (Front view)

Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth

NO REPLY!

President Richard M. Nixon (Roland)
La Casa Pacifica
Republic of San Clemente
San Clemente, California

Dear President Nixon,

Boy, did you put Frost in his place! And to think you made a million dollars besides – Congratulations!

My favorite part was when you started talking about the tulips in the fields around Camp David. It was like poetry! Did you get that from Tony Orlando? It reminded me of a speech he gave right before he sang My Way on his farewell show. And I also liked the part when it looked like Frost had you pinned in the corner and you took a few seconds to think the situation over, and then said, "I'm sorry, but I can't interpret that at this time." Perfect! Frost just sat there looking like a plant that needs watering. He didn't know what to say! And the next thing, the Weed Eater commercial was on, and when the interview came back on he asked a new question!

One complaint: I don't like you talking about your public life being through – deep six that idea! We need you!

One suggestion: How about running for Governor of California? And since President Ford is living in California, too (Palm Springs), how about trying to talk him into running for Lt. Governor? I hope all of a sudden he doesn't think he's too good for number two. I can see the billboards now – THE PRESIDENTS FOR GOVERNOR AND LT. GOVERNOR! What clout! What experience! California couldn't say no! It would be a great base for you to start your campaign to be Ambassador to China! Carter would have to appoint you after you were elected again! And in the meantime, California could truly turn into the Free Enterprise Shangrila it was meant to be!

Like you say, "I was not a good butcher." California doesn't need a good butcher for Governor – we need a sensitive leader! After all, you're not running for Governor of the A&P. Let's go! Next stop, Sacramento!

One of over 50 million loyal boosters,

Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth

Dr. John W. Oswald
President, Penn State University
Penn State University
University Park, Pa.

Dear Doctor Oswald,

I just read where Penn State went and "de-sexed" its Alma Mater and you now have a "non sexist version of the 75-year-old song." The article said you did it because your school now is coed and the women students never "stood at boyhood's gate" and at no time were "molded into men" like the song says.

Boyhood's Gate – where's that, somewhere near Trenton? There is no Boyhood's Gate – that's just symbolism! It doesn't even exist! And since it doesn't exist, why not let everybody stand there? It's not costing you anything! I would think the women would find it "sexist" not to be able to stand at Boyhood's Gate!

I also read that:

"Thou didst mold us, dear old State,
into men, into men" was changed to
"Thou didst mold us, dear old State,
dear old State, dear old State."

You just can't drop half a thought and then try to get away with it by repeating the last phrase! I know that's an old college trick but the days of taking shortcuts are over! You went and changed the whole meaning of the song and instead of "de-sexing" it, you went and ruined it! All it says now is "You molded us, dear old State." Molded us (you) into what? Did it mold you into molds? I think that's what it's saying, and I don't think that's what people want out of college!

If you want to go changing something, why don't you change the "Thou didst's"! You kept the worst part! Nobody says "Thou didst" anymore! That's the trouble if you hang around a college town too long, you loose perspective! Watch television, that's almost as good as traveling, plus it's a lot less expensive. Electricity is less than gas and that's just the starters. Then come the motels, tolls, etc. I suggest you change the "Thou didst" to "You did." Once you get out of Amish country, "you did" is about all you're going to hear. Let me know if I'm wrong.

I amst,

Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth

NO REPLY!

RODRIGUEZ.

SEVERAL SWELL AND SLEAZY WAYS TO MEET WOMEN

BY LEE FRANK

Follow our distaff expert as he staggers about blazing new trails in pursuit of blissful bachelorhood

Like a terrier who turns and bolts to chase the wheel of a whizzing car, I pivot and rocket after the woman with killer tits.

She stepped off the bus a moment ago and began strolling in the opposite direction; I got just enough of a glance to know there is nothing in the world I want more. I step in behind, evoking the fine tradition of Harpo Marx. Then I am witness to something I can never forget: a presence—a power, if you will. Every guy walking toward us has his head wrenched toward her whambershams as surely as if his eyes were iron and she had powerful magnets concealed in her bra. I don't know if I'm following a Buddha or an ax-murderess. Before these guys fall off to either side, their brains seemingly jellified, they wither with a look of reverence, suddenly comprehending not so much the glory of such appendages, but more registering a primal understanding of their capabilities.

I cruise behind her for some way, not daring to look back for fear of seeing the street strewn with bodies. Somehow, someway, I must talk with her. Try to get a date with her. And live to tell the tale . . .

You are about to read the confessions of an addicted man, and this information may change your life. For the worse or for the better, I'm not sure. But my research has had an impact on me. Meeting women is an art *only* because nobody's ever taken the time to make a serious and detailed science of studying it.

Here's how I became an authority on the subject. For starters, I immersed myself totally into this investigation. While most guys are concerned with meeting women in their spare time, I devoted myself full-time, day and night, relentlessly pursuing the best methods for meeting women—and the women themselves. My research gave me an excuse to do some of the more perverse things I'd had up my sleeve for years. I asked ladyfriends how things looked from their side and had them explain how us guys can sharpen our acts. I handed out questionnaires to exquisite-looking women—the type who

MEETING WOMEN What I've decided to do is have cards printed that say "Call me, Lee—555-0922," and tape a dime on the back of it.

would send quivers up your backbone—asking them what it takes to fire their jets. The questionnaire was both incredibly sneaky and incredibly straight. I asked what a guy should do to meet and titillate them. I asked what a woman does to make herself accessible. My questions were methodically framed. As everyone with a Psych 100 course behind him knows, there are two answers for each question: the real answer and the answer she'd like to think is the real answer—which is the one she'll give. Perry Mason–like, I framed the questions in such a way as to elicit both responses.

Finally, with the information I gathered, I tried my hand at a few capers to test it out. What I want to tell you is exactly the best ways to meet different types of women at various kinds of locations. And pay attention. You may want to give yourself a little quiz at the end.

THE PHONE NUMBER

Had the sideburned Mr. Bell been aware of the social implications of his most famous contraption, perhaps his first words would not have been "Watson, come here; I want you," but rather, "What are you doing Saturday night?" The telephone remains the single most relied-upon device for transforming small talk into a date. The object of every meeting is exchanging telephone numbers. By comparison, simply getting to talk to a woman is an easy matter. You can stick your leg out in front of her, and although you'll be able to speak with her, the chances of seeing her again this side of a police lineup are slim. No, you've not only got to make contact, you've got to do it in a way that will send her, that will result in one or both of you giving your phone numbers to arrange getting together.

Questionnaire responses show some women prefer you to take their phone number and others prefer to take yours. So the safe way to play it is to swap numbers. But only, of course, if you feel it is appropriate. Slipping the lady a business card can be an acceptable play, especially when it's impossible to write down your number. (Just try fumbling for pen and paper as you tell the bus driver this is your stop and ask if he'd mind holding up the bus and traffic for only a second.) What I've decided to do is have cards printed that say *Call me, Lee—555-0922*, and tape a dime on the back of it. What could be more straightforward? Lee's my name and monkey business is my game.

Here's another thing: I have all my female friends post my name, phone number and appropriate character references in ladies' rooms throughout town, and I hit up a couple of phone booths myself.

PATTER

I happen to be pretty good with the middles and ends of conversations but not so hot at beginning them. Unless I have something pithy, sophisticated and charming to say, like they always do in French movies, I feel goofy saying anything at all. But for my study to be thorough, I had to try something on ladies wherever I went. I shall be completely direct and honest, I thought. If I see a beautiful woman who seems interesting and with whom I'd like to talk, I shall simply say, "You're a beautiful woman and seem interesting and I'd like to talk with you." Brief. Matter-of-fact. To the point.

I scan for luscious ladies as I walk down the street, my head swiveling like the radar dish aboard the U.S.S. Constitution. Suddenly I track two gorgeous model types, the kind that eat Noxzema for snacks, very *chi-chi*, moving toward me and then beyond. They enter a health-food store down the street. I strut over to the store and open the door, all set to speedily court both of them into collapsing against me with passion—when I realize I am scared shitless. Faster than a knight who abruptly realizes he has to take a piss, I retreat, stepping back to make like I'm reading the window display (something about how vitamin A is good for night vision), while I think, "I can't very well stroll over to them and say they both look beautiful and seem interesting without somehow feeling they'd expect me to introduce them to my seven-foot rabbit friend. I should draw them apart, perhaps say I'm an FBI agent and want to question one of them alone. Perhaps I should play it by ear."

I enter the store.

Great luck: One of the chicks is in the back and one is checking out the label on a bottle of vitamin A.

"Apparently improves your ability to see when it's dark," I offer.

Remember how Moe Howard behaved in that old Three Stooges' shtick, *Niagara Falls*? First a scowl, then slowly she turns, step by step . . .

The chances are her friend has an equally irksome carrot up her ass. I am about to leave when I notice another very attractive woman. I mosey through the herb section, ponder over some dried apples and meander up beside her in grains. She is even more beautiful up close. Lips as inviting as a juicy peach, a face as cute as a kitten's yawn—and what a pair of gams. I am nervous and have forgotten what I planned to say and I better say something soon or else I'll blurt out pure babble.

"That's quite a fine bag of split peas there." I can't believe these words come out of my mouth. I desperately pray there is a ventriloquist hiding in the sprouts section.

"Do you like split peas?" she asks.

If it weren't for the fact that she seems so swell, I would be embarrassed to be in this conversation.

Well, we talk for a while and it turns out she's an artist on her lunch break and she's a sweetheart. She's quite upset because she botched up a painting this morning. I buy her a bag of peas and we walk back to her studio.

"I'd like to see you again," I say.

"I'd like that a lot," she says, and we trade phone numbers. She returns to work and I stand there as incredulous as a little kid backstage at a magic show.

"You mean that's all it takes to start a conversation?" I think. Since clubs went out with the Stone Age, the male of our species has been searching for the Great Opening Line with as much zeal as the FBI's probe into Patty Hearst's sex life, as earnestly as a Zen monk's quest for enlightenment. And this is what it turns out to be? "That's quite a fine bag of split peas there?" Gentility will never seem the same.

Which is precisely the point. In fact, it doesn't matter what you say, as long as you say something—anything. As long as it's somewhat applicable to your mutual situation, the chances are she'll speak with you. If she doesn't and you find yourself conversing for two, then there's probably precious little you could have done to create an encouraging encounter. And there's no way of knowing, short of a psychological profile, what you could have said that would have aroused interest.

The responses I received on my questionnaires support this thesis. When asked about Great Opening Lines, the women invariably agreed content *really* doesn't matter. Most, however, did express a preference for clever and original lines. Among a sampling of a couple dozen, here's the one women liked the most:

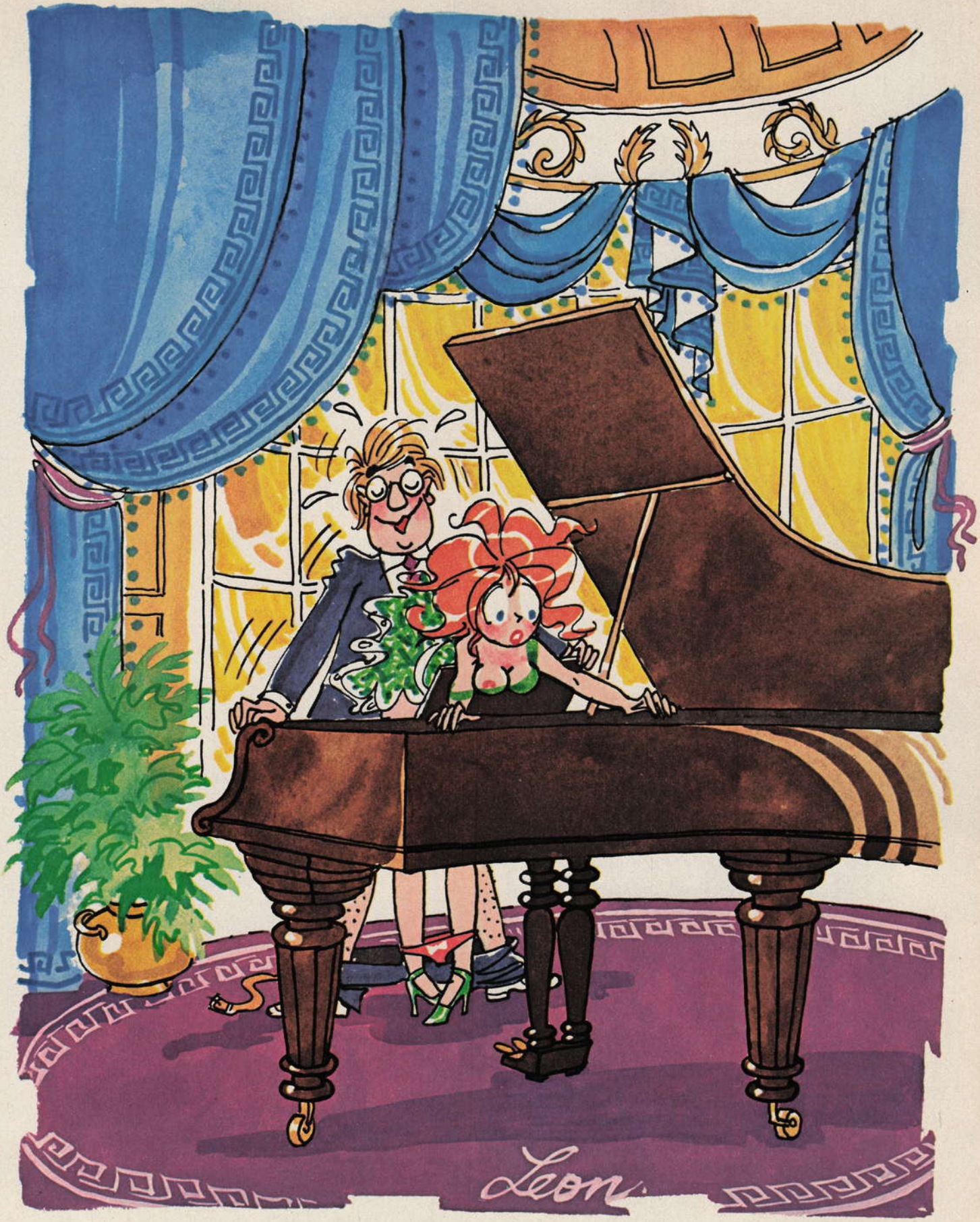
"Listen, this is going to sound crazy, but my late uncle's will specifically states that I have to be married in order to collect his multimillion-dollar toothpaste factory and his villa outside Florence, and I only have another two days to find a wife, so I'd like to talk with you."

One quality these women seemed to love is outrageousness. The following, for example, was the second most popular sample line:

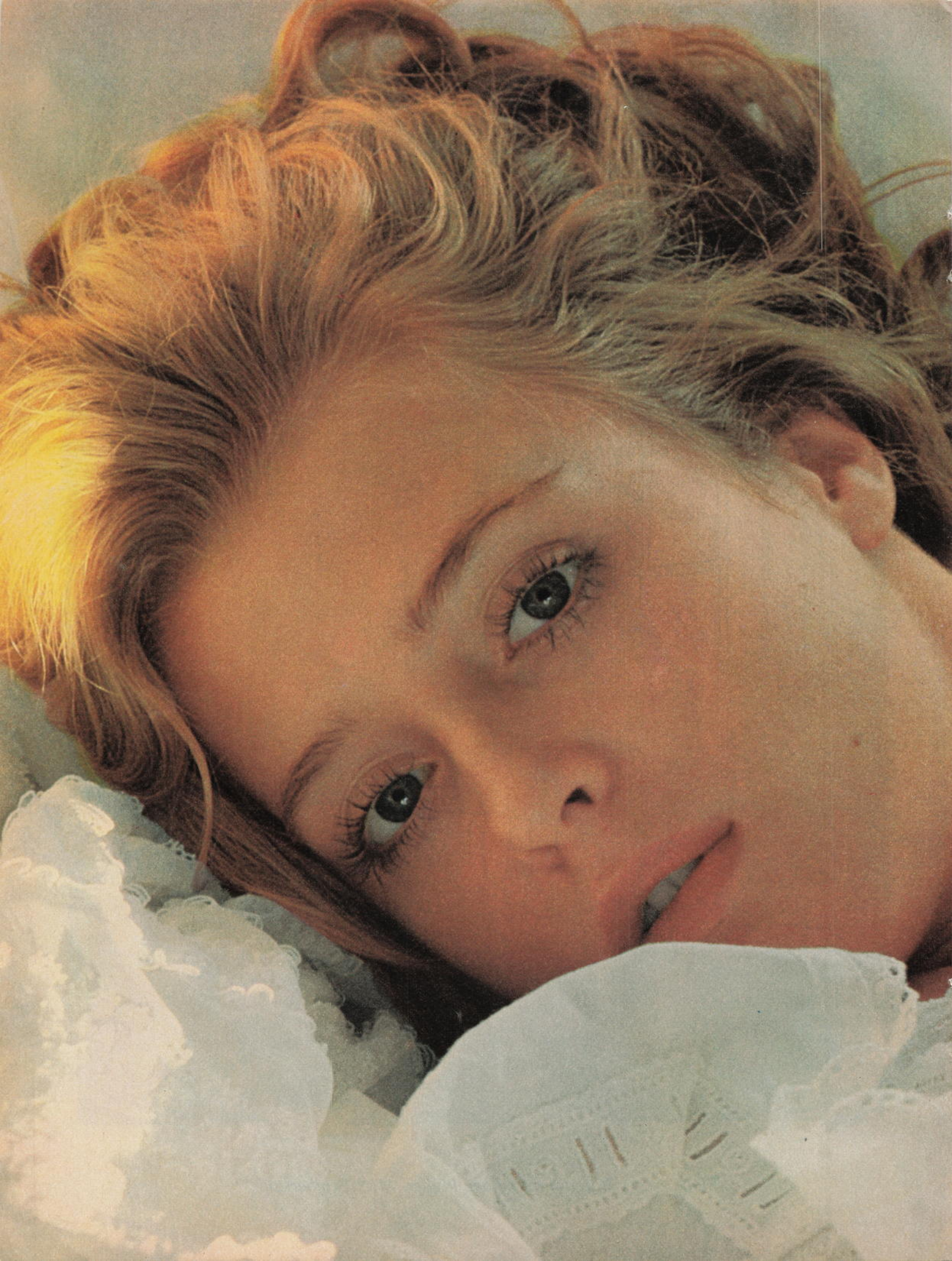
"Lookit, this is going to sound nuts, but

(Continued on page 115)

Lee Frank, when he's not out looking for women, looks for Bigfoot and other assorted monsters. You figure it out.



"Shall we try it again an octave higher, Miss Pemberton?"



Bye Bye Emmanuelle's

Charlotte

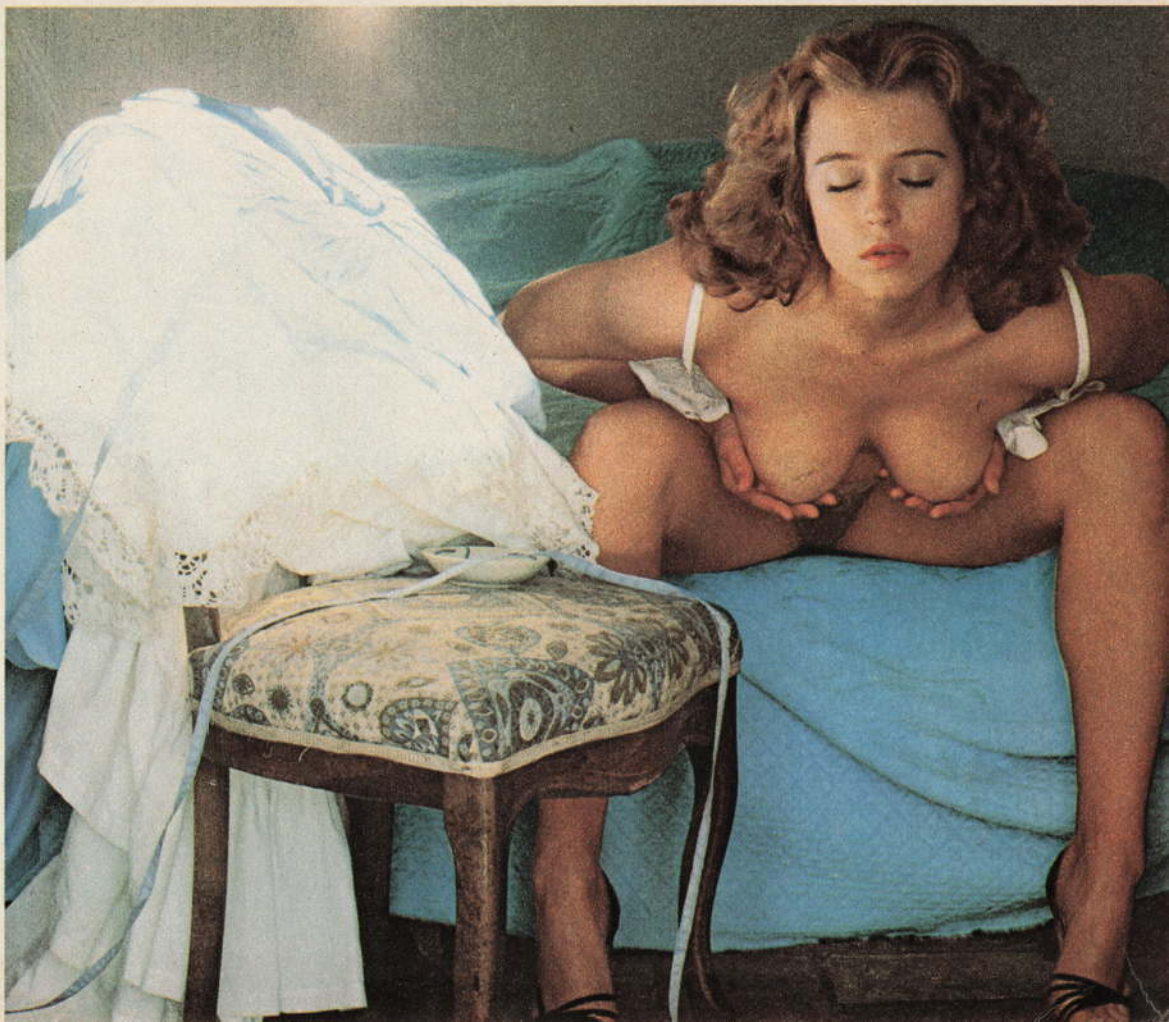
What's this nice girl doing in those feeelthy French movies?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

Charlotte Alexandra first came to Paris as an "au pair" girl (mother's helper) from Britain when she was 18. Charlotte happens to be the cousin of actress/singer Jane Birkin (featured in the hot OUI pictorial "Jane Chained," August '75), but she's made it on her own. Cult director Valérian Borowczyk discovered her when he walked into a Paris modeling agency, looking for the "right" girl for a role in one of his movies. He needed an innocent young girl, one who looked vulnerable and unprotected, but whose face held the promise of intense hidden desires. Frustrated, he was starting to leave, when his gaze suddenly fixed on the girl who had been showing him the pictures—it was Charlotte.

He needed an innocent young girl,
but one whose face
held the promise of intense hidden desires

Voilà! Tout le reste, c'est de l'histoire! Charlotte appeared in Borowczyk's film *Contes Immoraux (Immoral Tales).* Her love scene with the cucumber was particularly memorable. After that, she couldn't escape those roles of perverse little girls, as in *La Vraie Jeunne Fille (A Really Young Girl),* in which she played a naughty fifteen-year-old. Her latest film is *Bye Bye Emmanuelle* and she appears alongside Sylvia Kristel (OUI, May '76). Charlotte, naturally, is the nymphette who fools around with Emmanuelle's husband. (Actually, she gets to act her age, 22, in this film.) Charlotte continues to lead a simple life in Paris, where she lives in a small studio. She doesn't even have a telephone. Too many infatuated older gentlemen kept calling and asking her if she was really the sexy little girl she plays on the screen. She was much too young, she told them, to discuss such things.



oui

ALEX SIZEL

A CONVERSATION WITH

HUEY NEWTON

The radical leader of the Sixties and founder of the Black Panther Party talks—for the first time—about his three-year exile in Cuba, his life on the run, and how he and the Panthers intend to survive

On July 3, 1977, Huey Newton, 35-year-old founder of the Black Panther Party, returned to the United States after a three-year exile in Cuba. Oakland, California authorities immediately slapped him in jail and imposed an $80,000 bond for his release. After ten years in and out of courts, jails and foreign countries, Newton returned to stand trial for murder, a decision that eventually will mean the beginning—or the end—for Huey Newton.

Huey Percy Newton, the youngest of seven children and son of a Baptist minister, grew up in Oakland with dreams of becoming a lawyer. While attending law school, Newton befriended Bobby Seale and his course as an activist was set. Outraged by the routine harassment of their neighbors by racist white policemen, Newton and Seale formed the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense in 1966. Armed with registered guns and law books, they began to roam the Oakland ghetto in a Volkswagen, informing community residents of their civil rights.

The Panthers met with instant publicity—and trouble. In 1967, Newton was arrested—and convicted—for shooting a white Oakland police officer. He immediately became a symbol of victim fighting oppressor—the preeminent hero of both blacks and radical whites.

Newton faced two subsequent retrials in 1970, with both ending in hung juries. Yet at the point of this triumph, Newton suffered the biggest setback of his life. Longtime colleague Eldridge Cleaver organized a split in the Panthers, characterizing Newton as a "sissy" for not advocating a guerrilla approach to changing America.

The FBI was also sowing seeds of dissension. In a *New York Times* interview, J. Edgar Hoover characterized the party as "the greatest threat to the internal security of this country." Hoover authorized illegal break-ins, phone taps and fake letters to Panther supporters in an attempt to discredit Newton and the Panthers.

By 1973, when Newton was finally a free man, he was dabbling less in Mao and more in Zen, befriending Baba Ram Dass and coauthoring a book with Erik Erikson. Despite a dwindling of the ranks, the Panthers bordered on respectability. Bobby Seale ran for mayor in Oakland, and chairwoman Elaine Brown ran for city council. (Brown later became a delegate to the 1976 Democratic Convention, and in 1977 the Panthers helped elect Oakland's first black mayor.)

Newton, however, was not destined to witness the Panthers' assimilation into the democratic process. In the summer of 1974, Oakland authorities charged him with a "crime spree" that included the assault of a teenage prostitute (a charge that was changed to murder after she died), the pistol whipping of a 50-year-old tailor and misdemeanor assault and false imprisonment of two other prostitutes. Newton took his family and fled to Cuba, where he claimed that he'd been set up by the cops.

Three years and several Government disclosures later, Panther lawyers filed a whopping $100,000,000 lawsuit against the FBI and CIA, charging countless violations of their members' constitutional rights, and providing impetus for Newton's celebrated return from exile.

OUI sent free-lancer Ken Kelley to interview Newton at his home in Oakland, where he lives with his wife, Gwen, and her two children. Kelley first met Newton in the late Sixties while serving as publisher/editor of the underground newspaper *Argus* in Ann Arbor, Michigan. In 1976, Kelley interviewed Abbie Hoffman for *Playboy*, a journalistic coup that did little to endear Kelley to the FBI but did much for his radical credentials.

Since Newton had been mum with the press about his three-year exile in Cuba, but had now agreed to talk to OUI, Kelley began the interview by getting the details of this previously undisclosed chapter of his life.

OUI: What pressures prompted you to flee the U. S. in 1974?

NEWTON: Well, first of all I was informed that there was a ten-thousand-dollar contract out on my life. And the source of the information was a strange one—the police chief of Oakland, Charles Gain. He said it in a statement to my attorney.

OUI: Why did he tell you this?

NEWTON: You'd have to ask him. Who knows what tangle of motives he could have had? The source of the contract, apparently, was the narcotics dealers of Oakland. They were very upset by the Panthers' campaign against heroin. This is what friends in the community told me. We got very little information out of Gain—only the promise that he would investigate further. But the worst problem, in some ways, wasn't the contract. I had been tailed for most of my adult life, and the effect was both exhausting and terrifying. People think you're being paranoid when you describe these situations to them. FBI agents would tail me everywhere—into a grocery store or doughnut shop. When they followed me in a car, it was always bumper-to-bumper. This wasn't just local. This was everywhere. Their blatant lack of discretion would be

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

HUEY NEWTON "I don't think a fair trial is in the realm of possibility after having an $80,000 bail inflicted on me. But I do hope to be acquitted."

difficult to exaggerate. When I arrived in Cuba, one of the difficulties of adjustment was that virtually for the first time in my life I wasn't being followed. It took a while for me to relax and drop my continual vigilance.

OUI: You didn't meet Castro while you were in Cuba. Why not?

NEWTON: I didn't ask to meet him and I guess he didn't ask to meet me. Which is just fine. I think it's very impolite to go into someone's country and ask to meet their head of state. The question never came up really, but I think that after Robert Williams, Stokely Carmichael and Eldridge Cleaver all denounced Cuba, the government was somewhat apprehensive about giving too much exposure to the so-called North American revolutionaries.

OUI: Did you feel welcome in Cuba?

NEWTON: Yes. When I first got there, they gave me a grand tour of the provinces, showed me all the schools and universities, construction sites, clinics, dams, and coffee and sugar production. They offered me a job as a university teacher, but I preferred to work in a cement factory.

OUI: Why?

NEWTON: Primarily to enhance my own understanding of the people. It was essentially a very good experience. Hard labor in Cuba is a very different thing from hard labor in the United States. In Cuba, a job is not only a job; it also becomes the very center of communication. We ended up spending weekends at the beach with our co-workers, who were like an extended family. When our toilet broke down, for example, I immediately went into a panic. I asked my wife, "Who do we call? Where is the central agency? What do we do?" When we explained our problem to the people who shared our apartment building, they told us to report the problem to our fellow workers. I did, and some of the workers who knew about plumbing came out and repaired the toilet. I asked if I should pay. They said, 'No, but when something breaks down in our home we would like you to help us.' I had undergone the collective experience.

OUI: Do you think that the reason this could not work here is because of our form of government, or because Americans have a history of isolating themselves from each other?

NEWTON: Both interreact to the point of being inseparable. If you create an environment where people are taught that they must supersede others in order to be happy, that will naturally breed mutual alienation. If you create an environment where people depend on each other, an environment where you promote cooperation rather than competition, then people will behave in a different way.

OUI: But there are managers or "bosses" in Cuba, too.

NEWTON: Yes, but the chief function of these managers is to do the administrative work. If changes are made on the job, it's done only with the consent of the workers.

OUI: Is there a disparity in income between manager and worker?

NEWTON: There is a difference in pay scales, but the difference isn't great; the lowest pay is 120 pesos a month, the highest is 400. Fidel gets 400. The average is roughly 250. I earned about 220.

OUI: Are those who earn 150 a month envious of those who earn 250?

NEWTON: Well, each job provides a school; the worker can go to school for two hours, three days a week, and promote himself in his job area. There is some competition, obviously, but it's not like it is here. The framework of the competition is friendlier. First of all, everyone is able to get his basic food. For a family of four you spend about 27 pesos a month. Rationing limits the extent of competition. I liked Cuba. You don't have the developed sense of community here. It's hard to communicate the reasons why the Cuban people can feel so much joy in long hours of work with so little pay.

OUI: Why did you choose to live in Cuba rather than China?

NEWTON: The Chinese culture is too different. I didn't feel at home when I visited China, although I appreciated what they share together. I appreciated the socialist state.

OUI: Why didn't you get to meet with Mao?

NEWTON: I had gone to China about six months before Richard Nixon. I had about four visits planned with Mao, but they kept on being canceled because Western reporters would say that my planned talks with Mao would interfere with the planned Nixon visit. The Chinese would ask me why. I think that the U. S. is every bit as weird to them as China is to the U. S. At any rate, they decided to schedule a visit with Chou En-Lai instead. He was a very intelligent, witty old man and was very curious as to how I had managed to survive in America. He complimented me for being courageous.

OUI: Did you miss the Panther community while you were in Cuba?

NEWTON: Yes, but I have developed "interior resources," and my comrades are always with me. It's the simple reality of having shared difficult experiences with people. Share them and you find the exchange continues.

OUI: Did you think about returning to America all the time you were there?

NEWTON: Absolutely. Cuba was a good experience, but it was also difficult being in exile. This is my home.

OUI: Didn't you arrive in Cuba on a rubber raft?

NEWTON: Yes, but I don't want to talk about that experience. I'm saving it for my book.

OUI: Do you think that the United States has changed enough in the last three years to provide you with a fair trial?

NEWTON: I don't think a *fair* trial is in the realm of possibility after having an eighty-thousand-dollar bail inflicted on me. But, yes, I do hope to be acquitted. I think that the United States has changed enough that people are at least somewhat aware that the police can commit crimes, that the FBI and CIA can spy on private individuals, that the Armed Forces are a bastion of crazy people. Watergate and Vietnam have altered America's awareness. Unfortunately, however, Americans feel helpless when they're stripped of their idealism. They have grown so accustomed to thinking everything is OK that when they find out it isn't, they give up.

OUI: What difficulties do you face with the upcoming trial?

NEWTON: I keep finding out more all the time. It's shocking, actually. There are the letters that different agencies put into circulation to discredit me. I've also discovered that a group of retired policemen from Berkeley and Oakland have banded together to get me. I found this out when I first got here. A friend—a very conservative woman whose family has police affiliations—told me about it. This is one example of how the U. S. has changed. A few years ago, she would have kept this to herself. But awareness of what has been afoot in America has definitely changed her consciousness. I also heard that the FBI was trying to use this police cell-group.

OUI: Why this "cell-group" of policemen, as you call it?

NEWTON: You have to remember that there are bitter wounds from the Sixties that still haven't healed. Just a week ago the chief of police of Oakland [George Hart] was on television explaining that he understood that there was a cell of the Klan in the Oakland Police Department that had become active again. They were passing leaflets around in the locker room. I also think that there is a squad of retired police officers who are dedicated to tracking me and assassinating me. They hold me responsible for the whole free-speech movement in the Sixties, and of course I'm a chief target because [my case decision] was reversed and eventually dismissed on the accusation of killing a white police officer.

OUI: Do you think the same forces are responsible for what happened in Richmond, California, where a person linked to

(Continued on page 131)

BY D. KEITH MANO

THE NONDUFFER'S (YAWN) GUIDE TO (HO-HUM) WATCHING

GOLF

SINCE GOLF IS PART OF AMERICAN MIDDLE-CLASS CIVILITY, YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THE LINKS WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE RONALD McDONALD IN THE ASCOT ENCLOSURE

Watching golf is—well, it's like watching Bull Run or Shiloh through a night depository slot. Not exactly what you'd call The Big Picture.

You get sounds mostly. You *hear* golf.

Pock-pock-pock. Applause, small-arms fire from a wooded copse 50 yards away. Some golfer—who knows who?—has done something—who knows what?—appropriate.

Plip. Heads up. A golf ball, incoming mail, sneaky as mortar rounds, has fallen near your toe. Another half inch of loft, and you'd have Maxfli printed over one eyebrow.

Putter-putter-putter. It's the Goodyear barrage balloon—nightmare image of a woman who's missed her period twice in a row—ominously reconnoitering above for someplace to lay fat spawn.

General rhubarb noise. A full legion—golfers, caddies, peripatetic gallery—advancing on Hill 15, scoreboard held up Roman Eagle style. They use terrain the way marine platoons do: hostile bunker flanked, frontal assault, charge, victory, enemy flag taken down. A Hole Too Far.

Hah-huh-hahhhh. Out-of-shape sounds. From me, just another infantry grunt. Covering the Westchester Classic, I walked 53 miles, Tuesday through Sunday. I went from five-four to five-five on blister boost alone. Now my shoes are so spine-broken they fit either foot, which is a large convenience in the morning.

You won't catch me writing about golf technique here: backspin and alignment, draw and fade and follow-through and upper body coil, open club face and reverse K stance, fat iron shots and thin iron shots, whatever they are. Truth is nobody, but nobody,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SLUG SIGNORINO

knows *bupkis* about these things. In fact, I'll tee it up for you: Nobody has even the damnedest idea how to play golf well, least of all sportswriters. If they did, golfers like Ben Crenshaw and Johnny Miller, once sauna-hot stars, wouldn't have been putzing putts around Westchester, four-fifths desperate, as if they'd just been cuckolded by seven dwarfs and a menthol enema.

One young pro told me, "Up here it's 80 percent mental." Yeah, and 80 percent luck: a breeze, a twig, a worm that decided to push up some green the night before. Yeah, and 80 percent biological chance: a ligament not set right, .00001 gram of glycogen not oxidized in the left bicep and you fat up from 68 to 83. Any sport that depends on one physical motion and infinitely miscellaneous landscape is beneath rational discussion. I can't be annoyed with such absurdities.

For better or worse, though, the golf tournament is part of American middle-class civility—a tea ceremony with more acreage than Forest Lawn (and about as much human animation). You should know how to watch golf—and be watched—without looking like Ronald McDonald in the Ascot enclosure. Here follow strategies and guidelines, none wholly useful, for a beginning golf watcher.

GOLFING COUTH

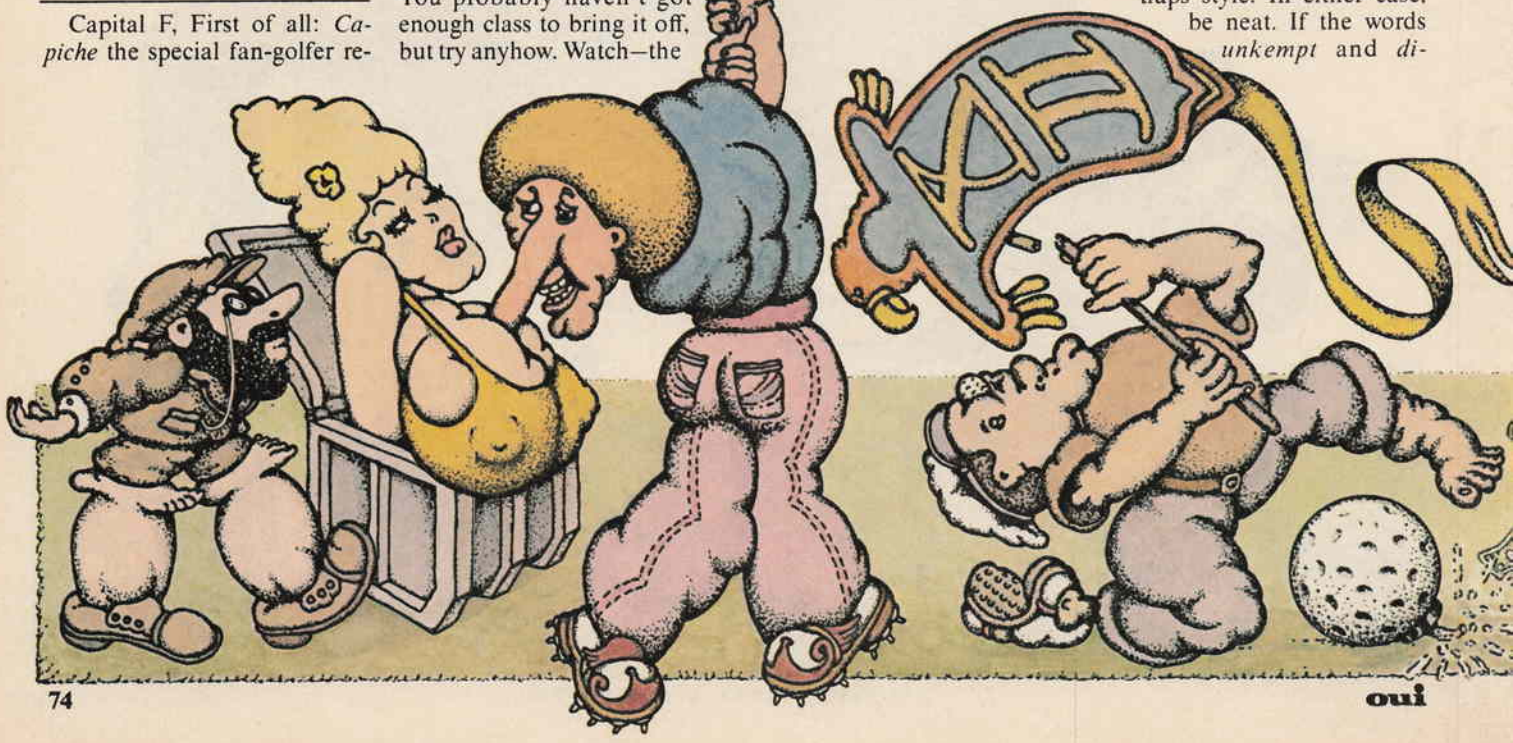
Capital F, First of all: *Capiche* the special fan-golfer relationship. There is nothing quite like it in professional sport today. Intimate as a shared 5 Day deodorant pad on your left hand, distant as Betelgeuse on your right, similar to the relationship between dukes and their body servants, is what it is. One will dress Milord, one will dump Milord's chamber pot, but one will say naught unless directly questioned, even if Milord hath left his meat hanging out on the way to a state dinner. Be silent, be still, and eavesdrop for all you're worth. At Westchester, *par exemple*, I heard famous Pro X lean over to this dumpster-built cocktail waitress type with a 15-handicap face and say, "Gotta get me some birdies. Listen, I'm staying at the White Plains Hotel tonight. What say we get together?" She opined that they might. Then, whomp, a full-of-testosterone, 260-yard drive right down fairway 11. I'd tell you who it was, but my *PGA Guide* says that Pro X has three children (and enough money to sue for libel through 1985). I don't judge, mind you—it's just an instance of the unique golfer-fan relationship. That round he'd come up with about six impossible lies. He needed at least one possible lay.

Learn To Pock-Pock-Pock. This peculiar applause, with its several subtle modulations, is, like dressage and horse bites, an art form of the rich. You probably haven't got enough class to bring it off, but try anyhow. Watch—the hands are held waist-high and Warhol-limp, so that they make a small, resonant sphere at impact. Never swing from the elbow or, God, from the shoulder. It's all wrist action. And *never* let your hands get stiff. Stiff hands cause a vulgar whack-whack-whack sound, a buck-fifty baseball bleachers sound. You've laid out the ten-dollar entrance fee; you can afford to be languid. Also, never more than 2.5 pocks per second (and 2.5 is pushing it).

Indeed, pro golfers depend on the pock-applause of an enlightened gallery. When hitting up to blind greens, your veteran golfer can tell, within six inches, just how close his shot was, from a single sophisticated pocker. There are ten-foot-from-the-hole pocks, five-foot, three-foot, right down to that spectacular, deep (but not emotional), it-hit-the-pin pock. Don't be overambitious. Take your rhythm from more urbane fans at first. Believe me, Jack Nicklaus can look pretty p.o.'d coming up on the green, after bursts of amateurish and equivocal six-foot-away pocking, to find he still has an 18-yard putt. Don't let this be your mistake. Pock carefully.

Practice The Jaunty Golf Stride. Even after slicing into an out-of-bounds compost pit, your worst pro will walk tall and long, arms out. This is by design, I'm told. Golfers learn to step in yard-lengths so they can pace off distance. As you execute the Jaunty Golf Stride, pretend you're counting. It impresses. And if I can manage it, anybody can. My legs are so short and thick I ripped four pairs of underwear in half.

Act Like You Play The Game Yourself. Throw grass up to gauge wind caprice. Now and again take three, four practice swings with your shooting stick. (The female golf watcher simply must have a shooting stick: It's *chic* for cheeks.) Talk Sunbelt—drawl "waal shore" and "durn"—accents from some hot, slow place where the lips never freeze and they think Chap Stick is a code word for cocaine. No money golfer speaks Bronx. As for dress, wear a peaked something-or-other, preferably one of those yachting caps that are given free to every American over 65 who retires in Florida. The leather wristband is standard—makes it look like you're coming back from an old putter injury. After that, Munsingwear sport shirt and slacks, slacks with saddle-seat ass stitching, to free up your lower body coil. Golf shoes, good. If people don't notice right off, scrape out your spikes with a clean tongue depressor and say, "Hmm, muddy—front nine'll play long today." The golf pro has one of two possible faces: boyish but tough Robert Redford, Southern Californian style; or craggy, unboyish but tough, skin-like-raked-sand-traps style. In either case, be neat. If the words *unkempt* and *di-*



sheveled have meaning at all, a pro golfer is always kempt and heveled.

One last item, *nota bene*: Before you go out on the course, *go*. Port-o-sans have been placed strategically. No strategy, however, can change a port-o-san into anything but a port-o-san—fetid, oppressive, so dark you need help finding yourself. And with golf shoes on, you're likely to get rooted in the wooden floor. Any schmuck seen heading out of a port-o-san has his macho revoked for six months. It's like not being able to hold your liquor at the office Christmas party. Avoid all port-o-sans. If worse comes to worser, then worst, make your own hazard in the rough.

So much for visible affectations. If you can keep up, I now proceed to the tactical aspects of golf watching.

THE MONDAY-TUESDAY PLOY

Don't go to the tournament at all. Refuse. Cut it dead. Friends may beg you. They may say, "Please come to the tournament," or "It wouldn't feel right without you." But be firm and a touch ironic. Let on that mercenary competition tends to degrade golf, which (remember) you play yourself. No one, tell them, should gross $60,000 for goosing a ball around Westchester, when so many zebu have gone down to sub-Saharan drought. Instead, attend only Monday-Tuesday practice rounds. This approach is so perverse that it has inbuilt satisfaction, almost like wire-brushing a case of eczema or poison oak. Besides, you can have fun on Monday or Tuesday.

On Tuesday, see, Milord-the-Pro is even par with Nicklaus and Weiskopf. This remarkable athletic effort (signing in) will make him optimistic, cheerful, loose. You can follow Milord around, as close behind as his saddle-stitched seat. He'll answer questions, bum a light, even ask advice. "Pushed that one, huh? Think I'm standing too far from the ball? Let's hit another." Ssss-contact: up, up, up, plop—ground zero on the pin. Applause. "Yeah, my second shot is always better than my first." Another 285 strokes and it'll be different, not quite so affable. There's a field of 159 golfers, and about 125 are on the course just to keep their self-winding watches from running down.

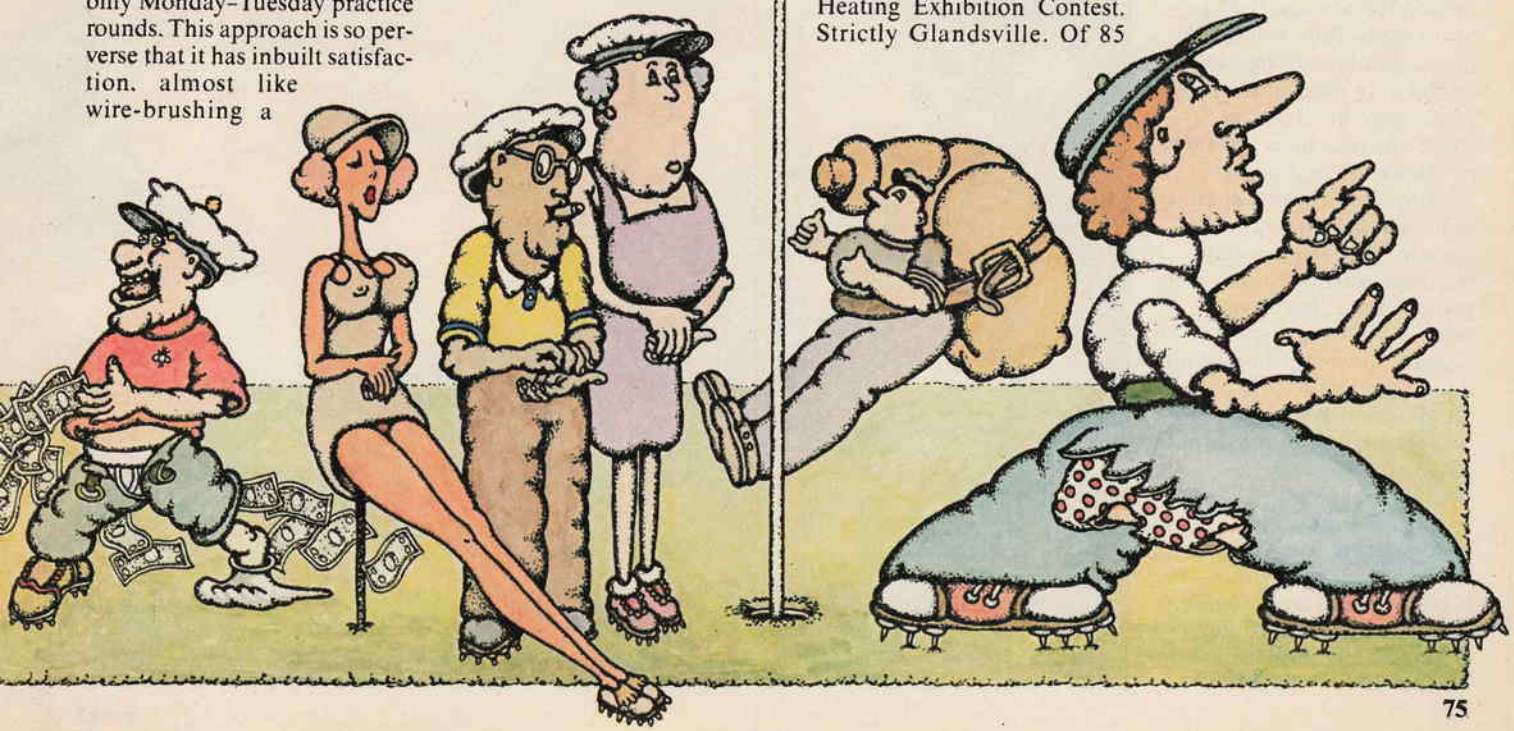
Comes Tuesday, comes the seller of fine handmade woods. Each in its protective bootie, fistfuls of club feet. Woodsmen are as insistent as those Bowery derelicts who clean your windshield at a stoplight, sprawled half across the hood. One will tell big Tim Simpson that he looks in great shape. "Getting exercise. Getting more sleep. Drinking less beer." The woods are unsocked for inspection. They remind me of Sasieni Three Dot pipe bowls. They're glamorous, sensual: I want to rub a cheek against them. Simpson and woodsman discuss loft, face angle, graphite shaft. Then, ba-doom, Simpson tests one. The ball, a perfect simile for Farrah Fawcett's career, will rise, cruising, long, Billy Graham-straight, then wink out, gone. Simpson buys. "Mind if I write you a check? It won't bounce. Got plenty of moolah to back it up." That's Tuesday talk. Simpson will win $400 at Westchester; $400 is not moolah. By Saturday afternoon, Simpson will be slamming clubs into the bag with such bush-league, spiteful force that his caddy vibrates, a sudden, acute attack of Parkinson's disease.

Now I'm ripping my underwear, two steps behind Chi Chi Rodriguez along fairway 5. A 12-year-old paparazzo has the Instamatic drop on him. Cheech raises both arms—surrender or triumph. Rodriguez doesn't fit Category A or Category B of Possible Golf Faces: graying, Comanche cheekboned, a guy who you might sit next to in the cheap seats at Yankee Stadium. Snap. Shot. "Put it in the post office, kid. Hey, this Son of Sam—they're making a hero out of him. You think if he was a Puerto Rican they'd do that?" Rodriguez is atypical: articulate. Don't expect Augustan wit from your average golfer. Your average golfer is as intelligent as a runner-up at the Miss Tampa Plumbing and Heating Exhibition Contest. Strictly Glandsville. Of 85 golfers in the *PGA Guide*, about 65 list another sport under "Special Interest." There are a few hot exceptions like "golf club repair" or "working around the house and yard." I mean, it's some great conversation that'd begin, "So how's your yard these days?" Golf people use that favorite jock word: *real*. "I hit the ball real good." "He's a real good player." Your genuine athlete can't tell adverbs from Adamly. Hear someone say, "X played really well this afternoon," and you know the speaker has the athletic reflexes of a cement madonna.

Don't miss the driving range. You can find a real representative group of golfers there at any hour. The famous with 20, 30 people around. The middling with some friends. The whoozat golfer with maybe a rented dog. Caddies shag in close, then out while the irons count down—nine, eight, seven, six—to powerful woods, fielding with towel or baseball mitt.

Let's just stab the old shooting stick here, right beside Tom Watson. Watson looks like an unacknowledged Kennedy-clan bastard, sort of mean and beautiful. Drive after 200-yard-and-over drive on one hop to his caddy. Then disgust, almost shame. He has made the caddy walk three steps. We can go out, have cocktails, dinner, glom a movie. Watson will be there when we get back. Here's a man

(Continued on page 92)

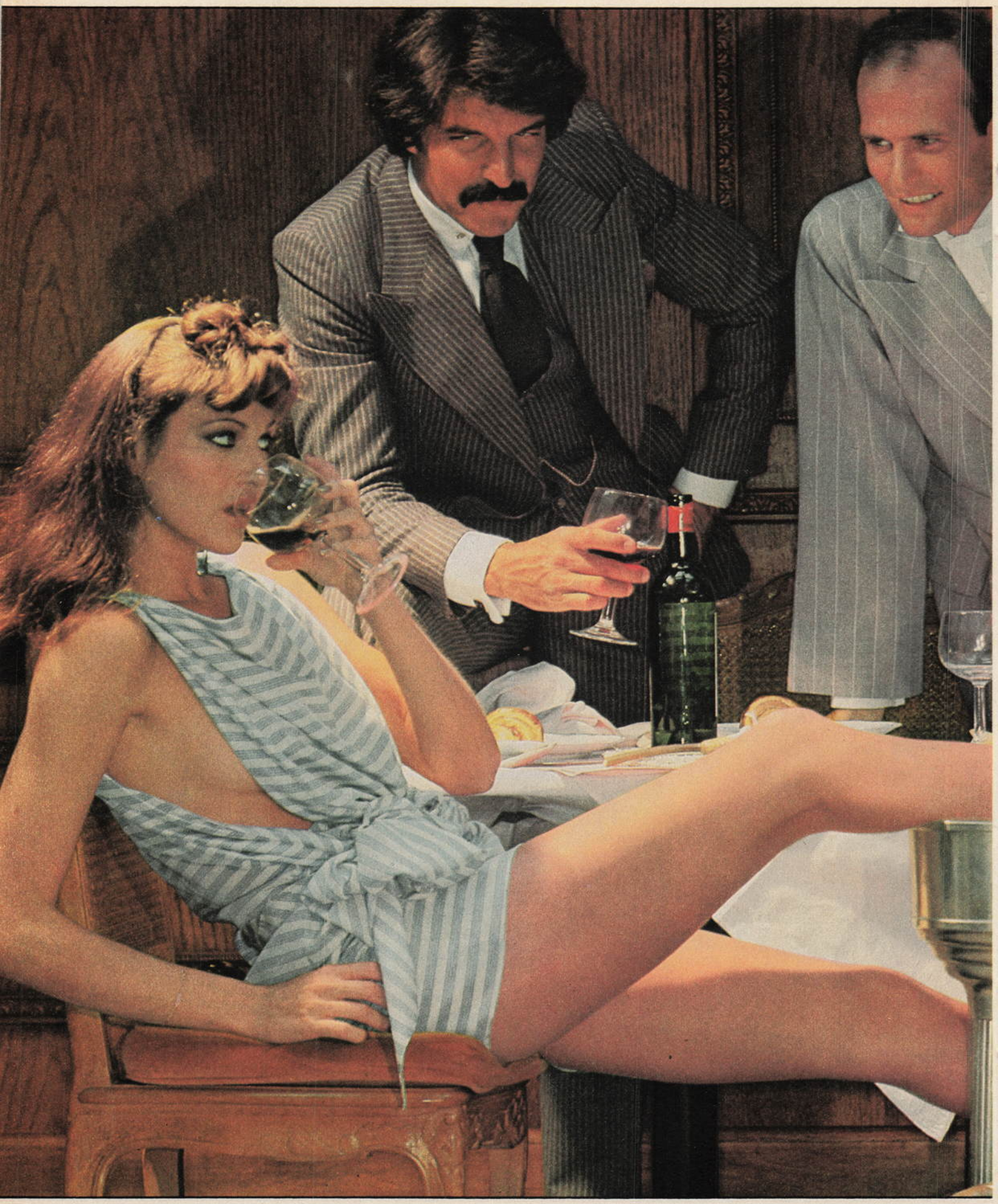


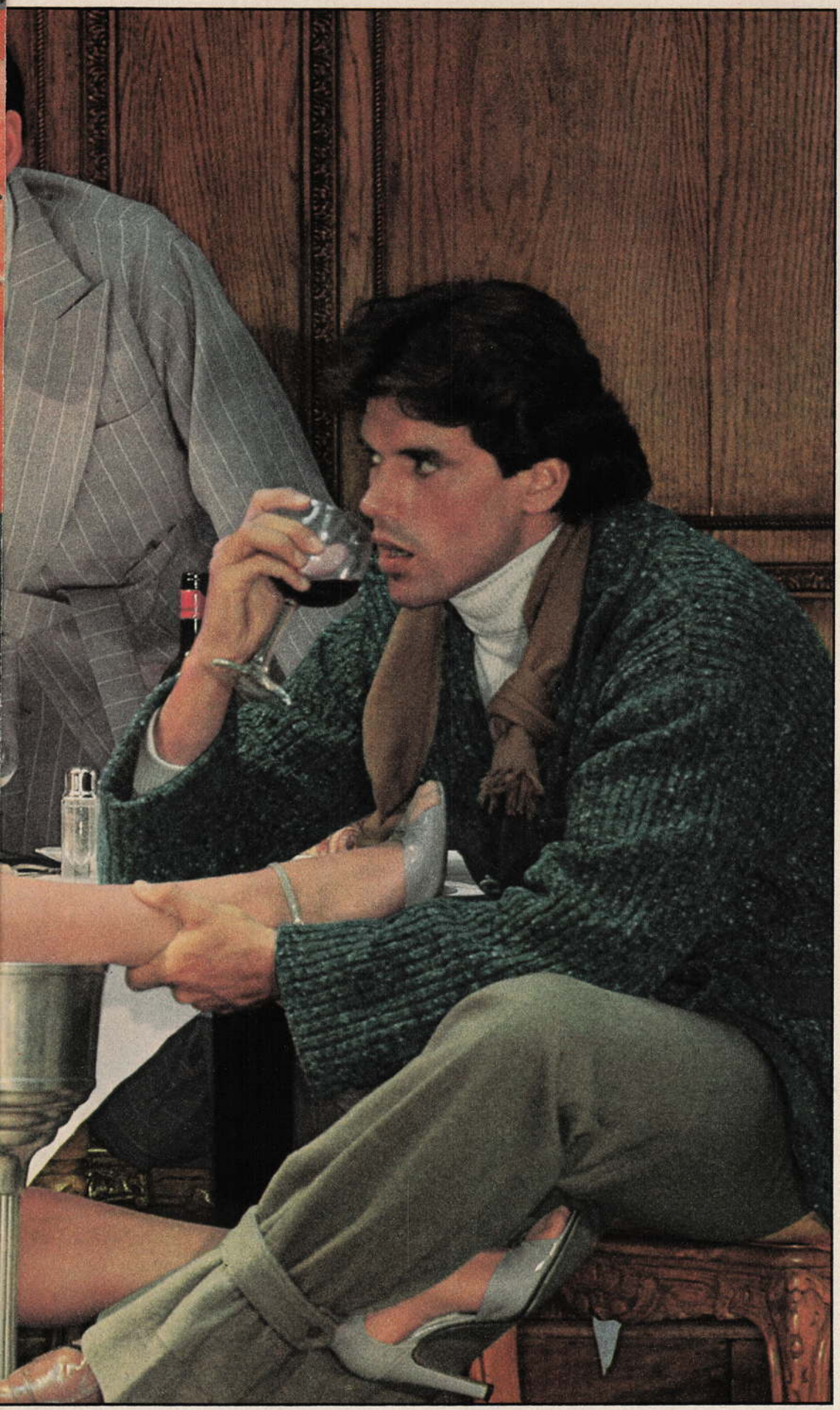
3 French Designers

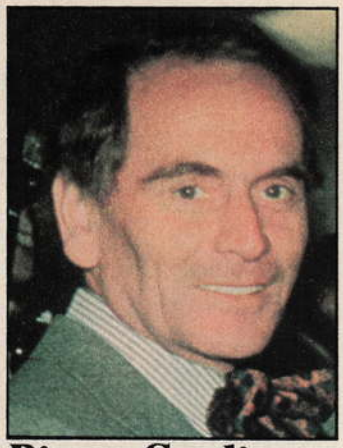
Yves St. Laurent

"Clothing must move with the body. It is the daily environment of our bodies and our minds. I've been credited with changing the look of fashion many times, but I like to believe that my true strength is my style continuity. I always strive to design clothes that are forceful yet graceful, fanciful as well as subtle."

Yves St. Laurent, like the two other designers featured here—Pierre Cardin and Ted Lapidus—started out by designing for women, but soon found that what suited one gender was also suitable for another. In 1978 the men's lines of St. Laurent, Cardin and Lapidus are shaking up sartorial circles and enlivening what was once a lackluster, gray-flannel industry. At right, everyone is fashionably decked out in St. Laurent. Peter holds the menu, and though he was miffed only moments ago because Alex, his friend at right, was late, he is appeased by Alex's luscious peace offering. Peter beams at Doe in his ultralightweight cotton suit ($165) and cotton boatneck shirt ($38). His companion, Steve, has never been this close to a grown woman, so we can forgive him if he looks just a little bit apprehensive in his corduroy shirt and jeans (both $35) and reversible sweater coat ($500). Doe glitters in her Lurex and wool peasant skirt ($410) and blouse ($310). Late Alex is unapologetic in his cotton plaid shirt ($20), corduroy jacket and tweed pants ensemble ($180).







Pierre Cardin

"In the future, a man will wear clothes that encourage him to use his body—easy clothes, enhancing not only the body that he strives for at the health club, but the body that he has already."

Pierre Cardin, of course, has come a long way from go-go boots, which he introduced in the Sixties as part of his space-age little-girl look. He is also certain his designs are classics. In perfect accord with this is our little luncheon group at left, all wearing Cardin. Doe, who is intrigued by Steve—due to his close proximity to her, ahem, leg—wears a silk dress ($450) and Vittorio Ricci shoes. Her less-than-amused escort, Alex, wears a wool pin-striped three-piecer—no buttons on the jacket—($250), tie ($10) and pin collar shirt ($38). Peter, still beaming, wears Cardin's statement on where clothes will be in the future—a belted linen suit ($400) with a wing collar cotton shirt ($45). His constant companion, Steve, however, is feeling less than constant. He's working up the most adventurous appetite in his brushed flannel bicycle pants ($115), 100 percent cotton Italian turtleneck ($20), long tweed cardigan ($285) and wool scarf ($40). His leather boots are from Vittorio Ricci ($135). In fact, all the shoes in this shooting, even those you can't see, are from Vittorio Ricci. Honest. We wouldn't lie about a thing like that.

Ted Lapidus

"I design clothes to make men look tall, slim and ultimately young. All clothing, even formal wear, is moving in the direction of sportswear—casual, less stiff, essentially elegant."

Things have definitely heated up on the luncheon front, at right.

Everyone has turned rowdy in clothes designed by Ted Lapidus. Lapidus believes that it is not enough for a suit to look dynamite; it must work for you. It must correct nature's oversights and beef up her graces.

Peter is letting his fingers do the walking as he gets exploratory in his wool blouson jacket ($175), flannel pants ($105), heavy wool turtleneck ($135) and silk scarf ($115). Alex is trying very hard to be a good sport as his dinner date makes herself the main course. He is having second thoughts in his suede jacket ($560), suede pants ($325), wool turtleneck ($135) and silk scarf ($115).

Doe is telling some hilariously vulgar jokes. She leans meaningfully into Steve's solar plexus, while wearing a silk dress ($520) and silver strap sandals from Vittorio Ricci ($95). Steve is considering the possibilities as he urges Doe to follow him for some private dessert in his flat. He wonders if Peter will mind. He doesn't give a tweedy damn if he does.

Steve is defiant in a velvet suit ($360), silk shirt ($90), silk scarves (each $115), and reptile belt ($35). Bon appétit.

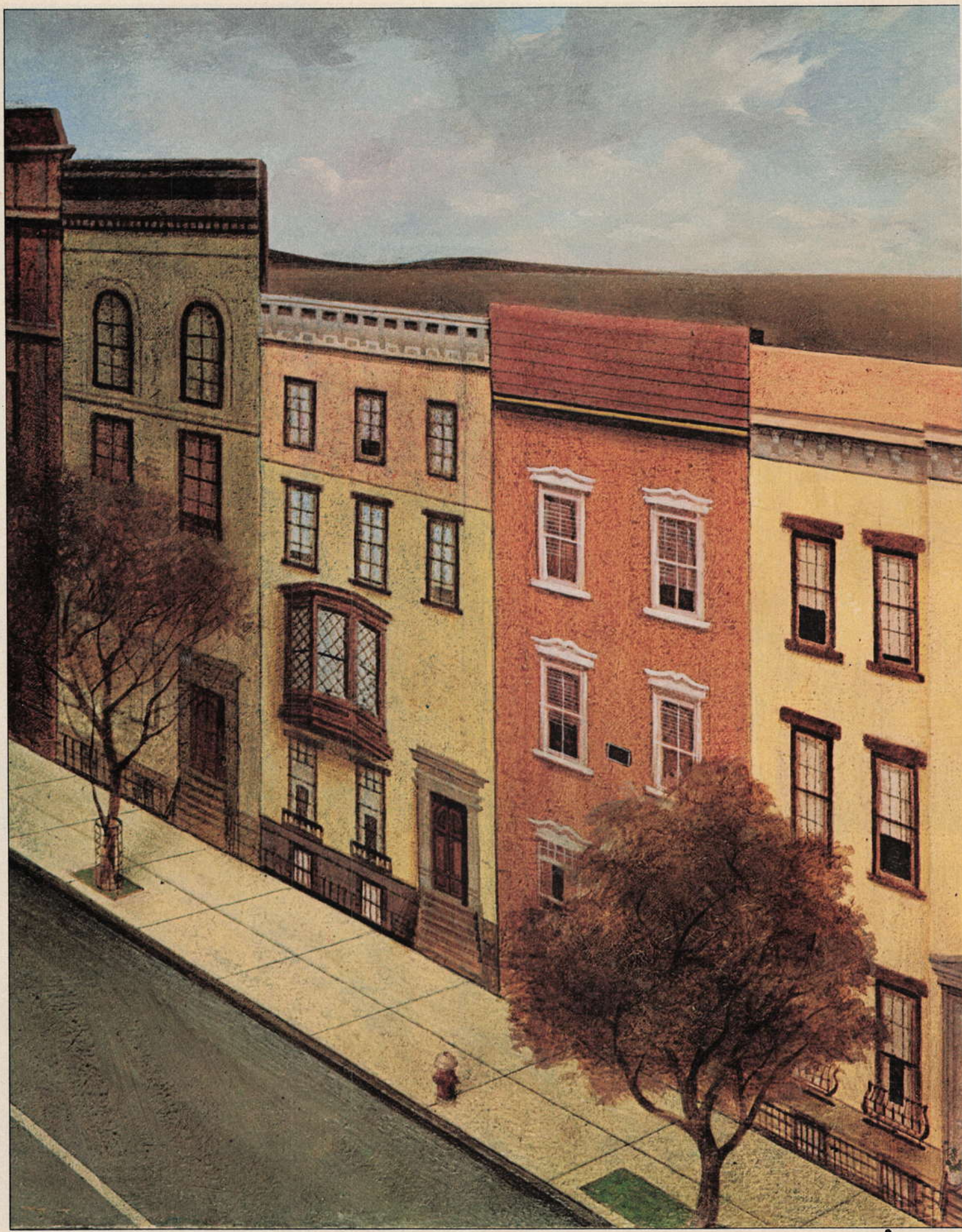


ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD BOBER

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE HOOKERS

More than you'd care to know about call girls, madams, options and extras in the house of your choice

by Jon Denny

I lost my virginity in a house of prostitution and I'm not proud. Only relieved. Do you know what it's like not to flick your Bic for 18 years, 11 months and 27 days?

That's how prehistorically old I was before I finally found the golden cure for that horrid condition known as chronic virginity. This was the early 1970s, the sexual revolution was in blazing regalia, and I was still playing with G.I. Joes. I had tried just about everything to rid myself of my sexual innocence but remained unscathed through various erotic vignettes, some of which will be condensed into a Disney picture in the fall.

Then came the house of prostitution. Then came a few more. I now can be regarded universally as an expert on the subject, mainly because I'm buysexual. If I can't get it free, I'll buy it.

Before my first whorehouse, in which I started my own little revolution by firing the shot heard 'round the room, I tried bribery. In the winter of 1973, I traded my entire baseball card collection, which included a very rare, nude team shot of the now-defunct Seattle Pilots, to a neighborhood kid named Lou, whose main ambition in life was to run a mail-order prostitution ring.

Lou had direct access to a girl named Sandra Ann, who was known respectfully throughout town as the community chest. This has never been actually confirmed, but rumors have it that Sandra Ann once accommodated the entire New York Jets football team on a road trip to Buffalo, and later won the NFL's nookie-of-the-year award for her distinguished service. Every-

HOOKERS From the other room, more moans of ecstasy. I felt I should get in on the act right away, so I began moaning too. My stomach hurt.

body in little old Plainview just knew that S.A. had seen more ceilings in her lifetime than Michelangelo—but you had to go through Lou to get a date, nevertheless.

Sandra Ann preferred studs. That is why I had to trade my entire collection of baseball cards to get a date with her. In my high-school years, I was never confused with Arnold Schwarzenegger. I was always slightly anemic. I remember in my junior year, I was named captain of the math team but had to quit when I got a double hernia trying to lift a hypotenuse. In my senior year, it got to the point that I was having trouble keeping the seat down at the movie theater. I was hardly Sandra Ann's type. In my high school yearbook, I was voted least likely to achieve puberty.

Still, Lou was a man of his word and I spent the night with Sandra Ann. Actually, it was only the early evening. I took her to a drive-in movie, which by that time was certainly passé, but I thought she'd find my taste in the arts somewhat eclectic, if not totally sophomoric. I took her to see *Bambi*, and for two hours, we absorbed its hidden sexualities and reveled in its profundities. Then I jumped her. Remembering well the incantations of my health teacher, who was later arrested for exposing himself on parent-teacher's night, I placed my sweaty and pubescent right hand on Sandra Ann's left thigh. She was wearing a short pink minidress and the black of her silk panties was sorely apparent. Sandra Ann moved not a twitch.

I moved my hand, slowly but self-assuredly, towards the promised land. Skyrockets were readied for flight. But then, the crucial error in tactics. Seconds before I was to swing my left arm over and rip her halter top to shreds, I asked Sandra Ann if she loved me and would she please be gentle. She looked at me as if I were Oral Roberts and started laughing—hysterically.

Hysterical laughter does something to a romantic mood.

The next-to-last thing I remember was driving Sandra Ann home, then watching as she disappeared chortling into the Home for Wayward Teenagers and Unwed Mommies. The last thing I remember was returning to the drive-in and sitting through nine consecutive showings of *Bambi*. I don't know why, but ever since that disastrous night, I've had this incredible craving for venison.

I figured by then it was time for my first house of prostitution. I should tell you that I wasn't too keen on the idea at first but my cousin, Jerry, convinced me. Jerry was a married man but well versed in the ins and outs of sex; in fact, he was so kinky that one year he covered his entire body with Cool Whip and passed as a float in the Rose Bowl parade. Jerry was into everything and everything eventually found its way into Jerry. He was convinced of my desperation so he recommended his favorite whorehouse. They took Master Charge.

It was a Friday night and I went alone. When I reached the address, I was shocked to discover that the apartment house looked just like my Aunt Eva's. I was even more shocked when Aunt Eva answered the door. Wrong address. I spent three hours trying to explain why my hands were shaking, my knees were wobbly, and why I was nervously chewing a wad of prophylactics. I left Aunt Eva's with my credibility crushed, as well as with a bowl of homemade potato salad.

I finally reached my destination. I took a deep breath, gagged on the condoms and rang the bell. I was halfway down the steps when a woman appeared at the door and asked very loudly if I were Jon, Jerry's desperate cousin. I gathered my courage, walked back up the steps, handed her the potato salad and entered.

I was immediately taken aback with the familiar drones of a Johnny Carson monolog. A television set sat conspicuously in the center of the room and somehow it didn't seem quite right. After watching intently for three jokes, but never quite hearing the words, I was thrust back into reality when someone touched my arm and asked if I wanted a drink. I almost fainted. A woman in various modes of undress had touched my arm, representing the most action I'd ever had in my life, and all I could do was stare at her outrageous breasts, which looked to me like the peaks of Aspen. I then heard myself ask for a Devil Shake.

After downing several bottles, which later resulted in a massive raid of blackheads, this same woman sat down next to me on the couch and took my hand. The drinks seemed to calm my nerves and I was able to muster the guts to look her in the eyes, which were, needless to say, far less interesting than her breasts. Still, they were all right in themselves and they looked at me with bemusement. She asked me a few patronizing questions about myself and I remember answering no on all counts. Then she asked me if I wanted to go upstairs and I said yes.

As I followed her, I took a quick glance back at the television screen and wished I were Johnny Carson. I assumed he'd already lost his virginity.

When we reached the upstairs, after a Mount Kilimanjaro of a staircase, I noticed there were four doors and three were shut. It was then that I heard moans from behind one of them. I figured Carson had just brought out Charles Nelson Reilly as his first guest. Then I realized that they were moans of pleasure.

Just before I was to enter my room, I caught several small animal noises emanating from behind door number three. Then I heard the unmistakable crack of whip on flesh coming from behind door number two. From the other room, more moans of ecstasy. I felt I should get in on the act right away, so I began moaning too. My stomach hurt.

When I finally got inside the room and closed the door, I was treated to a sight I had never seen in my life—a naked woman. She had slipped out of her negligee in no time and was motioning me towards her. I grinned sheepishly and slinked ahead like an old beagle. I wanted to achieve the illusion of having done this sort of thing before. The illusion was shattered when she asked me to remove my clothes and I asked why.

After several minutes of trying to take my T-shirt off over my sneakers, I succeeded in becoming naked. I would like to make clear that I was never the type to enjoy my own nudity. In gym class, I remember, I was always undressing inside my locker. It's not at all that I'm ashamed of my body. It's just that I have this great and unwavering fear of exposing myself in the subway and having the case tried in a small claims court—and then having the case thrown out because of insufficient evidence. I made the mistake once of seeing a Johnny Wadd movie. I wandered around for weeks afterward, wondering if I'd already had a sex-change operation.

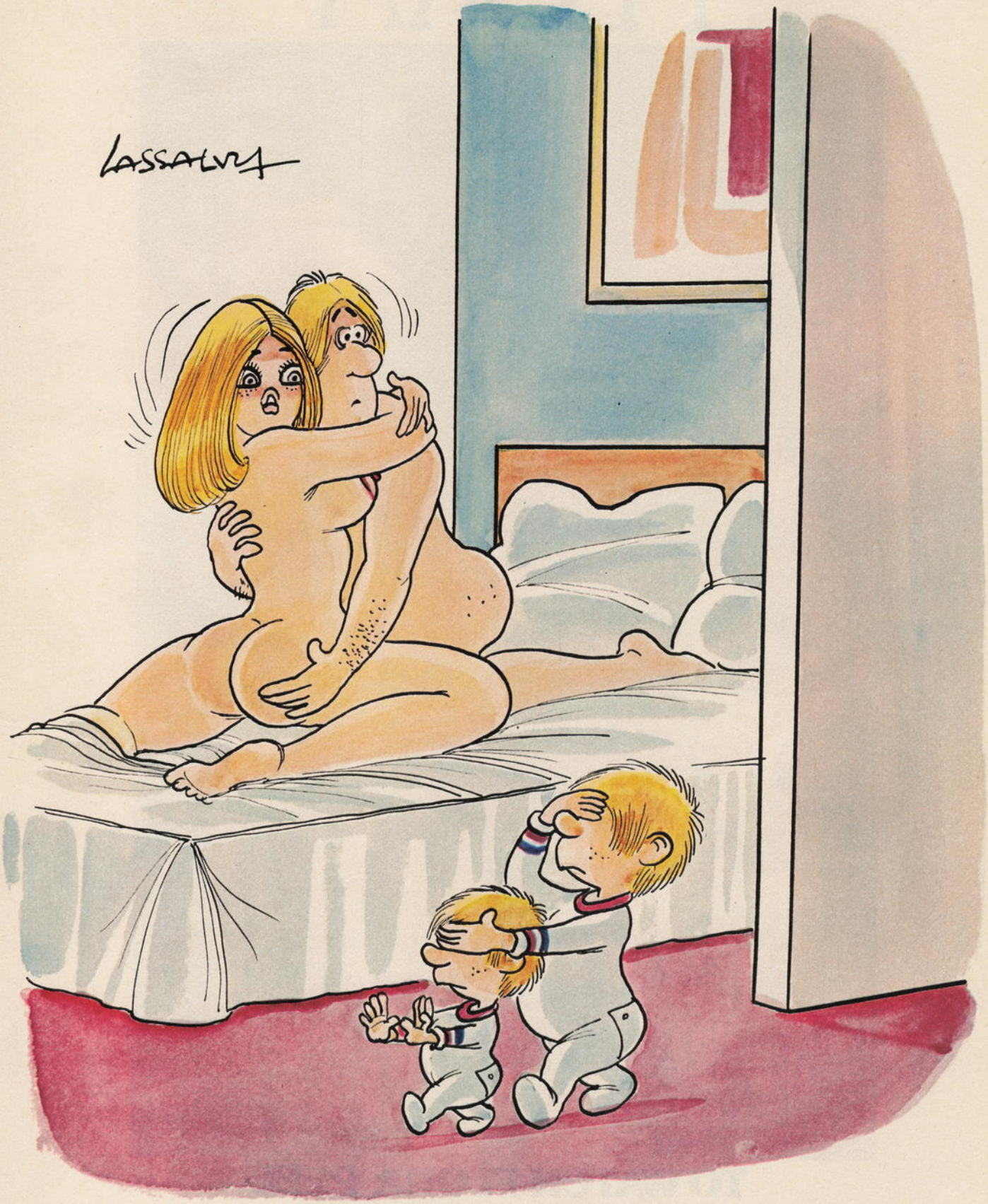
But prostitutes, especially those working in houses, care very little about your size, unless we're talking about the size of your wallet. I was totally naked—I even took off the mezuzah this time—and she didn't look down once. She did take my elbow and lead me into the bathroom. She then took washcloth in hand and started swabbing down the decks. I thanked God I had taken 14 showers before leaving my house.

As we made our way back to the bed, she asked me what I wanted. After another Devil Shake, she asked me if I wanted an around the world. I envisioned myself buying a bus ticket to Maui. I declined. By this time, she was getting fairly huffy. She then asked me if I wanted to play Monopoly. As it turned out, I lost my virginity on Baltic Avenue.

I made several crucial mistakes during the actual process. Firstly, you have to remember that some places charge by the first orgasm, not by time. I lost my virginity in three seconds. If all guys were like me this woman was making $400 a minute.

(Continued on page 125)

Jon Denny, an up-and-coming though brilliant stand-up comedian, refused to lie down for this assignment.


LASSALVY

FLORA

TO WATCH FLORA PEEL OFF HER CLOTHES IS TO WATCH HER BLOSSOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK GITTY

FLORA USES HER FERTILE IMAGINATION TO MAKE THINGS GROW

TO POLLINATE OR
NOT TO POLLINATE, THAT
IS THE QUESTION

GOLF When a pro's 14-inch putt rims out, a stiffness will grab him. He can't quite straighten up. Maybe some joker has tied his scrotum to a shirt button.

(Continued from page 75)

who has won five 1977 tournaments and $290,000 plus, and still he cuts up more turf every day than two backhoes. "Would you like some Seven-Up, Mr. Watson?" "No, thank you." People get worried. Watson—gosh, this is so gross I'm reluctant to mention it—Watson, um, *sweats*. Worse than a cold beer can in August. Nothing is elementary for Watson. I ask Linda Watson, the paradigmatic golf widow, if she'd like Tom to practice less. "No. The only way he feels he can play well is to keep working and working very hard at the game. He worked four hours yesterday on the practice tee." I mention her husband's fierce seriousness: Watson (who will come in sixth at Westchester, $10,200) goes to a green the way French noblemen went to their tumbrels. "Oh, Tommy smiles. He's got a certain twinkle in his eyes." They have been married four years. I guess it takes time to identify a thing like that.

Tuesday dusk: Even Watson can't see to hit. Now the suave golf watcher folds his shooting stick for good. Say in a voice that will carry, "Ah, well—the interesting part is over. Damned if you'll catch me in that first-round crowd of yahoos." Trouble is, there probably won't be anyone around to hear you say it. You'll end up coming back on Thursday. So you can tell people that you've left.

PICK ONE GREEN, ANY GREEN

Become associated with a hole. Heck, it's better than having no distinction at all in life. And you'll see each player at least four times. I met one man who'd been sitting just behind number 8, the Westchester water hole, for ten years. In an orange paisley shirt. The *same* orange paisley shirt. He had been hit on 15 different occasions. "I've saved par here for a lot of players. I'm a big man, not slow, but I pretend to be slow. I'm sort of a movable hazard. I try to sit right behind the pin. They won't admit it, but old pros line up on my shirt. That way, if they overhit, they've got me as a backstop. I've always wanted to be involved in sports in some capacity." This is not the swankiest way of watching golf, but if you gotta do it, do it. I don't know what your secret needs are.

Anyhow, the tee gives no joy: a) because it's harder to follow a driven golf ball than it is to follow federal funds after they reach New York City; b) because, on any par 4 or 5 hole, your pro could shank his drive into the scorekeeper's cleavage, use a more powerful club for his second shot, and still make birdie, no sweat. The green is something else again: all sweat, a place where men turn into giant Perdue chickens, where teetotalers get D.T.'ed. Triumph is small, offhand. Most golfers give out this chintzy two-finger wave in acknowledgment of pock-applause, the way one calls a waiter at Le Perigord, the way a whore will signal when there are four vice cops on her corner. Greens, with their West Point crewcut, are all repressed emotion, a little piece of Victorian England.

Come clean now. We're friends; admit it. Half your golf fun lies in watching some rich athlete—say, Ben Crenshaw, someone who doesn't do the nine-to-five shift, hair all California surfer style, so it looks like half a melon got pressed on his head—watching him double bogey from six inches away. Ritual: They pry ball marks up with this tiny metal fork, as though the green were meat and they were testing for doneness. They hunker down and hang the putter between thumb and foredigit, a plumb line. (Interesting to note how fear can resemble intensity of purpose and vice versa.) Then they place the ball, with brand name, Titleist or whatever, aimed holeward. (That brand name, I've heard, is there not to advertise, but to indicate the direction of a ball's truest roll.) Keep one eye on Mr. Caddy. A marvelous sick glaze will come over his face that says, "Hey, whatcha doin' with my money, you big fish?" when the 14-inch putt rims out. Despair is small, too. A stiffness will grab the pro—premature arteriosclerosis—he can't quite straighten up. Maybe some joker has tied his scrotum to a shirt button. Oh, it's so satisfying. A moment to recall when one's boss, to signify demotion, has the door taken off one's private office.

But—high drama, repressed emotion—bugger the fine points. My Single Green game plan is ultimately a logistic matter. Down to the ulcer's heart, anybody backpacking more than one quart of bourbon is, by definition, a Single Green person. You don't want to walk, and you do want to watch balls that move ver-rry slowly.

FOLLOW A FAMOUS GOLFER

This is so crass, it's like having your armpit hair marcelled. *Never follow a famous golfer.* Even Larry Flynt wouldn't do it. A stock Palmer-Player-Nicklaus-Watson-Weiskopf entourage is made up exclusively of men and women who own aluminum Christmas trees. People who, when they visit New York, have fake newspaper headlines printed up on 42nd Street:

JOHN SMITH IN TOWN
WHORES ASK FOR OVERTIME

People who think a two handicap is a double amputee. Children will use your pant cuffs to stirrup up on. Old men spew shaken beer over your eyeglass lenses. To see, you'll need one of those ridiculously expensive cardboard periscopes. It'd be more convenient following Jack Nicklaus from a U-boat. (In fact, everything is expensive. Westchester's local hospitals skim off the profit. Westchester, baby, is where you want to get sick. They take your pulse in Westchester, they return it.). This verbatim interchange, between two middle-aged women with pacemakers in the brain, is typical of Famous Golfer watching:

"Gary Player, he—oh, see this. The program says he was born in South Africa."

"Is that so? I must say, you wouldn't guess it from the way he looks."

"Well, you know they interbreed."

FOLLOW A SLEEPER

Not a fail-safe system, to put it mildly. You'd be better off buying stock in Cyclamates, Inc. But just think—you'll beat the crowds and you won't need a periscope, except to look at tall women. With my natural instinct for talent, I chose Bob Wynn, 34th in money winnings and 1976 B.C. Open champ. Wynn is a big, sardonic pro, flaky as shale—the kind of person who'll talk to grass. On Thursday he shot four over par; largely, it seemed, with an elephant gun. Wynn had his most sublime moment on the 17th fairway. He three-wooded up, up, throp, into a 40-gallon garbage can. Which is putting some mustard on the ball. Not to mention beer and stale Creamsicle dregs. While Wynn was bent over/in, grubbing shoulder-deep through his personal gallery of flies, I heard him mutter, "Found a hole big enough, didn't you? Finally found a hole big enough."

Tough act to follow. But Wynn—credit him with an ace for effort—gave it the old high-school try. On 18, he was convicted of reckless driving. The ball came to rest in a treacherous downhill lie. Wynn looked. Then, for the benefit of no one in general, he said, "Ah, plow this hole up." On the downswing he took divot enough to resod a baby's grave. Yah-whoom. His ball slid left, behind six trees and my ear, into rough so primeval that native beaters couldn't flush it out. Wynn took another gratuitous divot and hip-strode through like Ramar of the Jungle. There, behind trees, he judged pin position, set himself, unset himself, threw up two shrugs and said, "Oh, well. One shot more or less at this stage of my career won't matter." Whaaack. He clubbed vaguely greenward, a white-cane shot that brought premature autumn to three oak branches.

By Friday his threesome had become a

(Continued on page 122)

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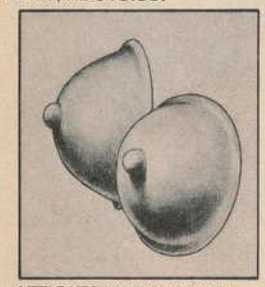

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THE BEATLES' NOT-SO-MAG

FICTION BY JOHN WEEKS

Queen Elizabeth has made a personal request; charitable foundations have made appeals on behalf of world peace and other causes; grass-roots organizations have formed and taken out ads; commercial promoters have offered as much as $50 million . . . everything possible has been attempted to get The Beatles back together.

Well, not everything . . .

It was dawn, it was cold, and all was mist. The sheep lowered their heads and were sullen. Across the slope of the Scottish farmyard, two shapes moved with deliberate stealth like creatures from some unpleasant dream, obscured by the mist, the ooze sucking softly at their boots.

Paul McCartney, his chubby face still flushed from the exertion of building the morning fire, was sitting down to breakfast with his family. The windows were steamed over. Suddenly the kitchen door was opened—with a key—and two dark men in plain suits stepped in quickly, pointing pistols.

"Good morning, Paul," said one of them, while moving forward.

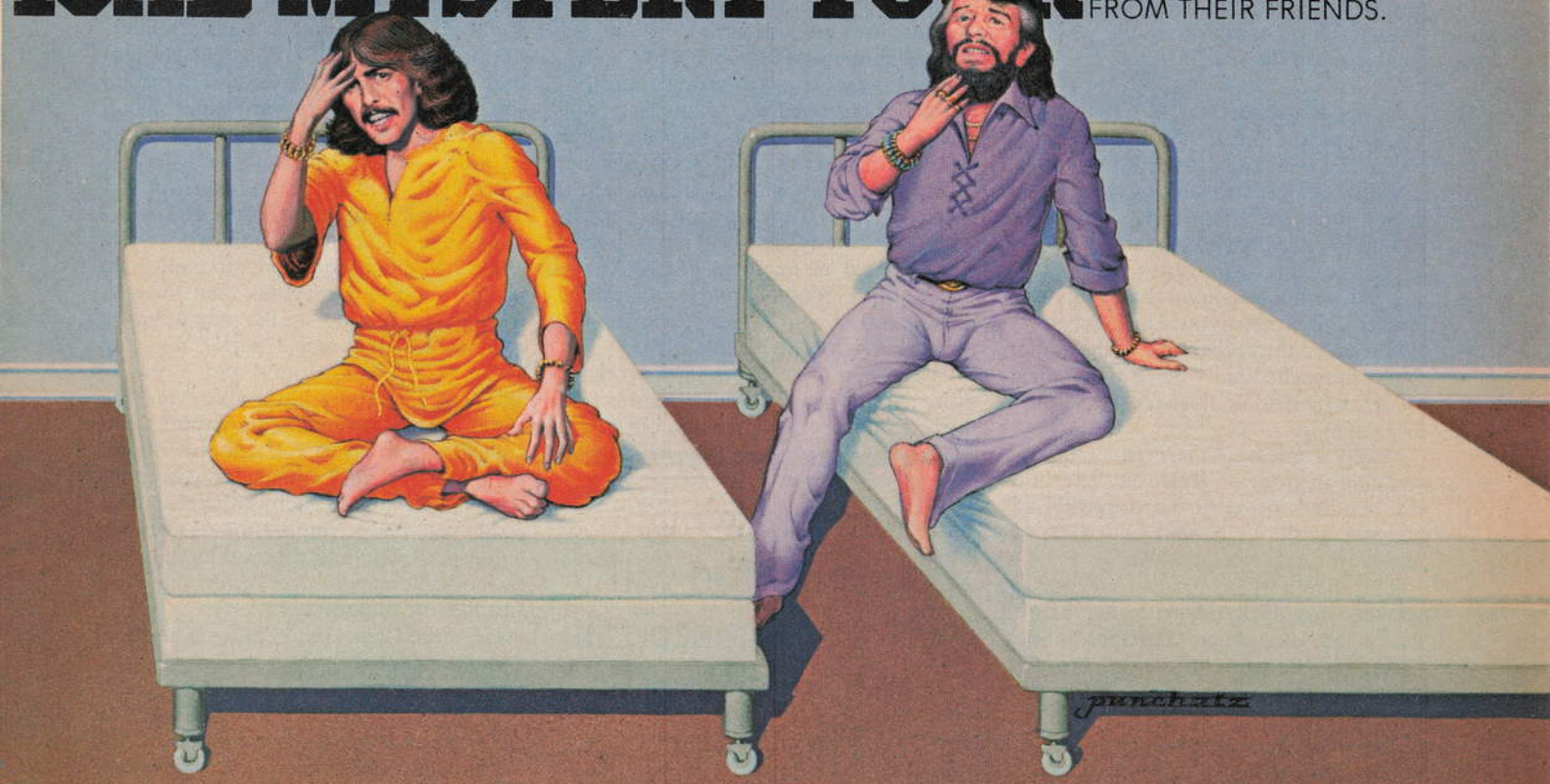
McCartney started to rise, hissing through his teeth, but was motioned down with the pistol. The children stared, eyes wide, cheeks stuffed with bread and butter. Linda pinched a teaspoon between pale fingers.

"Easy," the stranger said. He walked behind McCartney and nuzzled the cold point of a pistol into the back of his neck. "Please do not move in the slightest, Paul."

The second intruder then moved behind McCartney, and with his pistol still in his left hand, he put his right hand into his coat pocket and brought out a cocked

ICAL MYSTERY TOUR

THE NIGHT THE FAB FOUR REUNITED—WITH MORE THAN A LITTLE HELP FROM THEIR FRIENDS.



syringe, filled with a dull fluid. With his teeth he removed the cap from the needle, then injected McCartney in the right arm, through shirt and skin.

As Paul began to lose consciousness, almost immediately, he heard one of the men say to Linda, in a voice so polite it was satirical, "I understand that you are a singer also, Mrs. McCartney. I would love to hear you . . . soon."

It was midnight in New York and John Lennon was drunk. He was almost home. Squinting, he pushed the button to fetch down the elevator. It came, the doors sprang open, and he stepped in. Before the doors could shut, however, an arm reached in between them, followed by a dark man in a plain suit.

"Welcome aboard!" Lennon said cheerily, a sloppy grin across his face. The stranger kept his back turned.

As the elevator ascended, Lennon hummed to himself, then suddenly spoke again. "Extra smoke, mate?" The stranger grunted, reached inside his coat, turned and pulled—a pistol.

Lennon stared at the gun a moment, blinking hard like an owl behind his little round spectacles, then laughed enormously. He was genuinely amused.

"What shall we play?" he asked. "Good guys? Bad guys? Cowboys or CIA? Goo goo goo joob!"

The elevator reached its destination and the doors opened. The stranger, keeping his pistol aimed at Lennon, pushed the button for the ground floor. The doors closed and the elevator started down.

With haste, the stranger pushed Lennon into a corner, forced him to his knees, brought a syringe from his coat pocket and jabbed the needle into Lennon's arm. Lennon blubbered something, scowled,

ILLUSTRATION BY DON PUNCHATZ

rubbed his arm and then fell on his face. When the elevator stopped, he was quickly pushed outside the building and bundled into a waiting car, where he collapsed like a dead man on the seat.

It was cool and clear in Los Angeles. The moon was large and luminous, and a breeze set the palm trees scything and scraping. On a corner of La Cienega Boulevard, three dark men in plain suits distributed sect leaflets to passersby.

George Harrison and Ringo Starr stepped from a restaurant, buttoning their jackets, and walked up La Cienega. As they reached the corner, one of the colporteurs approached and offered them a leaflet. Harrison took it absently, without looking at it.

"Read it, please," the man said, while stepping in front of Harrison. The other two peddlers moved forward quickly and assumed positions behind both Harrison and Starr.

Starr glared. Harrison read the message scrawled heavily across the leaflet, and his face paled. He handed the paper to Starr.

It read, "Be calm. There are two guns pointed at you. Walk with us and behave normally."

The five men turned as a group and walked for a distance down La Cienega, the three strangers engaging in a pantomime of conversation for appearances. At the entrance to an unlighted service alley, the group turned in quickly, disappearing from view of the street.

Harrison and Starr were pressed against the side of a large car, which was invisible except for its chrome. Harrison, morose, passive, made no movement. But Starr suddenly cursed, "Sods!" and lunged backward against the gunman behind him.

The response was quick. The gunman sidestepped, strapped an arm around Starr's neck and gouged a pistol barrel into his throat. Ringo went limp, whimpering an oath. Harrison sighed through his teeth and looked away.

The two captives were prodded into the backseat of the car. On command they removed their jackets and each rolled up one sleeve of his shirt. One of the gunmen produced a syringe and pricked Harrison in his right arm. As consciousness began to flicker, he still could hear Starr cursing in a small, beaten sort of way.

The Beatles awoke, almost simultaneously, in separate single beds ranked side by side along one wall of a large room. For a short time after they were awake, they said nothing, but stirred, blinked and stared at each other and the room.

John was first to speak. Despite a pounding headache, he laughed. "Well, well, here we are, me beauties. Pretty little beauties all in a row. Hullo, everybody."

Ringo propped himself up on one elbow. "What's goin' on, d'ya think?"

"That's what I'd bloody like to know," Paul said, throwing his covers back and sitting up. "Is there a telephone?"

There was no telephone. There was nothing in the room but the beds, a chest of drawers and four bentwood chairs. All of these were lined up against one wall. The rest of the vast room was vacant. There was no carpet on the cold wooden floor.

The room was old and dilapidated, a vaguely Spanish design of wood and sculpted plaster. The plaster was cracked and blistered in many places, and there was a strong odor of mildew. Plumbing, once painted white, ran exposed and rusted across the high ceiling.

There were three doors in the room: a principal door in the wall opposite from the beds, and a smaller side door in each of the other walls. One of the smaller doors was open, revealing a bathroom with tub, toilet and sink, all large and old-fashioned. The one opposite, as well as the front door, was locked. Ringo had checked.

> "Tomorrow night at eight, you will perform a concert at the Superdome. There is no supporting act."

Above the chest of drawers near the beds was a window and broad daylight—the only available light in the room. The window was barricaded inside with reinforced screen, outside with ornamental wrought iron. But the window afforded a view, and Ringo walked over and studied it.

"Looks like we're two or three flights up," he said. "Lots of palm trees, but the streets don't look like L.A. We might be in Mexico."

"You are in New Orleans," a strange voice suddenly announced. Startled, the four Beatles turned. The locked side door had been opened, and a figure stood in the doorway. It was a dark man in a plain suit. Paul recognized him as one of the two intruders in Scotland.

The man had a gun. He walked into the room, took one of the bentwood chairs from the wall, dragged it out in front of the four beds and sat down. He gestured Ringo to return to his bed.

The man smiled with easy familiarity and repeated in a most cordial voice: "You are in New Orleans. Quite a marvelous place, I think."

He paused. "I have a few things to say to you, but I'll not keep you long. You have a great deal of work to do. The dresser there is for all of you. The top drawer is yours, Paul. Then John's, George's and Ringo's. You'll each find several changes of underwear, as well as one change of slacks and shirt. Perfect fits, of course. I'm afraid you'll have to wear your own shoes. You'll find them placed beneath your beds. There are plenty of towels in the bath."

Agitated, Paul began to interrupt but was gestured to silence with the gun and a slow smile. The man continued: "Very well. I will proceed to the main issue." He nodded back toward the door through which he had come. "In the next room we have prepared a music parlor for you. There are guitars, drums and a piano, among other things, harmonicas and the like. I am afraid there is no amplification equipment, however. You can do without. Also, you will find four stage costumes. Each is labeled and each is a perfect fit, I assure you. I hope you like them. They are quite smart. Oh, and they are identical to each other, except in size. Perfect matches. Just like the old days, eh?"

He paused, a beaming smile on his face. The four captives sat in restless silence, glaring at the man and the gun he casually held. He continued, "Tomorrow night at eight, you will perform a concert at the Superdome. The concert must consist of no fewer than fifteen songs and must last for no less than one hour. There is no supporting act. There are no specifications as to songs, except that they must be your own. Otherwise, the material is quite up to you. But please remember, at least fifteen songs and at least one hour."

At this Paul cursed vehemently and began to rise, his blood flushing his face. The man pointed his pistol. "Please," he said. "You must bear in mind the plain facts. You are in danger. You are prisoners. You must comply with every particular that is required of you, or the consequences will be swift and catastrophic, both to yourselves and to your loved ones. This is not a game or a prank. You are hostages at my mercy. Your precise location is known to no one but ourselves. Even the unpleasant circumstances of your disappearance are not known, nor even suspected, except in the case of your family, Paul. But Mrs. McCartney and the children are also in our custody. No, do not be alarmed. They are quite comfortable. Indeed, they are rather fortunate, in a way. They will have excellent seats at your concert."

"What is this concert for!" Paul exploded, trying to restrain himself. "Who is putting it on?"

The man answered affably, with a benign smile, "Why, you are, of course. It is a Beatles concert."

"That's not what he meant," George fired. "Who are you? Who are the others? Who's going to profit from this?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell you, I'm afraid," the man said. "But I can tell you a few

interesting things about the concert itself. It is being handled in a rather surprising and unique way. There will be no hookups for closed-circuit television, no filming for a future movie, no recording for a future album. It will be a concert. Just that and nothing more. Quite uncomplicated. Tickets are to be most modestly priced, too, I assure you."

The man sat back in his chair and laughed. "You really would be quite flattered, I think, at the effect this is having out there." He nodded toward the window. "The announcement was made yesterday, and there has been quite a general commotion, believe me. In fact—here, look at this." He reached inside his coat, produced the folded front section of a newspaper, and tossed it on the foot of Paul's bed.

He stood up. "Things are moving rather quickly. There isn't a great deal of time. You really should begin your rehearsals immediately. You have only today and tomorrow, and only daylight to work by. There are no lights in either room. Use the night to get a good sleep. Really, the shortness of time is atrocious, isn't it? How long has it been since you four played together? Well, never mind. You are professionals. We can count on that."

He moved toward the front door, fishing a key from his trouser pocket. "Really," he said, "you should not preoccupy yourselves with the unpleasant side of this—the ultimatums, you know. As long as you follow our rather simple little game plan, everything should end splendidly for you and everyone concerned. After all, you aren't being tortured, are you? You are simply being required to do a concert, something you are particularly good at, something you could have done willingly all along and enjoyed yourselves doing it. Why didn't you, by the way? Pride, wasn't it? Well, never mind."

He was gone, and the door was locked behind him.

John cursed, then fell back on his pillow with a sardonic laugh. "My friends," he said, "let us do it not."

"John!" Paul implored. "They have Linda, the kids. We've got to think of something."

"Do you really think they are going to wipe out The Beatles, families and all? That would inspire quite an outrage, don't you think? And besides, they could do it after the show as well as before."

"Jesus, don't say that," Paul groaned.

"Well, what is this? Who are these people? Are we doing a fund-raiser for the terrorists? That will be great: BEATLES DO BENEFIT FOR BOMBS. . . ." John caught his breath, then started to sing through his nose. "Yuh say yuh wanna revolution, well, yuh know . . ."

There was a painful silence. Paul sighed, stared, idly unfolding the newspaper on his bed. It was a copy of the *International Herald Tribune*, and the sight of its front page startled him to attention. The headline was bannered across the top of the page: BEATLES REUNITE. Below it there were four large mug shots, recent photos of each, and the story.

"NEW ORLEANS—The Beatles will perform together for the first time in more than seven years, in a concert Wednesday night at the 80,000-seat Superdome.

"The four Beatles—John Lennon, 36; Paul McCartney, 35; George Harrison, 34; and Ringo Starr, 36—were reportedly in seclusion in the New Orleans area, preparing for the concert at an undisclosed location. The stunning late-notice announcement of the concert, made by an unidentified spokesman for the group, set off a worldwide scramble for tickets.

"The Beatles, generally considered the greatest of all rock bands and one of the phenomenal successes in music history, dominated popular music and much of the cultural scene from 1964 to 1971, when they split up over a legal dispute. Numerous attempts have been made in recent years to entice the four into performing together again—including offers as high as $50 million—and rumors of a Beatles reunion have received extensive publicity in recent months.

"Do you really think that they are going to wipe out The Beatles, families and all?" asked John.

"But The Beatles themselves have been adamant in resisting all offers, and all four, each a successful solo star since the breakup, have said that such a reunion is unlikely.

"What caused The Beatles to change their minds is a mystery. The spokesman for the group, who announced details of the scheduled concert in a short, terse statement, refused to give his name to reporters or to answer questions. Photographers were not allowed at the brief press conference, held at the New Orleans Press Club.

"Representatives for The Beatles in New York and London confirmed the concert announcement, as did Superdome officials, but said they could provide no further details.

"Attempts to locate Lennon's wife, Yoko Ono, or McCartney's wife, Linda, were unsuccessful, leading to speculation that they have joined their husbands in seclusion. Ringo Starr's girlfriend, Nancy Andrews, told reporters in Los Angeles that she was mystified by Starr's disappearance. 'He just vanished,' she said. 'He called me to tell me he was with the others, that they were going to do a concert, but he wouldn't say anything else about it. I don't know what to think.'

"The concert, which is scheduled to begin at 8 P.M. (Central standard time) Wednesday at the Superdome, is a 'one-shot deal,' The Beatles' mystery spokesman said. He said the concert would not be recorded or filmed.

"Remarkably, tickets were priced uniformly at only $2 each, well below average even for a non-superstar concert, guaranteeing a gate receipt of only $160,000. 'They must be doing it out of the goodness of their hearts,' said Los Angeles entrepreneur Bill Sargent, who once offered the Beatles $50 million to perform a single concert.

"Just as remarkably, tickets were to be sold only at the Superdome box office, on a first-come, first-served basis. Immediately after the announcement of the concert was made, huge crowds gathered outside the Superdome. An estimated 100,000 spent the night in line, to vie for the 80,000 tickets which are due to go on sale Wednesday morning.

"Ticket purchases were to be limited to two per person.

"Dignitaries and celebrities around the world expressed interest in the concert, and many were reported to be sending agents to New Orleans in hopes of obtaining tickets. President Jimmy Carter made inquiries, according to a White House spokesman, but decided it would be impossible for him to attend, due to the short notice and unusual method of ticket sales.

"Several celebrities spent the night among the multitude around the Superdome, including Canada's First Lady, Margaret Trudeau, actor Dustin Hoffman, singers John Denver and Art Garfunkel, former California senator John Tunney, journalist Shana Alexander and novelist Norman Mailer.

"Both Alexander and Mailer said they planned to write a book about the concert. Mailer called it 'the concert of the century.'

"The great majority of those in line, however, were residents of the New Orleans area. Thousands of them flocked to the mammoth stadium when first reports of the concert were broadcast over radio. Traffic was snarled throughout a large area around the stadium, and dozens of New Orleans police were dispatched to the area. A command post was set up overnight for the purpose of crowd control.

"There were reports of late arrivers offering large sums of money—as much as $2000—for favorable places in line.

"At least one such offer was turned down. Rick Milton, 27, first in line, said 'an Arab-looking guy' had offered him $2000

in cash to yield his place in line. 'I told him to go to hell.

" 'I was just lucky to be first in line,' said Milton, a New Orleans cabdriver. 'I was driving my cab right by the Superdome when I heard the news on the radio. I just pulled right over, parked the cab and walked up to the box office. I beat the rush by about two minutes.' "

The story went on at length, describing the career of The Beatles, the breakup and the aftermath. The four of them read the story, huddled over the newspaper on Paul's bed.

George looked up at Ringo. "What's this about you calling Nancy?" he asked.

"Oh," said Ringo, "that was very weird. It was a long time ago. Well, I don't know how long ago. I don't know how long we've been out. They came and woke me up and dragged me out to a telephone. I had to say just what they wanted me to say. Then they drug me back and put me out again."

He turned to John. "You know they've got Linda and Yoko, too? They told me about that."

John bristled. "I know exactly what let's do," he said. "Let's do a one-hour version of *Cold Turkey*. That's just what this is—a giant stinking shrieking freezing turkey."

There was silence. George went to the window and looked out. Ringo paced. John and Paul still sat on the bed. Then Paul said in despair, "Fifteen songs, remember? And besides, they want Beatle songs, not a bunch of John Lennon shit."

John exploded, "Oh, but you're the shit expert, aren't you? Look at the pantywaist shit you've come up with the last eight years."

Paul forced a smile. "I believe I've sold a few more records than you, John dear."

John threw up his arms. "Well, it doesn't make any difference," he said. "We're all shit, anyway. I'm Change the World shit, you're Valentine's Day shit, George is Deva Dip shit . . ."

There was a sudden roll of drums in the next room. "Hey!" Ringo's voice called out from behind the drums. "I'm still great! Too bad about the rest of you shitty guys."

The three others stared at each other for a long empty moment . . . then burst into laughter and rushed into the next room.

"Welcome to The Beatles-for-a-Day Show." Ringo grinned. "Who would like to audition?"

Still laughing, Paul sat down at the piano and started fingering the keys. Ringo joined in on drums. John and George looked first at each other, then heavenward. John cursed. They both picked up guitars.

It was a minute or two past eight in the evening in the Superdome in New Orleans. Eighty thousand people were in their seats, nervous, breathless with a suspense that was half expectation, half doubt. There was little talking, little moving about, only a mounting intensity of checked breathing, a denseness in the air, as in the sky before a thunderstorm.

There was no emcee, no announcer, no welcoming remarks. There was only an empty bandstand in the middle of an empty playing field, with 80,000 hearts and eyes fastened on it.

Suddenly there was a spasm in one quarter of the audience, a number of shrieks, then more shrieks, then more and more. All eyes turned, saw, and then—pandemonium. The Beatles had made an entrance and were walking onto the field.

Eighty thousand people stood and raised their arms and screamed. Their cry was more like weeping than cheering, like the ecstatic sobbing of lovers who meet after long separation. It was a magnificent and moving ovation . . . mounting, mounting, like an earthquake against mountains, like thunder gone mad into endlessness. It was—how many years—since such a thing had been heard on earth?

> "Fifteen songs, remember? And besides, they want Beatle songs, not a bunch of John Lennon shit."

The Beatles, splendid in their matching suits, walked on toward the bandstand. They walked quickly, but deliberately, with their heads down. Only once did Ringo look up, smirk and wave toward the seats. Pandemonium.

They stepped onstage and took up their instruments. There was a brief moment of settling in, tuning, syncing. The Beatles paused, looked up at the crowd for the first time together, then at each other, and then on a quick count they began to play.

The song was *Two of Us*, from the final album before the breakup. "Two of us riding nowhere, spending someone's hard-earned pay . . . You and I have memories, longer than the road that stretches out ahead." A lively song, and Paul and John sang well together.

Still, it was an odd choice for openers. It had not been a popular song. Undoubtedly there were many in the audience who had never heard it.

Those in the audience who knew the album well soon realized, as a second song was performed, and then a third, that The Beatles were duplicating that final album, song for song, in order. *Two of Us, I Dig a Pony, Across the Universe, I Me Mine, Dig It* . . .

It was more than puzzling. These were not distinguished songs, certainly not popular songs, and a couple of them were frankly bad.

More puzzling still, The Beatles then skipped the next song in the sequence, the moving classic, *Let It Be*, and went on to the following song, *I've Got a Feeling*, a Paul McCartney howler.

The band played very well. The material was well rehearsed and executed with technical precision. But something was wrong. There was no expression on the four faces, no animation, no sign of a good time, no response to the passion of the audience.

Why? And why were they doing this peculiar sequence? Why had they left out the one song of all songs which would have been so appropriate, so popular, so gratifying? *Let It Be*—it had become a sort of refrain, a motto, an anthem of the whole appeal for a Beatles reunion. It had stirred for years in the imaginations of all who had dreamed of such a thing. *Let It Be*—it would have been a sensational and sentimental concert opener, or a triumphant flourish following a lackluster opening. But The Beatles had gone out of their way to skip it. They were playing the most dog-end songs of the dog-end days of their career together, and they were doing it on purpose, conspicuously. At best they were teasing the crowd. At worst they were taunting, disdaining, insulting it.

Was anybody noticing this?

Some, perhaps. The writers, the critics, quite probably. But the thousands and thousands were not taking time with an enigma, but were rapturing, glorying. These were The Beatles—*The Beatles*, actually before them, and they were one great waving field of lifted arms, one great rolling ocean of lifted voices, sustained, relentless, irresistible.

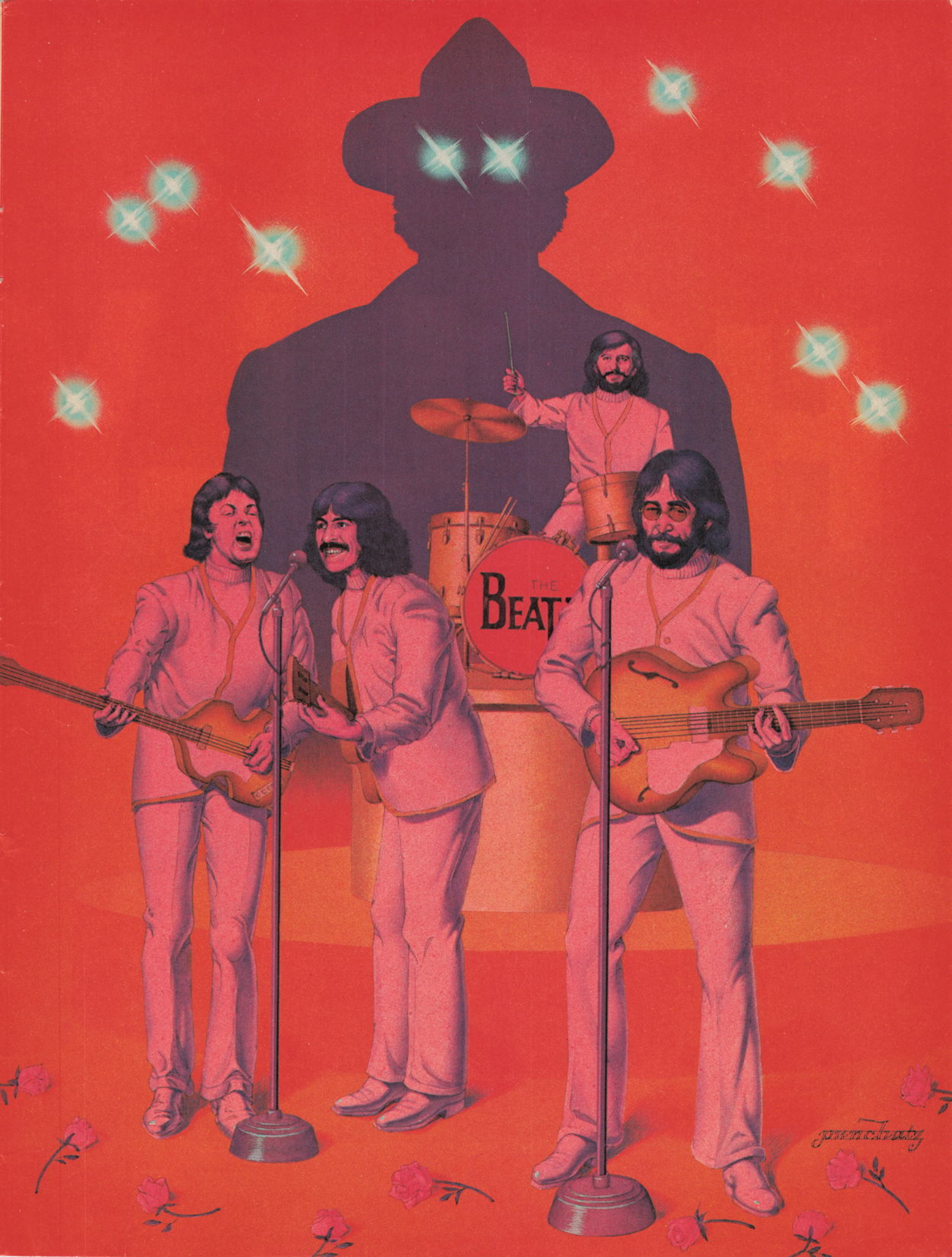
Irresistible.

And suddenly it seemed to work a magic on The Beatles. The song was *One After 909*, still a song in sequence from the last album, but actually an old song, composed in the early days but never released until the final days. It was a reminder, something pleasantly provoking from their past, and it seemed to tease The Beatles out of thought and disarm their strategy of strange reserve.

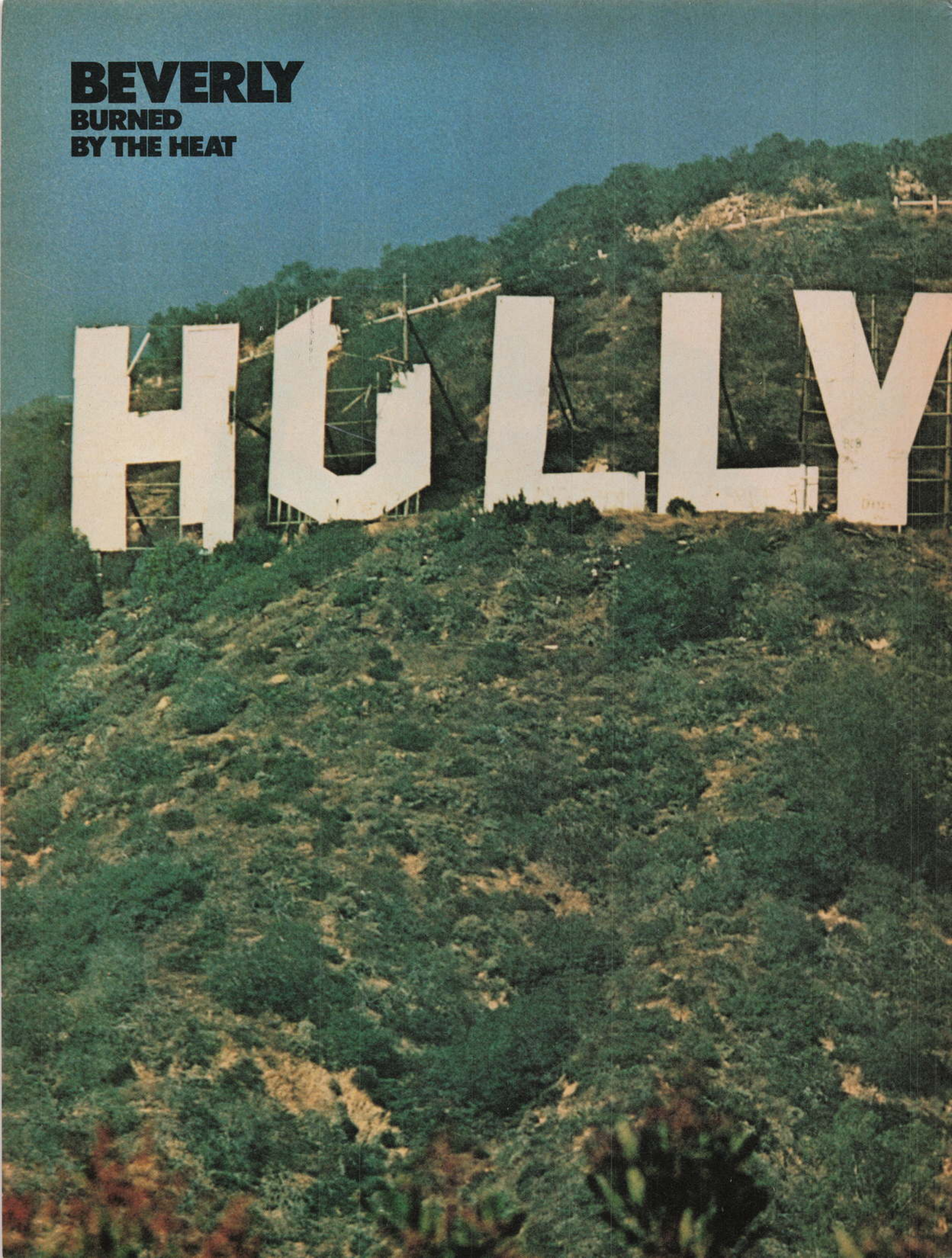
A fast, simple, good-natured rocker, and John and Paul sang it with growing good spirits, so much so that as the song neared its end they were moving to the music, leaning into the microphones, singing with gusto and heart. "I said, move over once, move over twice, come on baby, don't be cold as ice . . ." They ended with a flourish of guitars and arms, looked at each other and grinned. George tossed an impish wave at the crowd. Ringo beamed like the clown prince of rock returned to his throne.

The stadium exploded with cheers.

(Continued on page 120)


THE
BEAT

BEVERLY
BURNED
BY THE HEAT



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

BEVERLY IS
NEW IN
HOLLYWOOD.
SHE HAS TO
DEVELOP A TAN
WHEREVER
SHE CAN.

HOW'S A GIRL TO KNOW WHAT THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE GOING TO DO?
(FIND OUT NEXT MONTH IF BEVERLY BEATS THE HEAT.)
HALLIE COHEN IS A FOX

MIND OVER MONEY Some researchers claim that in the therapy business, no matter what the treatment, roughly a third of the afflicted will get better.

(Continued from page 52)
maintain a positive attitude," "visualization—the dream machine"), the operation is structured in a businessman's format. The trainee is called a *customer.* He *buys* the course from a *distributor.* He attends *customer service seminars.* Yet behind the Brooks Brothers terminology, it's the old story of mind over money.

"It's a great way to get your act together to make more money," pitches Brian Popko of Palos Verdes, California, one of 500 SMI distributors. "We have a 16-week program called 'How to Become Financially Independent,' retailing at $125, that deals specifically with people who are trying to accumulate money and build their net worth, though it would be a serious miscarriage of justice if we were portrayed as a get-rich-quick scheme."

It all harks back to that old bugaboo—negative thinking. "What's the first thing a kid hears when he's growing up? He's no good. He can't do it. Nobody in his family did it. Now we turn that around by helping the customer develop a positive self-image so that he says, 'By God, I'm going to find ways to make it happen.' " Popko, a former college dean, made it happen for himself. "Being an SMI distributor is a hell of a way to get rich. Oh, man, I'll tell ya! I left Hofstra making $25,000 a year and I've quintupled my annual income."

W. Clement Stone, who converted $100 into a $700-million insurance empire and a personal fortune of $400 million, is the ringmaster of giant one-day, eight-hour PMA Rallies, pushing the positive path to prosperity. At 75, Stone now limits himself primarily to fielding questions, but there's always an all-star slate of speakers preaching his messages: "It's a person's *attitude*, not his *aptitude*, that determines his *altitude* in life."

Known additionally for his undying support of Richard Nixon and his archaic pencil-thin mustache, Stone is the corniest of the money gurus. Trouble, he says, is "opportunity in work clothes"—a good time to repeat slogans to yourself, or *self-motivators*, as he calls them, such as his favorite: "Do it now!" (Sound familiar?) He attributes the genesis of his philosophy to stumbling across 50 Horatio Alger stories in the family attic when he was a newsboy of 12.

Unlike the other prophets of profit who tend to attribute NMA (Negative Mental Attitude) to childhood indoctrination, Stone hews to a strictly moralistic line. He lists the four basic causes of failure as "illicit sex, alcohol, deception and stealing." Even so, counting the afternoon and evening speakers, entertainment and reserved seats, PMA Rallies are a steal at only $10.

Inclusion of Reverend Ike (real name: Frederick Joseph Eikerenkoetter II, Th.B., Ph.D., D.ScL.) in this pantheon of money missionaries is by no means frivolous. His sophistication as a practitioner of self-image psychology was recognized by the Harvard Medical School when its Department of Psychiatry appointed the reverend as visiting lecturer. Prosperity, in his view, is the product of the asserted will. His newspaper ads proclaim: "Unlearn poverty and know prosperity."

Reverend Ike's advice about money is in sync with Leo Sunshine's affirmations but it's sexier: "It's like a woman. You have to let her know you love her, you have to caress her, you have to say nice things about her all the time, or she'll leave you for sure." In a special "Green Power" edition of his *Action!* magazine, he counsels: "Admit openly and inwardly that you like money. Say, 'I like money! I need money! I want money!' "

What Leo Sunshine terms *imaging*, Reverend Ike calls V.P.T.—Visualization Prayer Treatment. When he's passing the hat, he leads the rapt congregation into what he calls "The Theater of the Mind." He'll say, "I'm on that cruise to the islands, my bills are paid and I have money. I'm eating the steaks I enjoy. I am led into success and the prosperity to make all this possible because my Lord in me, the law of mind, guides me there."

"I got into the money thing so heavily," Ike recalls, "because when I started counseling people and they began to hear me on the radio and to write to me and come to me, the number-one problem was always money." The testimonials keep pouring in—instant results in the form of new cars, boats, refrigerators, houses, cash. And if one were to raise the question of materialism, there's always *Ecclesiastes* 10:19: "Money answers all things . . ."

Can you, then, psych yourself rich? It's like asking if prayers are answered, if faith healing cures, if psychotherapy works. Some researchers claim that in the therapy business, no matter what the treatment—Gestalt, psychoanalysis, rebirthing, primal scream—roughly a third of the afflicted will get better. Same with think-yourself-rich schemes. The truest believers can expect to reap some material rewards.

As for choosing among the competing claims of Sunshine, Erhard, Eikerenkoetter, Stone and Meyer—*they all work*, so to speak.

If you like TV game shows, Leo Sunshine's training is your channel. He's the hyped-up host who hooks you on his personality, saying in effect: "Follow me and I will set you free—but not yet and not from me." Many of his trainees turn out to be repeaters back for another fix. His advanced "Omega Clearing Course," designed for Prosperity grads, costs $3000. "If you want somebody to fix your life, you'd go to somebody who's a master at living," he points out.

Prosperity Training is a pastiche of Leo's personal odyssey of mind trips (paid for by his parents): Transcendental Meditation, T'ai Chi, Tantra, Kung Fu, Feldenkrais, Yoga, Living Love, Rolfing, Eductivism, Esalen workshops, Silva Mind Control, Actualizations, est. According to a disciple: "Leo went down the sawdust, human potential trail, taking a little here and a little there." As a capper to his success in the jewelry and cosmetics fields, Prosperity Training is his most recent merchandising package.

Werner Erhard's est has caught on with celebrities (John Denver, Dick Gregory, Valerie Harper) but has not won universal endorsement from professional psychologists. One of the complaints being that it's too sadistic—a grueling endurance feat of sitting endlessly in folding chairs without going to the bathroom while brash young whippersnappers lash you with name-calling. Carl Rogers, the patron saint of humanistic psychology, considers it an assault on human dignity. And envious shrinks keep multiplying 130,000 graduates times $250 (lately raised to $300), wondering where all the moola went.

Paul J. Meyer's operation, SMI, is open to the charge of overcommercialization and frills. There are the deluxe attaché cases complete with manuals, tape recorder and cassettes fitted into the lid. There are the elaborate "personal planning and time action organizers" promoted as "crafted in butter-soft American saddle leather in natural chestnut color." To say nothing of the relentless pressure to hard-sell the program to prospective clients: "If, at the end of a major program presentation, a prospect is still reluctant to commit, then sell him on a mini-program or a Blueprint for Success."

W. Clement Stone's approach is simplistic in the extreme: "Awaken the sleeping giant within you!" "Each morning say to yourself: 'I feel healthy! I feel happy! I feel terrific!' " "Say to yourself, as Henry Ford said to his engineers: 'Keep working!' " "You can change the world!" PMA is just too exhausting to contemplate. As Laurence J. Peter quipped: "Whenever I hear Norman Vincent 'pealing,' I get that awful letdown feeling."

Reverend Ike's followers don't seem to mind his sybaritic love of money, his use of 16 Rolls-Royces and 10 other cars, his six lavish residences. "I got tired of being poor while God sat up in Heaven behind the pearly gates with streets of gold and walls

(Continued on page 114)

WHO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELLIOT GILBERT

There's Snow Business Like Show Business

The trouble with weatherman **David Letterman**, they'll tell you around Channel 13 (ABC) in Indianapolis, was irreverence. He didn't take the weather seriously. In fact, he didn't take much of *anything* seriously. Sensing that there must be more to life than predicting upper-air turbulence with a 20 percent chance of rain, Letterman excused himself from the precipitation – prognostication biz and headed for Hollywood, where, regardless of the weather, everything is a high-pressure front. The midwesterner was unaware that he didn't stand a chance without backbreaking small-club experience, so he marched into **Mitzi Shore**'s prestigious Comedy Store on Sunset Boulevard, auditioned, dazzled 'em with his mouthwork, and promptly landed his first job as a professional comedian. Shortly after that, he was drawing assignments such as opening act for **Mort Sahl**, who had a tough time following Letterman's articulate, straight-faced and low-key devastation. Now, David's landed a key role as a newscaster in **David Frost**'s TV sendup of investigative journalism, *Peeping Times*, and his future promises to be nothing but clear skies. Meanwhile, it's still drizzling in Indianapolis.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LYNN MCAFEE

Reggie Knighton: Spaced-Out Rock

Reggie Knighton has this strange taste in women. "I'm in love with a girl who glows in the dark / We can't go out at night for a walk in the park / If we did she'd be sent to a laboratory/ and never again would I see my baby." Ahem. Another of the 23-year-old singer-composer-guitarist's heartthrobs is the multidimensional *Girl from Pluto*: "You could have saved the human race but instead you settled down with me / You're my loving mama from outer space, down to earth as a girl could be." The message of his anthems, Reggie explains, is that "love is strong enough to transcend normal Homo sapiens boundaries." What the new crown prince of Mr. Spock Rock doesn't explain, however, is what he means by "normal Homo sapiens boundaries." But don't fret—it's probably there somewhere between the lines (or in the Vulcan message transmitted by playing his record backwards at 78 rpm). Of course, romance is not Knighton's only concern: his song *V.D. Got to Idi* is an insightful lesson in international politics. On his next disc, Reggie promises a song about a clone sent to replace a man who leaves on a secret space mission. He laments, "I'm a clone in love, I'm a clone in love /and a clone in love is alone in love." Who says the Seventies have yet to arrive?

"I Got Those Low-Down, Dirty Fernwood Blues Again"

"I think it was that serious quality combined with dumb lines that they liked," says **Fred Willard**, opining as to how he got the part as handsome, ebullient and oh-so-thickheaded Jerry Hubbard, the genial co-host of *Fernwood 2 Night*. "Hubbard is a little bit **Ed McMahon**, a little bit **Richard Nixon** and a little bit of a relative I had who always got things wrong. I could say whatever I wanted on that show." Once, when **Martin Mull** (as host Barth Gimble) apprised him of the surfeit of prejudice that exists in this country, he earnestly conjectured, "Yes, there's probably a lot more than we need." Jerry Hubbard became such a favorite on the *Tonight Show* spoof that his character was worked into the plot of *Forever Fernwood*, the third and current product of Mary Hartman's mythical hometown, Fernwood, Ohio. Hubbard, of course, is now the slick but bungling manager of the ever-potential country music superstar Loretta Haggers (**Mary Kay Place**). What else is a guy with his *talent* gonna do in a town like Fernwood?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY C. BROWNE HARRIS/SYGMA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELLIOT GILBERT

Sally and Sissy Shoot Straight

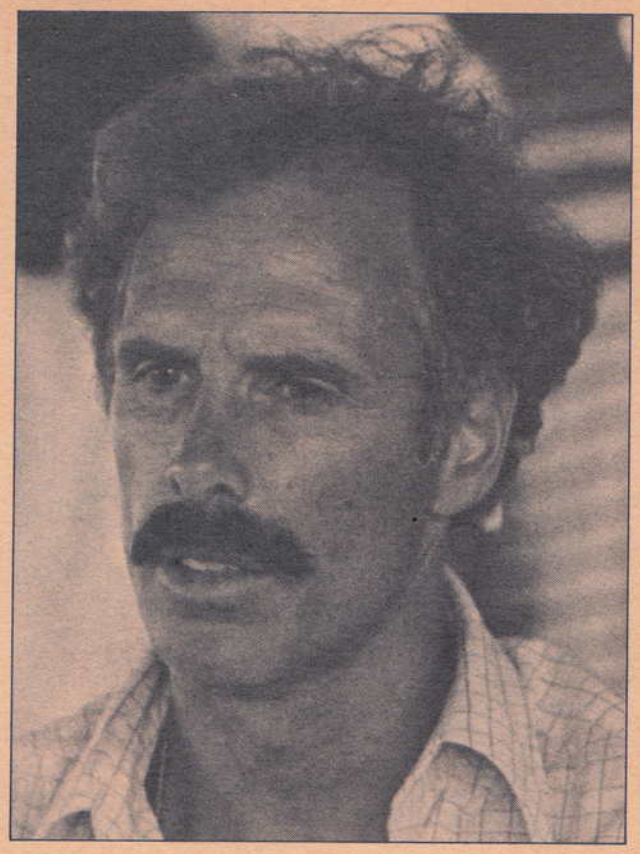
Imagine findin' these babes in the trenches. **Sally Kellerman** slips on those old khakis she wore for her s*M*A*S*H* screen performance and falls in with her *Welcome to L.A.* buddy **Sissy Spacek**. They're shown here on location in Germany, where they filmed the authentic PBS Television special, "Verna: U.S.O. Girl." Sissy plays Verna, a sassy young lass with little talent but plenty of ambition, who teams up with a U.S.O. troupe on a swing through Europe. Sally is the veteran U.S.O. performer (and in real life is an accomplished nightclub singer) who advises Verna/Sissy to quit singing and accept a proposal of marriage. Sissy, of course, tells Sally to go suck seashells down by the seashore.

No Time to Stroke the Stars

"I don't want to work with anyone who's too much into a star trip," says **Linda Yellen**, the 28-year-old director who received raves for her first dramatic feature film, *Looking Up*, which depicted the travails of three sisters and their family in the Bronx. Lately, she has been inundated with scripts and job offers. Linda first received recognition at the 1969 New York Film Festival with her magical *Prospera*, the story of a girl living in a tree in Central Park. She was just 17 then, and it was in the same festival that featured young newcomers **Martin Scorsese** and **George Lucas**. Presently filming *The Risk Takers*, the story of "the stock market, oil wells and love," she doesn't want stars in her films. "Too little work gets done," she complains. "There's too much obligatory patting on the back, and the amount of film that gets shot is ridiculous."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN SCHREIBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY COSTA/SYGMA



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NANCY ELLISON/SYGMA

Bruce Dern Is Not Crazy

"I am not a neurotic or a psychotic person. I'm not even manic-depressive or suicidal," claims **Bruce Dern** (above), who has been typecast as Hollywood's most versatile sickie. In his latest movie, *Coming Home*, Dern finally gets to play someone with all his marbles intact—sort of. He's a marine captain who is happily married to **Jane Fonda**, until he gets dispatched to Vietnam and Jane starts working in a veterans hospital and has an affair with paraplegic **Jon Voight**. "It's the first movie where people will really want to come up and put their arms around my character," he says. Well, let's hope he's more lovable than he was in *The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant*, a role he admits was "the only time I ever whored out." As Dern sees it, the ladder of male stardom—leaving out younger chaps such as **De Niro** and **Pacino**—works like this: "**Peter Boyle** is trying to get where I am, and I'm trying to get to **Nicholson**'s level. Nicholson wants to be **Beatty**, and Beatty wants to be **Redford**. Redford wants to be **Newman**, and Newman wants to be **Brando**." Brando, we imagine, is still waiting to be a guest judge on *The Gong Show*.

The Greek Punch-Out

When **Marilu Tolo** (pictured) and **Anthony Quinn** punch each other out in the upcoming *The Greek Tycoon*, don't think for even a minute that this is some fantasy trip by Hollywood film makers. *Au contraire.* Tolo, 33, a veteran of some 40 European films and dubbed "Italy's answer to **Shirley MacLaine**," portrays Sophia, an actress, singer and mistress to Tomasis (Quinn). She bears a striking similarity to **Maria Callas**, as does Quinn to **Aristotle Onassis**. Matter of fact, their knock-down-drag-out battle of the sexes is vaguely similar to some of those between the original songstress and shipper. And for round two, there's this lady named Jackie . . .

Peters' Animal

Producer **Jon Peters** saw actor **Tommy Lee Jones** (below) as the earthy prisoner who escaped from *Jackson County Jail* with **Yvette Mimieux** and marveled, "He had so much sexual energy I thought he was an animal." (Seriously!) Peters, who had plenty of experience dealing with sexual energies on the set of *A Star Is Born*, decided to cast Jones alongside **Faye Dunaway** in his soon-to-be-released Hitchcockian mystery *Eyes*. The role may well cement big-screen stardom for Jones, following his Neilsen-busting portrayal of *The Amazing Howard Hughes* and his role in the upcoming *Harold Robbins' The Betsy*, starring with heavyweight **Laurence Olivier**. Jones plays champion race-car driver and revolutionary car designer Angelo Perino II, who also spends his leisure hours in the fast lane with jet set interior decorator **Lesley-Anne Down**. Perhaps Jon Peters is readying his "animal" for unleashing on another scrappy screen energizer, roommate **Barbra Streisand**.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS VICTOR/SYGMA

Shanx Shtick

"It used to be spelled with a 'ks' on the end, but my manager changed it because this way it's easier to remember." No matter how you spell it, the promo boys have already determined that you'll be hearing the name **Nancy Shanx**. United Artists Records has such faith in the young singer/songwriter that they're pouring the Big Bux into her first album, cleverly titled *Nancy Shanx*. UA Records prez Artie Mogull is also working closely with Nancy's manager, **Ed Palmer** (a former movie exec), to see that Nancy's debut includes the best of everything, like a 21st-birthday soiree at the hillside home of **Gail Getty**. Yeah, *that* Getty. Another big gun in Nancy's arsenal is Stan Monteiro, UA's v.p. in charge of promotion and artist development. Nancy may need promotion, but she's already *beautifully* developed.

Child's Play?

Two years ago, **Claudia Cardinale** tore up all her film contracts and quit acting. After making 50 films in 17 years, she explains, "the star system became unbearable. I was choking on it. I couldn't take being a manufactured product anymore." The star trip that most irked Europe's enduring sex kitten was having to hide the fact that she had a son 19 years ago—out of wedlock. Her managers then felt it didn't fit the image of a young love goddess to be continually changing diapers. So when son Patrick came of age, Claudia decided she wanted their relationship out in the open. "It's very nice to have a son of 19 when you are still young," says the proud, 38-year-old mother. She has also plunged into a new career, singing. Her sultry crooning of *Love Affair* quickly sold over 100,000 copies in France alone and sent zealous fans across the continent scurrying to the record stores. Claudia is so happy with her new image that she has even agreed to play a role in **Etienne Perrier**'s new film, *La Part du Feu*. "Now that I am free," she says, "I am no longer a myth."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN LOUIS ATLAN/SYGMA

Twice As Much Pleasure!!

Directly from erotic paradise into your own room to fulfill your deepest orgiastic fantasies. Two gorgeous, tantalizing goddesses of love and lust, as voluptuous as Venus herself. They are now available to you in fully humanoid form. Yes, these two princesses of Eros incarnate are looking for a home. The promise of ultimate ectasy that they bring with them was formerly available only to the likes of princes and kings.

★ ★ Channels Of Love ★ ★

You can have not only one, but two. Yes, two separate distinctly different forms of classically erotic excellence. Two voluptuous goddesses of pure pleasure. And both of these erotic incarnations of lust are anatomically endowed with not one, but three channels of love. That's right, you can partake of the ecstasy that these voluptuous bodies provide. There's a channel of love to suit your every need—one up front, another in back, plus an invitingly gaping mouth that screams out for fulfillment.

There's no reason that you ever have to stay outside in the cold again. You can come inside them whenever you want.

★ ★ Your Choice ★ ★

Plus, you don't have to settle for just one. Each of these gorgeous creatures is entirely different—for different tastes—for different times—for different moods. Which one of these titillating creatures of Eros do you think you will find more pleasing?

Betty. The petite, passive, tawny temptress. With her creamy smooth skin and supple breasts and thighs, she comes to you with the vaguest hint of sorrow in her deep dark eyes. A mere child, an infant unaware of the erotic powers of her youthful limbs. Innocently, tenderly, but so sincerely, she seeks companionship, bliss and fulfillment. In the flower of her virginity, she has not yet tasted from the sweet, succulent juices of erotic union. You can be the first to give her the truth that she craves.

Rosanne. The buxom blonde queen of lust. Her bosoms extend in sublime invitation. Rosanne wants. Rosanne needs. Her ample thighs quiver with sexual yearning. The passionate fulfillment she craves is unending. It is unsatisfiable. The taut extended curves of her voluptuous buttocks send her message forth again and again. Take me. Take me. And take her you will. Take her you must!

★ ★ Power Packed ★ ★

The decision is yours. These two gorgeous creatures of the flesh can now be your own, complete with Electro-Vibrating Vaginal power-pack. That's right. It is your decision. You can order Betty and Rosanne—both with Vaginal power-pack—or without. Or, you can order either one. It is up to you to decide.

To enjoy the ultimate channels of love in these sublimely humanoid bodies, just fill out the coupon below, indicating your choice. We shall rush them to you immediately. And remember, both Betty and Rosanne are fully reconstructible—you can pack them up and transport them anywhere. Order now. Bring them into your own warm bed, and see how both of these lovely, divine creatures can satisfy your every need and bring you ultimate ecstasy.

★ ★ Yours Free! ★ ★

And if you order both Rosanne and Betty with Vaginal power-pack, right now, you will receive absolutely **free** a three-month supply of Lubricating Cream, the cream specifically designed to allow you to partake of these channels of love again and again, no matter how powerful your desire.

So don't delay! Order now. If for any reason at all you find that you are displeased with either Betty or Rosanne, just send them back to us and you will receive a full, immediate refund. No questions asked.

If coupon is removed send $1.00 for catalog to: V.P.I., 880 Third Ave., Suite 12A, New York, N.Y. 10022

Pleasure Palace DEPT. LD-155
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____ (add $2 to cover postage and handling). Please rush my order in a plain package (check one or more):

- ☐ Betty w/o Power Pack. Code 331 ..... **($26.95)**
- ☐ Rosanne w/o Power Pack. Code 349 ..... **($26.95)**
- ☐ Betty with Power Pack. Code 994 ..... **($39.95)**
- ☐ Rosanne with Power Pack. Code 356 ..... **($39.95)**
- ☐ Betty and Rosanne w/o Power Pack. Code 364 ..... **($49.95)**
- ☐ Betty and Rosanne with Power Pack. (plus **FREE** lubricating cream) Code 372 .... **($69.95)**
- ☐ Chris and Linda (the real thing) not available for delivery XXXXXX

I understand that I may return any order within 14 days for a full, immediate refund if I am not satisfied for any reason.

Rosanne Betty

Name_____

Signature_____
(I am over 18 years old) (Please sign your name as it appears on credit card)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Account # | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Interbank # | | | | Exp. Date | | |

MIND OVER MONEY One man with a large overhanging belly was ordered to demonstrate with a Raggedy Ann doll how sex was possible with such obesity.

(Continued from page 108)
of precious jewels, while I'm down here catching hell," he once admitted. "I got myself together, I started thinking positively and correctly, which is what I call Positive Self-Image Psychology, and I've become rich in every way." As the reverend likes to say and proves by conspicuous example: "The best thing you can do for the poor is not to be one of them."

Lest you think that if these money gurus do you no good, they at least can do you no harm—beware. It was precisely this type of operation—Leadership Dynamics Institute, promising quick riches for those who decided to work hard as salesmen and distributors for Holiday Magic, a cosmetics concern—that some years ago degenerated into a bizarre perversion of the techniques of "group dynamics."

A group of business executives, 24 men and 24 women, each paid $1000 for a weekend encounter-group session at Ricky's Hyatt House in Palo Alto, California. After signing a legal release, they found themselves held prisoner and terrorized by the sadistic "therapists." During four days of living hell, they were beaten, caged, suffocated, jammed into coffins, forced to eat their own vomit and bodily wastes, compelled to perform degrading sexual acts and crucified.

The group leader and his staff had compiled dossiers on each trainee by contacting people in their home communities. The idea was to rid them of their hang-ups by forcing them into complete self-honesty. Each trainee was stripped naked and terrorized and beaten into submission. It was futile to resist, futile to try to escape, futile to speak.

One man with a large overhanging belly was ordered to demonstrate with a Raggedy Ann doll how sexual intercourse was possible with such obesity. He was forced to eat garbage on all fours, like a pig, without using his hands. Another was suffocated by eight men pressing him to the floor and holding his nose until he confessed something he had witnessed at the age of ten: his mother and a female friend of hers having oral sex on the bathroom floor. Another confessed that his wife ran the family ship. He was stripped and forced to wear a pair of women's hose, each leg containing a rubber ball in the toe, tied around his waist so it hung down to his knees. "It's time you started wearing the balls in your family," he was told. He had to hop, skip and scream: "I'm pussy whipped!"

When the brutal nightmare was over, the trainees would say it had been the greatest experience of their lives, but it was hardly therapeutic. The alcoholic headed for the nearest bar. The womanizer propositioned a motel waitress. A few went straight to attorney Melvin Belli, who said, "I thought it was unbelievable before I investigated. Then I took the case."

There are disquieting interconnections between that egregious episode and the current crop of money seminars. The Leadership Dynamics Institute was a subsidiary of Holiday Magic; another affiliate was Mind Dynamics, a system only two limbs back on est's family tree. LDI was formed on the principles outlined in a booklet entitled "Happiness and Success through Principle," written by the cosmetics company's board chairman, William Penn Patrick, who was selected by Napoleon Hill—author of the 1937 Moneymaker's Bible, *Think and Grow Rich*—to receive an award for outstanding business and individual accomplishment. Only two other men were so honored; one of them was W. Clement ("Do it now!") Stone.

Today's seminars, however, are comparatively harmless. No one has been ordered to urinate on the Bible, as occurred at Ricky's Hyatt House. Their chief deficiency is that deep, subconscious motives are ignored. What is it that you really want subconsciously? Is it making money or proving your worth as a human being? Are you trying to show that you deserve love? Or that you are macho? If all of this is riding on your drive for wealth, you've got a lot more to lose than money. You could end up lonely, helpless, worthless, abandoned, unloved. So, chanting "I am rich, I am rich" in a rented conference room can be very far removed from where you are really *at*.

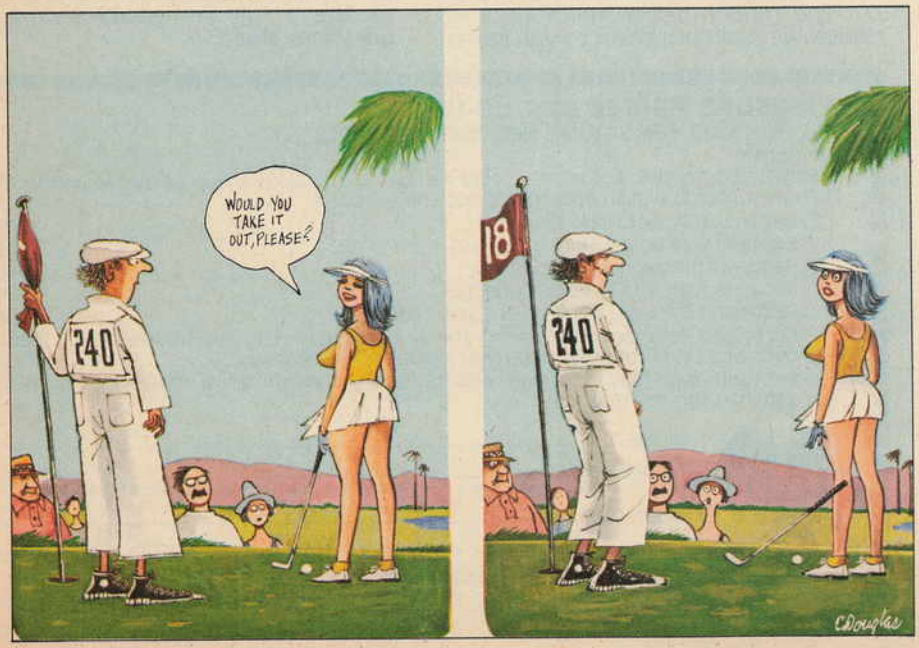
Granted, some of the Gurus of Gelt do make an attempt at helping trainees elude the sharks prowling our psychic seas. For example, est focuses on experiencing "whatever comes up." So, if you've got a Loch Ness monster in there determined to drown you in self-pity and bounced checks, be prepared.

Pseudo Money Motives—for worthiness, love, virility, power, anxiety-avoidance, being right, showing up father—are going to blind you in the long run. They won't let you have money or enjoy it. They'll sabotage your efforts every time. Just as you're about to get the money, you'll lose it in some kind of atonement gesture. Or you'll be so uptight about the money that you can't use it.

Most money gurus, in short, discount the fear of success, the masochistic will to fail. Their simple affirmations can make but the slightest dent in such thick character armor. To make big money, you must take big risks; yet to take any kind of risk, you have to be able to endure suspense. The Risk Theory holds that people generally would rather avoid suspense—and the tension that goes with it—than have money. "I'd rather be poor and content than rich and anxious."

In the end, the individual seeking riches must find his own way through the clamorous claims of the Prosperity Peddlers. Peruse the vast get-rich literature knowing that no one book tells it all. Sample the get-rich seminars with the knowledge that no one guru peddles the whole truth. Be your own guru.

Meanwhile, Leo Sunshine's blocked novelist is back at his typewriter staring at a blank piece of paper, chanting, "I complete all that I undertake easily and joyously. I complete all that I undertake easily and joyously. I complete all that I under . . ." He's still driving his Volvo. □



MEETING WOMEN I lean over and our lips meet. It ain't love, but it ain't bad, either.

(Continued from page 58)

I have a bet with my friend. He thinks you're wearing underwear and I say you're not. Who wins?"

And how about this? A lot of women, just short of a majority, felt it is perfectly all right for a guy to approach them and say, "You seem nice and I'd love to make love with you." Depending on other qualities the guy had, these women said they just might take him up on it. The other qualities you need in order to get away with this varied from woman to woman, with no consistency among them, although we can assume shyness is not highly valued.

Other Great Opening Lines women volunteered include:

"For a girl so ugly, you should feel lucky you got nice tits."

And: "I love your ass."

No kidding.

Now, I have no idea what to make out of any of this. I always figured you had to be real gentlemanly and polite if you ever wanted to get anywhere with ladies, and I'm sure this is still perfectly true, though not to the extent I thought. In fact, another very popular line from my sampling was substantially more tame: "You seem like a really terrific person and I'd like to get to know you. Is it possible to get together for lunch sometime?" But now I'm finding out there's another, altogether different approach to meeting women: Be completely outrageous. And it makes perfect sense. After all, if you want to elicit a response, you ought to say something provocative enough for her to react. I decided to put this new information to the test.

I am at a party and there is this sultry lady, clad in a sheer blouse, lingering by the stereo. I am dying to talk with her, but she is constantly surrounded by swarms of guys and I don't feel like standing in line. Word has it she's a doctor. Sometime later, I amble through the kitchen to get some ice for my Dewar's and soda, and who should be leaning against the electric range talking with two tall, handsome guys but the aloof object of my not-so-aloof desires. *Johnny Angel* serenades my mind's ear as I plunk a couple of ice cubes into my drink. Realizing the chances of catching her alone at least equal those of Idi Amin getting a Nobel Peace Prize, I know it's now or never to make my move.

Possessed by the information revealed in the questionnaire, I feel a surge of courage as I reach for another ice cube, which I then run along her naked spine. "The best thing for patriotic nipples," I whisper into her ear from behind. "Makes them stand at attention."

Well, it turns out that I only think I've been whispering, my vocal chords betraying my very suave persona and registering an embarrassingly loud volume. Not only has the doc heard me but so have these two other chaps, whom she must now consider royal princes. Before I have a chance to worm-slither out, though, they split, apparently realizing they don't stand a chance against an operator the likes of me. The doc now turns and looks at me, her eyes saying, "Howsa 'bout a cough." Her new attitude is not altogether devoid of interest and, unless I'm mistaken, raw lust. And judging by the ensuing spirited and jolly conversation, I'm not mistaken. I am talking such a snappy game and it's all so new to me that I can't possibly keep it going. So I figure let terrific stay terrific, enough for now. We swap phone numbers, and desperately in need of rest after this flash flood of adrenaline, I excuse myself.

I climb out onto the fire escape, where I can get some fresh air and be alone. But there is someone else here, a newcomer to the party, and a very pretty one at that.

"Well," I think, trying to recoup the momentum I traded in for rest, "you're either a professional or you're not."

"It's a beautiful evening," I say, not quite matching the bawd and pluck of my previous conversation, spunky chatter having abandoned me as suddenly as a genie after your third wish.

"Sure is," she says, staring down through the fire escape, her feet seemingly set deliberately perpendicular against the iron slats for fear she may fall through.

I reach over and lift her chin. Since I have determined that outrageousness is the order of the evening, a kiss is not wholly inappropriate. I may have run out of provocative things to say, but not to do.

I lean over and our lips meet. I'm not sure if it's in spite of, or because of, the fact she's taken off guard that she responds so enthusiastically. Nor do I care. It's wonderful. It ain't love, but it ain't bad, either.

PLACES

I have now spent hours with the help of a friend who is a statistical analyst compiling data from the questionnaires concerning the best places to meet ladies. There simply are no patterns, no answers explaining where the hot spots are, no leads to construct a map of hidden treasure. Gentlemen, I have bad news: The search for Surf City will be arduous indeed. But then again, there's another way to look at this. Wherever women are, they can be met. It seems that your chances of meeting a lady at a singles' bar are just as great as meeting her at a supermarket. (One respondent said she met her last date while visiting her doctor for an internal examination. Good news for you lay gynecolo-

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MEETING WOMEN For the next hour and a half, there is much hand-holding, much tenderness and a lot of nuzzling and kissing on this blanket.

gists.) The important thing is to make sure you're going places where you're not only likely to come in contact with women, but also where you're able to develop that contact. Let me explain.

Flying through Penn Station, barely avoiding a midair collision with a just-closed gate, I see before me a woman so beautiful she could be my Electra. She has the wispy stature of an angel and the most enchanting blue eyes I have seen on a post-infant. Unencumbered by war paint, her natural beauty and earthiness radiate. If there were only some way I could get a date with someone as devastating as she.

"What's your name? Where are you heading?" I ask.

"Margaret. And Boston," she says.

"Me too, uh, that is, that's where I'm going. My name's Lee and I could sure go for some company on the long ride."

We grab some seats together and we talk and laugh a lot. We have a wonderful ride, exchange phone numbers and are in Boston before we know it—and before we care to know it. We say so long, about to go our separate ways, when, out of nowhere, she places her hand on my shoulder and kisses me spryly on the mouth. So women can play that game too.

I'm having lunch with my friend John and he offhandedly mentions that he saw *Close Encounters* last night. "Were there many unescorted ladies?" I ask.

"Come to think of it, yes," says John.

We are in line in front of the theater showing *Close Encounters*. Actually, we take turns standing in line while the other waits at the end, should two honeys happen to join the line. This does not occur. But inside the theater, I notice a couple of snazzy tomatoes sitting four rows behind us. We change our seats to ones next to them and I open conversation by offering them a joint. After all, watching *Close Encounters* and not smoking is like watching *House of Wax* and not wearing 3-D glasses.

They are very friendly and we have a good time, even though this is the seventh showing they've sat through. We invite them for a drink after the show, and then after drinks, back to my place for breakfast. Ham and eggs never tastes so delicious as when lightly salted with the first rays of dawn.

Later that day, John and I feel like the winning team's right wing and center, interminably slapping hands and punching shoulders. We're on top of the world. Although admittedly somewhat groggy with fatigue, we figure nothing can stop us now. Leonard Bernstein is conducting Beethoven's Seventh at the outdoor concert in Central Park tonight, and, thinking this would be a perfect place to meet ladies, we decide to go. There are hundreds of people in the park on blankets and many are eating picnic dinners. It does not take John and me long to locate two very attractive women. Both have terrific tans and very fine features, perhaps Mediterranean.

"Do you mind if we borrow a corner of your blanket?" I ask.

"Go ahead," says one of the ladies.

"I think these concerts are a great idea," John says. "It's a lot nicer to hear a symphony out here than in a stuffy hall."

"Yeah," says the other woman. "Nice."

"Looks like they're going to be tough nuts to crack," I whisper to John.

This, as it turns out, is as accurate an understatement as saying Fatty Arbuckle liked kids. For the next hour and a half, while the flamboyant maestro bounces up and down, there is much hand-holding, much tenderness and a lot of nuzzling and kissing on this blanket. Unfortunately, John and I don't get to share in any of it.

"They make a lovely couple," says John.

"Yeah," I say. "And as easy to separate as Minneapolis and St. Paul."

Even though you stand a chance to meet women wherever you go, it makes sense to try places where ladies go to look sexy and beautiful, like discos. Nobody shells out that kind of effort, time and money making herself into a bombshell without expecting some mileage out of it. Also, you can increase your odds by going to places where there's a higher ratio of women to men. A friend who was on her way to Vegas to become a showgirl suggested one logical place: a dance class. "There are always very cute women at these classes," she told me. "You know, dancers, those healthy narcissistic types. Limber. At least half a dozen for every guy."

I am at Luigi's jazz dance studio, very popular among Broadway dancers, and standing in a mirrored room with three fellows and ten curvaceous, lithe and willowy beauties. Everyone is wearing leotards and dance socks and I am wearing Levi's and cowboy shirt. Believe it or not, this is not the only thing that sets me aside from these aspiring stars. The fact that I am as graceful as a hippo does not escape notice. The two women behind me temporarily beat it out of the room in uncontrollable hysterics. This is assuredly not one of my finer moments.

I talk with a couple of women, and no, I didn't find my Ginger Rogers. But like I say, I was no Fred Astaire.

PLOYS

Whenever I have even the briefest conversation with any lady I'd like to see again, I smile and give her one of my *Call me, Lee* cards. I hand them to airline stewardesses, to librarians, to waitresses, to women I meet in the street. Falling hopelessly in love a couple of times a day is exhausting but never boring. Each time my phone rings, I find myself belting out a chorus of "Let it please be her, oh dear God, it must be her . . ." This can be especially embarrassing when I have company over. Though what counts is that I am having a 19 percent return on the cards.

Having waded through the morass of volumes of background literature (Weber, Eric: *How To Pick Up Girls*; editors of *Seventeen* magazine: *Seventeen's Teenage Book of Etiquette*), I find one technique worth checking out. And it's not those frisky staffers at *Seventeen* who suggest hanging out a couple of blocks from the post office and asking a gorgeous woman heading that way: "Do you know if there's a post office around here?" Naturally, you get a chance to chat with her as you both promenade in the same direction.

"Sure, I'll be walking right by it. It's two blocks this way."

She's lovely. A wholesome and delicate face, somehow made all the more elegant by a small, hardly noticeable scar beneath the right corner of her mouth. She looks like the kind of woman with whom you could settle down, raise a family and be like Ward and June in *Leave It to Beaver*. "What's happening in the world?" I ask, nodding toward the newspaper tucked under her arm.

"Terrorists hijacked a plane in Holland this morning. Same time my father was to fly out of the same airport. I wanted to make sure he wasn't one of the hostages. He's not on the list in the paper, so I guess he's safe. What do you do?" she asks.

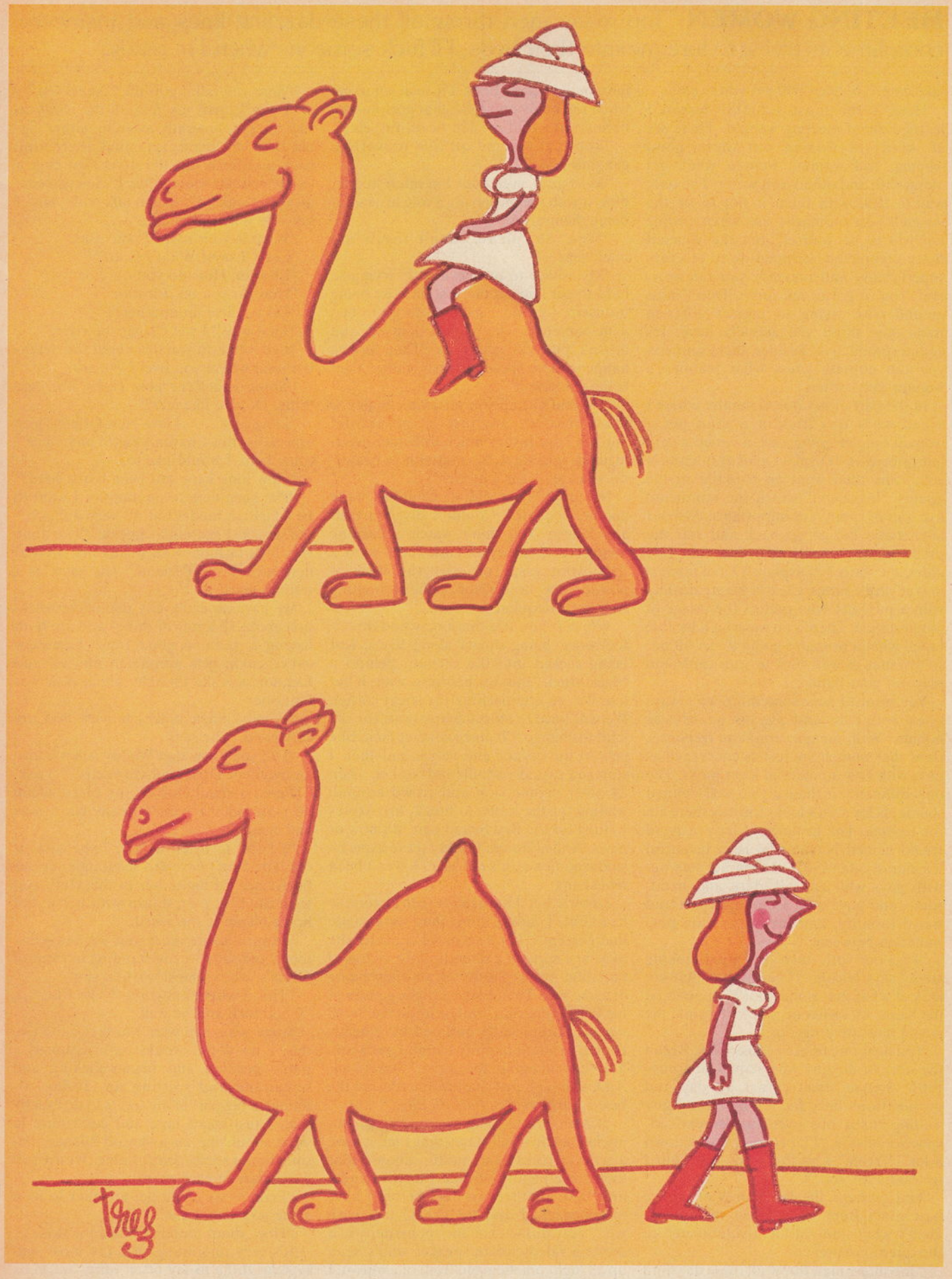
"I'm a writer."

"Oh, I'm fascinated with writing. And I'd love to write professionally someday," she says.

Writer, huh. Well, that gives us a common interest, now, doesn't it? Maybe back to my place and discuss dangling modifiers. "What kind of things do you enjoy writing?" I ask.

"Well," she says, "all I've ever written are some poems and a couple of bizarre short stories that my teacher criticized by saying they belonged on the *Twilight Zone*. Couldn't have paid me a higher compliment as far as I'm concerned. That was for a creative-writing course I just took in high school. This fall, I'm going to Princeton where I'll be in a special program since I won't officially graduate from high school until January when I'll be seventeen. I'll take courses in English and economics."

"I studied a lot of English," I say. "Got a big kick out of it, and I think you will too. Anyhow, I wish you a lot of luck with school. I see the post office ahead, so . . .


Tres

take care." Sixteen will get you twenty.

Here is the most valuable lesson I learned about meeting women: There are all kinds of women out there—good women, bad women, women you'll get along with and others you won't. The only way to deal with them is not to be the yourself you ordinarily are when people tell you to be yourself, but the yourself that's completely stripped away of every superficiality and pretense you can exorcise. You've got to cut loose. Don't mess around with trying to project different traits than those you actually have; it's counterproductive. Besides, there's no way you can entirely guess what features a woman truly values.

In the part of my questionnaire where I asked what qualities in a man get a woman's *motor going*, one assigned a very low priority to "Displays a lot of interest in you." She then went on to write in the quality "Insincere," which she numbered five (out of twenty) in importance. When I later asked her to go back and star the predominant qualities in her last five dates, she starred "Displays a lot of interest in you" three times. Clearly we are dealing with a pussycat who prefers the image of tough cookie. There's no way you'll be able to tell what a woman's going to get off on; so you may as well stick to your cards and play out your hand.

You want to hear something we always knew was true and always heard was hokum? Well, the questionnaire responses show that women are just as concerned as guys with how a potential lover looks. The only difference is there are no well-defined standards for men's looks the way there are for women. For instance, I have a good friend named Nicole who is so beautiful it's almost offensive. I've seen her step out with guys who are tall, dark and handsome, and guys who are pudgy, pale and weird-looking, and every possible permutation between.

"I go out with only very good-looking guys," says Nicole. "The thing is that my idea of what that is may not happen to be the same as someone else's. I think the guys I date are gorgeous."

And now, one final tip: Keep at it. Recall the story of the guy who stands on a busy Fifth Avenue street corner all day and propositions lady passersby. Some guy waiting for a bus overhears several advances and says, "I'll bet you get shot down a lot." "Yeah," says the other guy, "but I get laid a lot, too."

And perhaps the last pieces of advice best come from the women themselves. Here's what some of them volunteered in the questionnaire:

"Too many men throw all these dazzling lines and insincere compliments trying to lure me into their beds. I'll fuck someone when I'm ready and I like that person—not because he's told me I'm beautiful, etc."

"Too many come on like proverbial gangbusters . . ."

"Most guys, even ones I'm interested in, blow it with me by playing a role instead of being themselves."

"Men—oh, please, don't insult my intelligence."

"My advice to men is to stop trying so hard to get laid on the first date by being insincere. I'm more inclined to go to bed with someone who is just himself and doesn't push to get it on. Then it just happens more spontaneously, rather than being contrived."

"I would like all you miserable males to know that we are just as miserable! Women have just as much difficulty meeting men, you know. No matter how beautiful you are—I am a model."

No more. That did it. Couldn't write another sentence. Couldn't divert myself any longer. You don't watch a cocaine fiend go cold turkey and ask her to write a 1500-word essay on why she likes to powder her nose. Not without inviting certain consequences . . .

Which is how it is that I now find myself following, being drawn along like a leaf being sucked into the vacuum behind a Mack truck, this enchantress with killer tits. We are approaching the street corner. We will have to stop there to wait for the light to change. I'll make contact then. She gets to the corner and stops, and then I stop and casually shuffle next to her. Then 24 other people stop and crowd around, waiting for the traffic to break, like Moses waiting for the Red Sea to part. It's now or never. And although I didn't quite expect a studio audience, it's not as if I haven't been rehearsing.

I look at her. I have never seen anyone so beautiful. I didn't think they were made that gorgeous. For a second I consider she may be a mutant, a serendipitous victim of radiation overexposure, or an alien being of some sort. Then I take a cagey gander at her perfect charlies, braless under her wool sweater. Graphically outlined by a heavy copper pendant happily hanging between. You can imagine the sight. Marvelous. And, although fast shallow breaths are the best I can manage, *I'm still alive.*

"Listen, this is going to sound crazy, but my late uncle's will states that I must have a wife to collect this multimillion-dollar toothpaste factory outside Florence and I only have another two days before I have to get married and I'd like to talk with you." I say this with all the spontaneity of a droning valedictorian speaker who's been up all night practicing in front of a mirror. I feel like a fool. I'd better can this act quick.

"Were you talking to me?" she asks.

"I was," I say, my feet on the ready to stay or split, fervently awaiting either signal from my brain, my mind alternating back and forth like the neon sign over a sleepy country motel. *Quick, Scotty, beam me up,* I think. "I'd like to talk with you," I say very self-consciously.

"What is your name?" she asks.

"Lee," I say. "What's yours?"

"Eleanor. How do you do, Lee."

"How do you do, Eleanor."

"Do you live around here?"

"That way," I say. "Near the river."

"Lee, what do you like about the neighborhood where you live?" she asks.

"Some excellent jazz clubs, for one thing. Do you like jazz?"

"I love jazz. . . . I love New Orleans jazz especially, but I haven't heard any since I came here. I would like to."

"How long have you been living here?"

"I've been here seven months. I want to be a fashion model but it's very difficult," she says, as I restrain a chuckle. "I've done very little fashion work since I first arrived here with my boyfriend," she says, as I restrain tears.

We have an extremely peppy conversation about all kinds of things and are both having a genuine good time. Somehow conversation gets around to movies, and Eleanor says she thought *Annie Hall* was fantastic.

"Woody Allen makes movies that are very good," she says.

"Did you know that Woody Allen is also an excellent Dixieland clarinetist?" I ask. "There's a small club by my place where he plays with a New Orleans band now and again."

"I'd like to listen to him," she says. If only she didn't have this seemingly serious boyfriend, I'd invite her to this club, and what the hell, even return with her to her home planet if she asked.

We stroll some more and we talk some more, and soon we are standing in front of Gucci's, where she slows to a stop.

"This is where I'm going," says Eleanor. "Good luck and be well."

Some years ago were I to feel quite like this, I no doubt would have assumed a prone position and begun kicking and screaming and spitting up. Today, although a big part of me wants to do exactly that, I just stand here and contribute to what should be an awkward silence, but somehow it seems comfortable. We are still as we gaze at each other.

"Perhaps we could get together to hear some jazz sometime," I say.

"How about tonight?" Eleanor says.

It's very interesting that the most outrageous thing to say often turns out to be the truth. □

(Continued from page 30)

about the league as well." While Pollack talks, animated, rhapsodic, his tongue will lizard-dart out, like someone ready to lick a finger for page turning. "Technical fouls. I'm the only man who keeps NBA technical fouls by team. How many technicals were called on their coaches, on their centers and guards and forwards. And on miscellaneous, which is bench, trainers, etc. The league treasury got $71,550 last year for technicals."

Here follow just a few byzantine stats, all real, not Pollack jokes. The 295 NBA players were 23,057 inches tall and weighed 60,539 pounds, averaging 78.16 and 205.2 respectively. Number of players born by month (July leads with 32). Time-out analyses. Length of games. Dunks, injuries, jump balls won and lost. Coin flips for first-round draft choice (and whether heads or tails was called). Forty-eight-minute projections for every player in the league (scoring, rebounds, shots taken). Mileage from Philadelphia to every NBA town. How the 76ers have done with each referee. Even, by God, frequency of *uniform numbers* (15 players wear #15). "I also keep fight statistics. You know the league isn't going to print that. Only some nut like me."

Pollack is disciplined, meticulous. "You cannot involve yourself in any game. I don't remember the last time I cheered. You have to see ten men out there. You don't know which side is which. In football I always mark where the ball is. When there's an interception, my eye is not on who intercepted; my eye is on the feet, the yardage. It's a trick. I never, ever have missed that since I started. In the history of the NBA, my statistics team has never made a mistake in a box score. We also hold the NCAA record for completing a basketball box score in the fastest amount of time. We had a registered AAU timer check us. It was two-oh-eight and five-tenths seconds. Year before last, Pittsburgh was playing Baltimore in the play-offs. We were doing stats at the end of the game. We see this plane coming across to our right; we look up, and it crashes into the stands. We never stopped working. We had the stats in to the league office in twenty-two minutes." Discipline. And a new record—most plane crashes per game. One.

Hmm, Harvey, I say. You have stats on how a player shot after banging his wife? "Well, one guy suggested we keep length of peckers. I said, 'Yeah, that's a good stat, but we'd have to keep two columns—erect and unerect.' Before a game, I mean. Not on court."

Only fair. It's darn difficult to dribble with a full hard-on. But Pollack will probably come up with something new next year. Shots taken in the trainer's room maybe. □

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BEATLES The ovation did not end. It never would. Eighty thousand people were on their feet, crying out, giving thanks, wanting more.

(Continued from page 98)

Ringo leaned over his drums and caught George's attention. There was a quick, whispered exchange. George nodded, turned up his guitar, and with a flourish ripped into *Day Tripper*, an oldie, a classic. The sequence was broken. The crowd went delirious. John and Paul, confused for a moment, fumbling for the right chords, joined in. Ringo drummed his head off. Paul sang, or rather he shouted, triumphantly, "Got a good reason! For taking the easy way out!"

It was sloppy as hell, very unrehearsed, but it was magnificent. The Beatles were approaching fast gear.

It was all a madhouse now. Sloppy and marvelous. The Beatles played on impulse, song after song, not one of them rehearsed. No strategy now. They played and played and moved and danced, and struck the old famous poses, Paul grinding his hips, John cocking his knees. They sang their guts out. They bantered with the crowd. "We'd like to do a song now," Paul said. "The title is . . . *Help!* . . . and we really mean it. Help! Help! Help!" He crowed the words in a falsetto. It was a joke, and nobody got it—but what the hell.

They played for an hour and a half, two hours, two hours and a half, and they played everything. *She Loves You, I Want to Hold Your Hand, A Hard Day's Night, Michelle, Yellow Submarine,* a whole side from *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Penny Lane, Magical Mystery Tour,* and on and on, skipping at random from album to album, year to year, but always choosing the best, most popular, most classic songs.

All those breath-catching souvenirs of all those strange and eccentric and vivid and better days—Beatle days—when shops were bright and brilliant down Carnaby Street, when kids gave away flowers along the Haight, when pretty nurses sold poppies from a tray and firemen rushed in from the pouring rain on Penny Lane.

The Beatles were forgetting words, muffing notes. It was so wonderfully terrible, so terribly wonderful. It was chaos, and the crowd was in ecstasy, losing their hands and their voices and their heads.

When the concert was almost three hours old, The Beatles did *Let It Be.* The crowd went still, hushed, and listened as Paul sang. "And when the brokenhearted people living in the world agree, there will be an answer . . . let it be . . ."

When the song was finished, The Beatles put down their instruments, came together side by side, and bowed low to the audience, and bowed again, and bowed again. The ovation did not end. It never would. Eighty thousand people were on their feet, crying out, giving thanks, wanting more.

The Beatles went back to their places. Paul went to the piano and sang. "Hey Jude, don't make it bad, take a sad song and make it better . . ." The song ended with the long, familiar, repeating refrain, swelling, subsiding, swelling again, with all four singing, "Na . . . na, na, na na na na . . . na na na na . . . Hey Jude . . ." It is a seven-minute song.

This time they made it longer, better, infinite. They repeated the refrain again and again and again, the piano, the guitars and drums, the voices stroking together in hypnotizing cadences. Eight minutes, nine minutes . . . They sang with joy, with all of their hearts. It was a mesmer, a prolonged trance, and The Beatles and the 80,000 people were swept away in it. The 80,000 people sang too, and stood and swayed together, shoulder to shoulder, back and forth, a waving sea of people, and all of their hearts and heads were lifted high, and all of their eyes were bright with tears.

Yes, 80,000 people were crying, their hearts almost breaking with an immensity of joy. More than 80,000. Four more. For The Beatles were crying, too, and the tears ran down their faces as they sang.

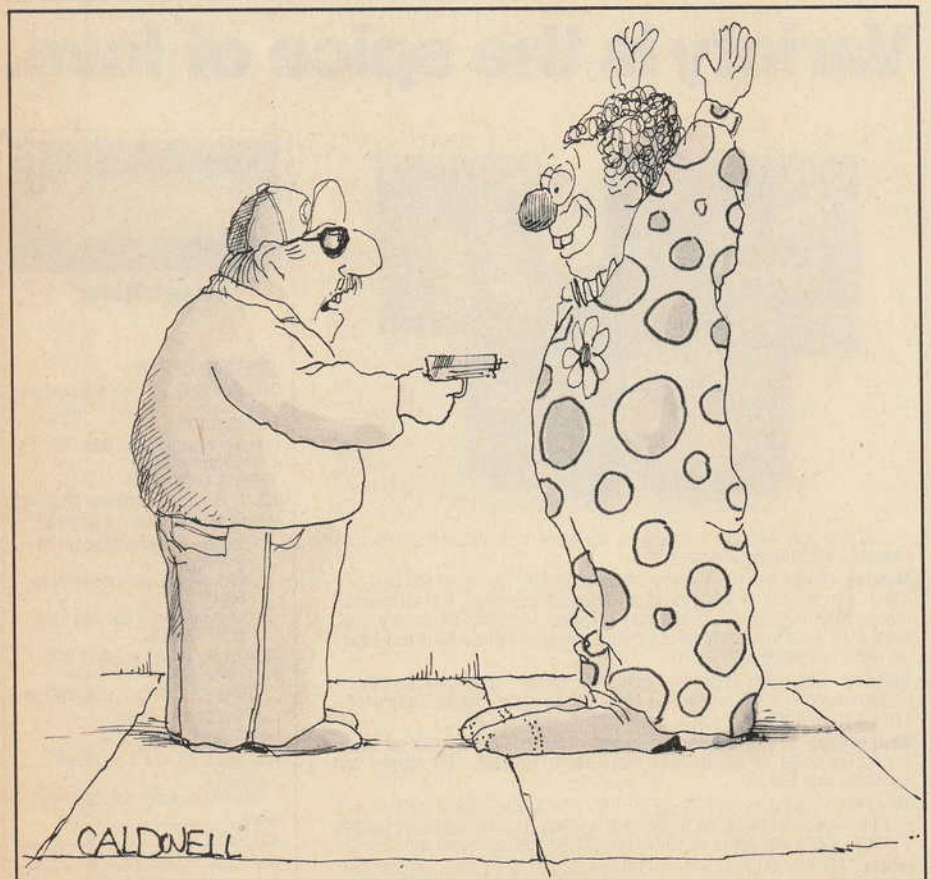
It was almost unbearable. It was too good. It was Beatlemania. Again.

In their dressing room, later, John and Paul and George sat undressing. Ringo had excused himself to the lavatory down the hall. A dark man in a plain suit entered the dressing room abruptly, handed around three envelopes, then left.

Each envelope contained a personal check for $40,000, signed by the promoter, and a handwritten note with the same signature. Paul read his aloud, his eyes expanding with astonishment.

"Dear Paul, I hope you don't detest me. I wanted to do it, and I couldn't think of another way. The guns were never loaded. Those thugs were just apes I hired from a model agency, and they weren't to hurt you. It cost me my share and more for the apes, the planes, the room, the stadium and all the gear, so you know I didn't do this for money. I did it for love. I always loved us, you know. Love, your old pal, Richard L. Starkey."

All three of them stared at each other then blurted out together, "Ringo!" □



"I'm warning you:
Don't try anything funny."

John Weeks is a musician, a doctoral student in English literature, a feature writer for Gannett Newspapers and a pretty fair storyteller.

TV

(Continued from page 32)

ute you take him for granted—the night you figure, what the hell, I'll catch him tomorrow night or the next night—then that's when the specialness has begun to diminish. And he's dead solid correct.

Johnny Carson drove NBC up the wall and into the ground with his insistence upon, among other shrewd moves, being absent from the Johnny Carson show a lot—a whole lot. His when-to-be-gone schedule is undeniably effective and beautifully simple. Monday nights, for example. Why? Well, would *you* like to try and outrate *ABC's Monday Night Football*? I thought not.

Thus the bottom line is that, in any given week, Carson will be off the tube more nights than he's on. But his often joked-about and much-maligned disappearing act is certainly less sloth, lack of interest or ego-tripping than it might seem on the surface. It's simply good business. Good *show* business, if you will.

There is, however, one little problem. . . . Y'see, Carson's absences work out just right—for him. But for us there's an unfortunate by-product of those tactical exodi. It is the fact that we are so regularly subjected to the puerile posings of those who are most generously described as lesser lights. Way lesser.

There's John Davidson's vanilla blathering. There's David Steinberg's ill-concealed and totally unjustified superiority syndrome. There's Joan Rivers, a sensational writer of comedy material, but she makes us so goddamned nervous . . .

Sammy Davis Jr. They must hire an extra stagehand when he's on the show. It's this guy's job, I figure, to lurk behind the set and every time Sammy begins to laugh, push him off the chair. Floorward.

David Brenner. Terrific, if you're consumed by interest in the history of South Philly, or you're a Sonny Bono fan . . .

Shecky Greene. The best, the very best, nightclub performer anywhere, but television just ain't his turf. It must be some sort of electrochemical reaction . . .

Steve Martin. A superb single act, but it takes more than a rubber arrow through the head and "Well excu-u-use me!" to carry *The Tonight Show* . . .

On and on. Some have a talent for it, some are NBC darlings, some are name-coasting and some have personal managers with enough juice to swing them the gig. Oddly enough, it's the actors, not the comedians, who come off the best in Carson country. Personally, I'll take Burt Reynolds' macho rap over an entire delicatessen-full of lightweight one-liner artists anytime.

But you can't fault Carson. He does what works. So *illegitumus non carborundum*, Johnny, wherever you are . . . □

The Starlight Gallery Of Erotic Lingerie

FIGURE A

Figure A: #201 Pushup Bra. An elegant black nylon bra, lifting the breasts and leaving the nipples bare. Truly sensational! Available in small, medium and large sizes **$8.99.** **#202 Satin Garter Belt.** Lush lace and erotic elegance is all yours in red with midnight black trim. Available in small, medium and large sizes **$8.99.** **#203 Satin G-String.** The ultimate sensuality in red with black trim. Available in small, medium and large **$4.99.** **#204 Ultra Sheer Black Stockings With Seams.** You'll capture your lover with this stimulating high fashion hosiery. One size fits all for only **$5.00**

Figure B: #205 Pink Puff. Make those intimate moments unforgettable with pink nylon and white Maribou fur trim. Enjoy real erotic elegance. One size fits all **$9.99.**

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Figure E: #208 Open Crotch Panty and Open Nipple Bra. Cut wide open for pleasure, this beautiful satin and lace combination gives her that ready-for-action look. Available in red, blue and black. Specify small, medium or large **$7.00.**

FIGURE B

FIGURE E

FIGURE C

FIGURE D

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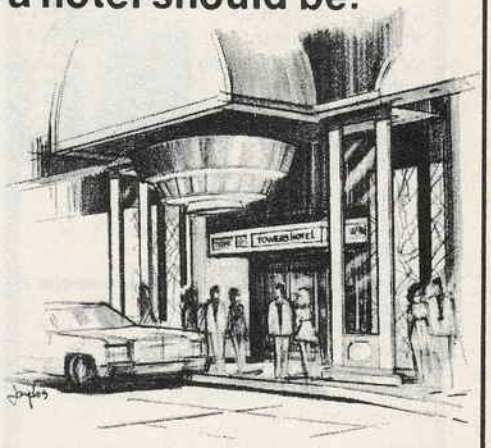

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GOLF If you're curious, the loveliest of all golf wives is Cheryl Kratzert — 1957 Elizabeth Taylor.

(Continued from page 92)

pair. Wynn was gone, withdrawn from the tournament. On 12, they told me, he had hit into Westchester pampas grass again, then had made a recovery shot from which he would never recover. The ball is still there somewhere in a bony, shallow stream. No one knows exactly where. Sleeper, nothing: Bob Wynn was a narcoleptic. Yet I would miss him. He approached the golf course like a mugger with quotas to fill.

PICK WHICHEVER PRO HAS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE WIFE

You may think this golf-watching tack is par for the coarse. To that I say, Go take a flying fug at something dry and narrow. It's the one technique that'll improve your stroke average, upward. In case anyone's curious, the loveliest of golf wives is Cheryl Kratzert. No one could look more attractive on a shooting stick. Her figure is splendid, around par for the front nine and the back nine, plus a pitch-and-putt par waist. Her face is 1957 Elizabeth Taylor. Cheryl is articulate and alive. You could turn over the engine of a Peterbilt on her energy. Cheryl is even better looking than Bill Kratzert's first wife, and that says plenty (they've been married, divorced, remarried). "Chi Chi described it best. He told Krat that he took a mulligan first time around." Women of Cheryl's grace and élan are easily the best reason for learning to play golf. After nine holes I was in love.

Being a golf illiterate, you probably don't know sheep pebbles about Bill Kratzert. But you will, you will, soon. (Cheryl: "A lot of people think his name is Cratchit, Tiny Tim's friend. Just listen to how they pronounce his name, Cratchit and Kratzer and Kratznert. They're putting ie's and ing's and all sorts of things on it.") Kratzert went on tour in 1976. He won $21,253, number 102 on the money list. In 1977 he was tenth with $130,000 or so, plus his first major solo win at Greater Hartford. (He had already copped a Walt Disney World National Team Championship.)

Kratzert has the works: swing as compact and functional as a tape cassette, and the tough, shut-up-and-deal temperament of Nicklaus or Palmer. In a practice round, Chi Chi Rodriguez kept saying, "Can this kid play golf? Can this kid play golf?" Art Wall, Jr., who has been on tour for 26 years, told me, "He's got the golf game. He's going to be around for a long while, I guarantee you that. A fine person and he can really play." Krat is quiet and polite. The only golfer I know who (because of sun-sensitive vision) has to wear dark glasses. This will give him a distantness, a sort of ambulant privacy. As we talked in the locker room, Johnny Miller came up. A pet to be stroked. Miller had shot five under but was still down on himself, orphaned by his game. He wanted praise and from Kratzert, just a two-year pro but already someone very much respected by his peers. Krat gave it. Was generous and kind. Didn't mention that he had two full strokes on Miller.

"Billy has been playing nine weeks in a row," Cheryl said. "Then Monday he has to go to Japan. We figured it out once that, playing as many tours as Billy does, and traveling like he does, it costs roughly $40,000 a year for both of us to live comfortably. He's made about $115,000 now [plus another $5400 for a 13th-place tie at Westchester] and it sounds like a lot, but after taxes and expenses, it's not that much. A lot of the older wives, even the younger ones, don't walk. They say, 'You'll get tired of walking after awhile.' But I don't think I will, because I like it that much. I love to watch him play. Besides, there's the groupies. One time a friend overheard two girls talking. One says, 'I'll fix you up with Billy Kratzert. He's been with four different girls this week. He's not remarried; that's just a rumor.' And all the four girls were me. I wear wigs, hats, scarves, change my glasses. The whole bit.

"We don't really do a great deal after a round. You don't party, not if you want to make the cut. Not too many golfers are unmarried anymore. And 95 percent of the guys who are unmarried get married in two or three years. It's not as glamorous as you think, and it's lonely coming back to the hotel after playing all day. I think the biggest thing I had to learn was that when you're a touring pro's wife, you don't get the center of attention that you used to get. It's a big deal now if someone even comes up and says, 'Hello, Mrs. Kratzert.' But I am Cheryl Kratzert. It's not because I'm taking anything away from Krat. It's just the idea. I'm a person, too. We share everything, but it's just the idea. I showed horses professionally and nationally, and people said, 'There's Cheryl Kratzert.' Now I'm just a spectator."

A spectator with rabbit ears. "When I overhear people saying negative things about Krat, well, it bothers me. I don't like to hear someone say something derogatory about him, but you just try to take it in stride." Cheryl reconsiders. "Then every once in a while I give them a goose with my stick to shut them up."

Hardly an orthodox stroke. Not something you'd read about in *Golf Digest*. But Cheryl isn't an orthodox woman. She made

The Westchester Golf Classic is a bore, but nothing compared to D. Keith Mano in person.

my Saturday and Sunday delightful. It sure beat following Bob Wynn around by a long shot. Drive.

NEVER LEAVE THE PRESS ROOM

Which is what 94.7 percent of your working press never does. (That other 5.3 percent has a mistress at the White Plains Hotel.) "Working" press means that it *could* work, is functional, not that it *does* work. They sit and tell lies; they watch the scoreboard and the TV coverage (just like you do); they freeload limp turkey sandwiches; and most wear some sort of little hat to protect themselves from—from bulb stroke, I guess. Next time you read a golf tournament newspaper account, remember that Correspondent A saw as much action firsthand as he saw the small of his back firsthand. Now and then Westchester's PR department would cattle-drive a laconic golfer in for questioning. Fortunately, all pros have more or less total recall. And when I asked Howard Twitty about his almost hole-in-one on 14 (worth $12,000 extra), not a single reporter had even heard of it, never mind *seen* Twitty's ball skip off the pin. Twitty might have told them he'd driven all day with his wife's vacuum cleaner handle, and it would've appeared in the *Daily News* next morning: TWITTY SWEEPS UP.

Golf will uninspire more vapid, sink-rag prose than any sport around. You'd think these guys were assigned to cover a cat-spaying contest at the ASPCA. Golf is all numbers. Moreover, pros, with their "yard work" and "club repair" special interest (and their LIRR commuter disposition), make Calvin Coolidge sound scintillating. Much was made of one Howard Twitty anecdote. At some Southeast Asian tournament, it seems, Twitty found a cobra in his golf bag. The cobra took off, most likely from boredom.

Golf, except for five or six final holes, is played against topography, not against another human being. Anyhow, pros are ritually courteous. The competitor, whoever he may be, is always playing "real good." So what do you do, interview a sand trap?

And Westchester had distinctive vapidness. It came smack after the major PGA tournament at Pebble Beach, California. Swings felt three time zones late. Or early. Westchester was like getting it up for the Mrs. three tries in a row. Jack Nicklaus jet-lagged through 36 holes, and made the cut by one stroke, to his obvious disgust. Nicklaus later admitted that he had shown up at Westchester solely because American Express (he does Amex commercials) was sponsoring it. Winner Andy North, who broke a four-year cherry with 12 under, did try to stir up human interest. North had some sort of bone disease in his knee through adolescence, though he could hardly pronounce, let alone explain, it. "I wanted to play football, basketball and track like all the other kids. The doctor said, 'You've got to quit doing everything.' Then we asked him if I could play golf, and he said, 'Well, sure. You don't put any stress on your legs playing golf.' "

His doctor had probably seen the press room at Westchester.

"Oh, leave him alone. He's not hurting anybody."

FORGET ABOUT GOLF AND PRETEND YOU BELONG TO THE COUNTRY CLUB

The Westchester Country Club is a cool pad. Mother would approve. (I have no modish prejudice against money, though there does seem to be some reverse discrimination.) At any WCC urinal you sense that, given a discreet tip, the attendant would hold it for you with warmed silver tongs. And, as you drive in, your AM car radio switches automatically to FM. An admirable place. But remember to appear sulky. It's for a good cause, hospitals and all; yet these nouveau poor golf watchers do irritate you. On the ground floor, there is at least one stockbroker's office, complete with electronic ticker board. So, should a vulgar golf enthusiast say, "Miller Barber is at 67 today," just stare across your bloody mary and reply, "Sell when it reaches 68."

Dress well, but never carefully. The male rich don't have to be neat. Money implies a certain distingué eccentricity; say, a fly half-open. This is harder for women, I admit. Rich women are somehow physically different. Cameo-sized breasts, hips that suggest one or two expensive cesareans, and many small ankle bones. Actually, rich women are the only females in creation who look attractive wearing flats, or even Peds, which, you know, is a virtual impossibility.

Credentials are more than available. One member tried to sell me his $20 House and Grounds Pass for $5 in the parking lot. Member badges, I suspect, can be bought with a little genteel haggling. I mean, how do you think the rich got rich?

Always conduct yourself with staid and generous swank. A short while before the tournament, someone or ones—children of members, it has been said—poured gasoline in swastika patterns on nine greens, and then set fire to them. Take that as your example. Only old money, used to modest display, could have thought up such inventive yet tasteful vandalism. □

NEXT

KING RICHARD

Burton opens up about Liz, Suzy, booze, *Equus* and the Academy Awards in an exclusive interview.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 14TH

STARKIDS

There are nearly 100 children-of-celebrities out there in Hollywood trying to make it big. Who are they? Can they act? Should 97 percent of these careers be terminated? Plus our picks for the top ten "Starbores" in Tinseltown.

THE COPS & BEVERLY

Part II of what happened to our girl up in the hills of Tomorrowland. Did she beat the heat? Can she handle being cuffed?

GRAND PRIX FEVER

From Watkins Glen to Long Beach, sex, speed, money, cult heroes and madness are revving up the libidos and lumbagos of all the Formula I racing fanatics.

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HOOKERS "You see so many sad things. Like the guy who comes in once a week just to eat one of the girls. He's a great guy, but his wife thinks it's dirty."

(Continued from page 84)

I remember leaving this house, after paying the $20, and feeling rather satisfied that I'd finally lost my sexual innocence. But I also figured there had to be a better way. So, over the past couple of years, I have devoted my life to finding the better way—occasional forays to houses of prostitution.

In the interest of furthering one's sexual proclivity and expertise in boudoir negotiation (i.e., getting laid), I offer this thumbnail dissertation on the modes and mores of houses of ill repute. My only desire here is the hope that there are better comes to come . . .

THE HOUSE

Most houses of prostitution aren't houses at all—they're apartments and they run their business 24 hours a day. Some are also very good at disguising themselves as massage parlors or dance halls. According to a source high in the New York City vice squad, one of the most successful whorehouses on the East Coast passes itself off as an orthodontist's office in a huge medical building. That, of course, brings new meaning to such dental terminology as gums, tongue and opening wider. In Boston, another well-known house poses as a secretarial school by day and converts its classrooms into bedrooms at night.

If you have been directed towards an address and are standing outside the door, there are several things you can do even before you ring the bell. If you hear a good deal of loud music coming from inside, turn around and go home. Chances are you're standing outside a private party and you weren't invited.

If you hear a dog barking, go home immediately—unless the dog identifies himself as Hans; then he's a working dog and one of the regular crowd.

Remember, the best houses of prostitution won't have welcome mats outside the front door. One of the integral parts of any popular house is its ability to remain quiet and unobtrusive. Since most houses are apartments and there's a good chance somebody's grandmother is living next door, a premium is placed on privacy and hush-hush. It's the crazy houses that are targets for the cops, so there's a better chance of getting busted at a loud house than at a subdued one. And who wants to make the morning paper?

THE MADAM

Actually, the term *madam* went out with the Knapp Commission. What she really should be called is the official greeter or manager, because this lady has more business to handle than Jimmy Carter. And she has to smile just as much.

The manager is the first person you'll speak to, be it on the phone or in person. Since most houses in major cities are discreetly, or not so discreetly, advertised in the local underground papers, it is advised that you call first. In smaller towns, the one house or two will be so well known that you probably can walk right in and get an appointment, unless it's the peak hours—between noon and two in the afternoon, to accommodate the businessmen looking for a quick lunch, and from ten to one in the evening, to accommodate everyone.

If you call first, the voice on the other end will undoubtedly be alluring and sexy and you will probably get a tremendous rise just out of the hello. It is the voice of the manager and it is a voice that is designed to make you want to see her in person.

When you do see her in person, it is sometimes disappointing. The manager is usually an older lady, well into her 40s or so, and she sometimes looks as if she stepped out of a wax museum. Of course, that fits the stereotype of the typical madam—overweight, busty, made-up. But it is a stereotype that seems to have some substance. I have been to many different houses and only once did I see a different type of manager. That particular madam was a man.

Still, you will probably find the woman strangely attractive, mostly because of her easy manner, her toothy grin and her scanty dress. Every manager was once a working girl and they get a big kick out of wearing tiny outfits, just for old time's sake. Sometimes, of course, it isn't always for old time's sake. If the place is busy and the other girls are occupied, there's a good possibility that the manager will satisfy your every whim. It will cost you extra, though. That woman might not have the greatest body anymore but she makes up for it with experience. She knows things you never thought existed.

What else does the manager do, if she isn't tickling your fancy? For one thing, she makes the appointments. If she's a good one, she'll make it so you don't run into your boss on the way in. She'll mix the drinks and she handles the books. Usually, there are three or four girls working under her, and she keeps track of who's turning how many tricks and at what time.

One of the best whorehouses in America has never been busted; that's readily attributed to huge payoffs and the nimble mind of its leading lady. "I'm the manager of a high-class place," she once told me. "We have three bedrooms and a bar and it's beautiful. Plush. We cater to some of the biggest people in business, as well as some local politicians. I wouldn't blow it all, risk my reputation or my customers', by acting stupid. In my job, I have to know the rules of the game. Everybody who comes here loves playing it. But I gotta know the rules."

She took a deep breath and lit a cigarette. "We advertise in *Screw* magazine. Our ad is subtle but it gets our point across. 'If you like Polynesian restaurants to Burger King, if you like Dante over *Mad* magazine, then visit us.' Gives the phone number only. So I get a lot of phone calls and you have to be careful . . .

"Guy calls up, asks me what it's all about. Usually says he's calling for a friend. He asks me about the girls. I'll say, in my best pussycat voice, 'Well, there are three of us living here. I'm one of the girls.' The image I try to get across is of a warm, congenial place. He'll ask me to describe the girls. 'Well,' I'll say, 'one of the girls, Marsha, was in *Playboy* magazine,' which is true, 'and she is five-eight with dark curly hair. Huge green eyes. 40-24-36.

"'Another of the girls, Jackie, is five-three, long blond hair, the best ass in the entire world.' He'll ask me which one am I. I'll pick any one. It doesn't matter. By the time he's asking me that question, I know we've got him. So I'll give him the address and instruct him to call from a phone booth on the corner, three or four minutes before he comes up."

I ask why. "You have to protect yourself," she said, matter of factly. "We don't want any perverts. Most perverts will just call you up, hear your voice and go jack off. No problem. But some weirdos take it one step further and come up."

She takes for granted that everybody is a potential pervert, until proven otherwise. "So he calls from the phone booth, tells me he's coming up in a minute. He goes to the lobby, buzzes our apartment and takes the elevator up. Now, there's a good walk of maybe twenty-five yards before he gets to our place. We have a chance to peek out and look at him before he gets to the door.

"That's part of my job. Making quick judgments. Like a referee. He looks dirty, sick or weird, we don't answer the door when he knocks. Sooner or later, he thinks he's been had or something. He goes away." She smiled. "Let's face it. Where else is he going to go? Can he complain to the cops?"

And the manager-madam has to have a sense of humor. That's a prerequisite. "If I didn't laugh in this business, I'd cry," she said. "You see so many sad things. Like the guy who comes in once a week just to eat one of the girls. He's a great guy, but his wife thinks it's dirty. And then there's the guy who comes in every week and pretends he's in bed with his girlfriend. I have to

HOOKERS Don't negotiate too hard. There's nothing more humiliating than two adults arguing whether the Cool Whip is five dollars additional or not.

rush in after five minutes and pretend I'm his wife. I have to start screaming and beating him up. He always says the same thing. 'Oh, Charlotte, my sweet Charlotte. I don't need you anymore.' "

THE GIRLS

To understand the girls, you must understand the bosses. A great many houses are run and solely operated by the manager, without any interference from anyone. She owns the apartment, and the only concession she has to make is an occasional payment to the cops, and a more than occasional payment to the Mob. Maybe she'll slip a bit to the doorman. Other than that, she takes in all the money and does what she wants with it. She has no IRS forms to fill out.

Most of the working girls are in their early 20s to early 30s; most of them have tried the street and were lucky enough to hook on with a house. Most of them are absolutely gorgeous, especially those who work the New York–Pittsburgh–Chicago–Miami–Las Vegas–Los Angeles circuit.

So how do you pick the right girl? There are a few hints. Do not pigeonhole yourself into wanting only a blond or a brunette or a redhead. Take the whole girl into consideration. And if you really want your money's worth, you'll look at other things besides her body. Most of the bodies do look alike, you know.

See if she's chewing gum. If she is, forget her. That probably indicates she's bored with her job and doesn't give a damn about your pleasure. See if she smiles. The girls in a house are usually reclining on the couch, talking to each other before you come, and if they're not smiling, it means they were talking about what a lousy job they have—and they might take it out on you. Of course, if they want to make a score, they'll probably all smile, so that doesn't always help.

If possible, try to corner the madam-manager and find out who's been least busy for the day. A tired girl is a bad lay, and who the hell wants yawns at these prices? Also, if possible, ask who's been around the least amount of time. The new kid on the block always wants to make good impressions on her boss. She satisfies you, you'll be back—and that's good for everyone.

WHAT NOT TO DO

Everybody has anxieties going into a new situation; however, the key here is not to let it show. If you really want satisfaction, then you have to let on that you know what you're doing and that you know when someone else is doing a good job. Tipping is permitted in houses, and if they think you know the difference between good sex and bad, they might give it the extra inch.

Rule one: Do not bring a camera. Don't laugh. One manager told the story of a group of male tourists who entered her place and insisted on taking pictures. They offered ten dollars a snapshot but she had to turn them down.

Dress casually but clean. Most high-class houses won't even acknowledge a guy in ripped blue jeans and flannel shirt, even if he has the money. But don't overdress. If you come prancing in with a $600 suit and an alligator attaché case, they're gonna expect a helluva tip—and that sets up a potentially embarrassing situation for you.

Take a shower before you arrive. They do wash you down before the jump ball, whether you've showered or not, but it's nice to remove the dingelberries at home.

Do not talk loudly. If they think you are drunk or stoned, they will probably turn you away. Or worse, they may let you in and then roll you for the cash. And if you are drunk or stoned, you can't do too much about it—or get *it* up, anyway.

Do not make incessant small talk with the girl. If it makes you feel more comfortable to hear her life story, then by all means—but remember that time is money, and the more chatting, the less. . . . Do not—I repeat, do not—ask what a nice girl like her is doing in a place like this. That is probably the most boring cliché they've ever heard. After all, what's a nice guy like you doing in a place like this?

THE MENU

This is probably the most important element of all. You have to know what to ask for, and if you don't know the "in" phrases, then you're immediately branded as a novice and don't get the proper respect or effort. And you have to know how much it's going to cost. Communication gaps always seem to benefit the house.

If you want straight intercourse, then don't ask for straight intercourse. That word has never been used in a whorehouse. The phrase "a good fuck" is somewhat pedestrian but at least there ain't no confusing of the facts. If you requested coitus, they'd probably send you to the Chinese restaurant.

A straight, old-fashioned "good fuck" will cost you $15–$25 in a decent house. If it costs any less, check the girl's pulse. If it costs more, then you asked for coitus.

If you desire the primary sex act and fellatio, then by all means don't make a fool of yourself and ask for it. Ask for a half-and-half. That'll cost $20–$30.

One of the major controversies in houses is whether to charge by the time or the comes. Usually, the limit is either 25 minutes for $50 or individual acts for various prices, with a one-come limit. Premature ejaculators are a hooker's best friend. One of their tricks is to perform fellatio to the point of explosion and then watch as the poor fellow erupts within two seconds of penetration. It's always a good idea to masturbate prior to leaving home. This way, you can pile up some riding time.

An around the world is like a smorgasbord of sex. A little bit of everything, with an emphasis on anal sex. The prostitutes call that "Greek" and it's extra. If you're into the back-door play, then it could cost $25–$50, depending on the girl's mood. That's another thing about the good houses. There are no set menus. Play it by ear. But don't negotiate too hard. There's nothing more humiliating than two adults arguing whether the Cool Whip is five dollars additional or not.

Speaking of the props: If you're into "English"—light flagellation—you have to watch yourself closely. Most whorehouses are not receptive to the real heavy stuff but they will go for the light whippings, spankings and tickling. Once, it cost me $40 extra because the girl tickled me under my armpit. It's not worth it.

Still, if that's what you want, that's what you'll get. But if your scene involves more than one girl and it takes a while to evolve, then a little spanking might cost $50–$100, and you damned well better tip if the girl was a good actress.

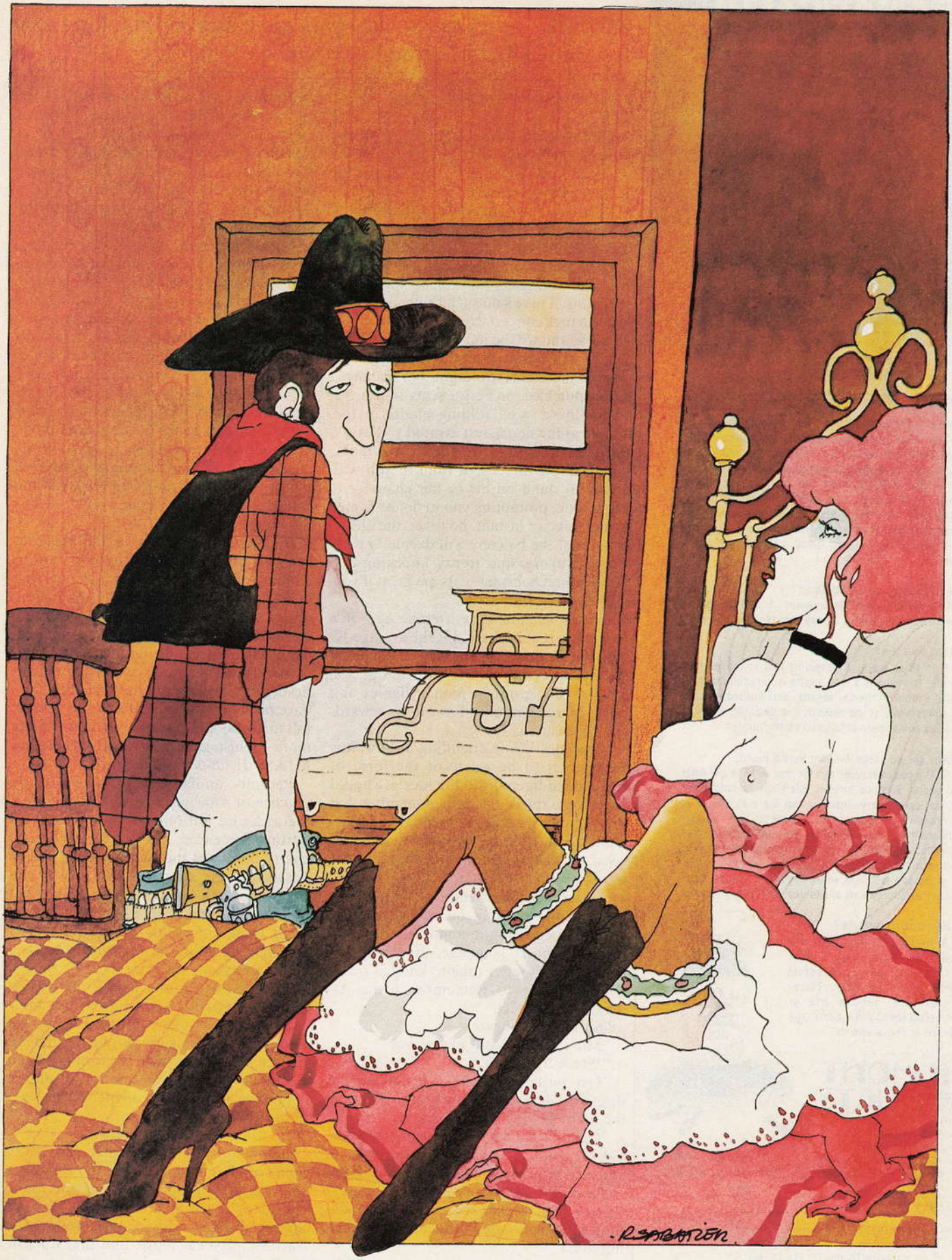
THE COPS

The odds are 500–1 that you will be caught in a police raid while visiting your favorite neighborhood house. Ninety-three whorehouses, including massage parlors and dance halls, have been closed down in New York City alone over the past four years, but these days only a raid or two is made each month. The courts' position is this: The time and expense it takes to prepare a raid, let alone possible wiretaps and search warrants, is hardly worth the end result. Unless the cops work closely with the IRS and prove tax fraud—and that is very rare—then the prostitutes, the customers and the manager will all be released the same night they are caught. At the most, they'll spend a night in jail.

Is it worth it all? Tough to say. I know one guy who contracted a rare Samoan strain of venereal disease at a house of prostitution and now spends his days putting his tongue back inside his mouth.

But I know another guy who lost his virginity at a house of whores and will never forget it.

I'm still sick from those Devil Shakes . . . □



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Q. How does it work?

A. In three ways. Sarsaparilla root increases hormone levels. Damiana is a mild euphoric, a reputed aphrodisiac, and a tonic for the sex organs. Kola nut reduces the energy requirements of the nervous and muscular systems by promoting combustion of fats and carbohydrates.

Q. Why should I take Wilmont Herbal Blend?

A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

Q. How long does it take?

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MUSIC At concerts, the seats are lousy and the kid next to you will be an orthodox drooler.

(Continued from page 34)

"safe" evening.

Joni Mitchell, Judy Collins ..... nuns
Seals and Crofts,
Cat Stevens ..... vegetables
David Bowie, Kiss,
Parliament-Funkadelic .... Saturnians
The Stones, Bob Seger,
Blue Oyster Cult ..... bikers
Dead Boys, The Damned,
The Stranglers ..... howitzers

Seating. There's no such thing as a good seat at a rock concert. No matter where you sit, the sound will be lousy and the kid next to you will be an orthodox drooler. The price of the seat is irrelevant. For instance, if you purchase orchestra seats in a large arena (those swell folding chairs in the middle of the floor), rest assured you won't see a thing during the show. Invariably, some asshole directly in front of you will decide to stand on his or her chair for a better look, prompting you to do the same. At that precise instant, however, the entire first tier of the balcony will decide to rush the stage in orgasmic frenzy, knocking you to the floor. Orchestra seats are great if you carry a lot of Blue Cross.

Communication. The average age of a rock concert attendee is 13; the average IQ hovers near that figure as well. If you must attempt to communicate with the person next to you, grunt in monosyllables and carry a large amount of sweets as rewards for a correct answer.

Language. While attending a show, it is always best to be aware of the form of language indigenous to the locale. Should you have to speak at length, remember that slurring one's words is essential for communication. Eliminating adjectives is advised, as well as inserting clichés and the word *fuck* (or a derivation thereof) whenever possible. For example: "Would you please stop vomiting on my girlfriend's arm? It's beginning to annoy me," would, in rock concert language, magically become, "Yood better fuggin' knoggit off!"

Key Phrases to Remember while Attending a Concert:

"Sit the fuck down."

"Move the fuck out of my way."

"Watch it, asshole."

"Get outta my seat!" (A 15-year-old thug has taken your seat while you were in the lobby getting a hot dog.)

"Get offa my date!" (The same 15-year-old thug has taken your girlfriend while you were in the lobby getting a hot dog.)

"Waddaya mean, leave the kid alone!" (Your date has taken the same 15-year-old thug while you were in the lobby getting a hot dog.)

Restrooms. It is best never to use a public facility in a concert hall. Usually, the floors are covered with something resembling the protagonist of *The Blob* and/or 13-year-old hipsters dying of overdoses. Most of these restrooms make the Black Hole of Calcutta look like a sun porch of a convent. If you must use the restroom, kick open the door before entering and bring along a flamethrower. This may intimidate the floor into staying on the floor.

Drugs. During the course of the evening, you will probably notice at least 20 youngsters who appear dead. Do not be alarmed. They have taken the drug Quaalude and are simply hibernating, or nodding out, between songs. Should this state last for half of the evening, retain your composure. They have taken too many Quaaludes and are hibernating between days. Should you attend a second rock concert some four weeks later and notice the same rock devotees nodded out in the same seats, notify the next of kin. They have now completed a fairly intricate form of hibernation and entered a state of existence known as The Big Sleep.

Hallucinations. Often, a mature concertgoer is annoyed by the continuous stream of marijuana smoke wafting through the air. Occasionally, hallucinations occur. If, during one of the more frenzied moments of the concert, you suddenly experience a deafening roar in your ears and envision blood pouring from your head, relax. You are not hallucinating. You have been hit with a lit firecracker. Simply roll to the floor and scream. In many of the more sophisticated music halls, there are M*A*S*H units in attendance.

Recently, audiences have taken up the practice of showing their appreciation for the rock and roll offered, by lighting and hurling firecrackers, ash cans, M-80s and cherry bombs at the stage, maiming both the musicgoers and the musicians. If one frowns on such behavior, then a hard hat and a welder's mask are essentials for good vibes. If one enjoys this sort of stuff, there's still fighting going on in Korea and they could always use an extra hand or two.

And that's it, music lovers, the official Survivor's Guide. According to our findings, the most likely music fan to get through a hard-rock concert unscathed is a male, aged 21 to 30, who is a former Green Beret and carries large amounts of plastic explosives in his shoes—which have been laminated.

If, after examining the state of concertdom today, you find that you really aren't all that anxious to see the Ramones the next time they pass through your town, consider the happy alternatives: There're always all-night whist games, *Hollywood Squares*, classical music and that rewarding feeling of accomplishment when, after counting the fingers on both hands, you come up with a two-digit sum. ☐

FILM

(Continued from page 38)
for coke. Right on the set.

Basic Nit #1: Background Bungles

Most directors bank on the probability that your attention will be constantly fixed on the actors or, failing that, on the action surrounding them. That way, you won't notice the treasure trove of continuity gaffes that generally abound in the background settings. But a skilled nitpicker is never fooled: He looks right past the principals, as if they were made of glass, and zeroes in on the disastrous trees nobody else can see because of the forest.

The nitpicker knows that a movie supposedly shot in Paris is almost guaranteed to include at least one stray street sign reading, "Hollywood Freeway."

It was a keen-eyed nitpicker, for example, who spotted a 1969 Pontiac GTO parked among the vintage 1940s Packards in *The Godfather.* And it was a nitpicker who ignored the giant grasshopper invasion in *The Beginning of the End* and correctly identified the Santa Monica Mountains behind a signpost that proclaimed, "Chicago, 10 Miles."

Basic Nit #2: Feats of Accidental Magic

Always be on the lookout for little things that suddenly vanish from a scene. Things like Jason Robards' feet in *All the President's Men.* In one shot they are propped up comfortably on his desk. A splice later, however, they are under the mahogany, out of sight, without Jason having moved so much as one dramatic muscle.

And what the hell happened to Humphrey Bogart's drink in *The Maltese Falcon*?

Likewise, be alert for little things that unexpectedly appear in a scene. Nitpickers all know that Talia Shire's hairdo completely changed, for a few minutes, right in the middle of *Rocky.* It was nothing supernatural, mind you—just a director inserting a reshoot segment long after the original scene had been finished. Only veteran nitpickers saw it, and only they went to bed that night safe and secure in their inner knowledge that United Artists, Sly Stallone and John Avildsen had not *really* made the perfect motion picture after all.

Like any anxious rookie, you may successfully nitpick your way through a half dozen movies and then prematurely jump into highly sophisticated techniques. Don't do it. Stick with the basics, and confine your first six months of "in-theater" training and practice to movies made by Irwin Allen, Peter Bogdanovich and Ross Hunter. Don't try tackling the films of Fellini, Bergman or Jerry Lewis until you have at least 500 hours of lesser works under your thoroughly Visined eyelids. And when you do make that first step into the big leagues, do it in the company of a fully qualified, master nitpicker. □

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MONEY The Federal Trade Commission is trying to put new teeth into the Fair Credit Reporting Act.

(Continued from page 44)

cut them in half. Then he'll put you on a cash budget and contact your creditors to get them to accept a reasonable payment on your outstanding debts. "Most creditors are willing to take something small to avoid spending time and money on collection or having to take back merchandise to resell." Under California law, there is no charge for debt counseling; however, if you ask Benson to take over your finances, his fee is ten dollars a month or five percent of monies repaid, whichever is less.

Meantime, the Federal Trade Commission is hard at work trying to put new teeth into the Fair Credit Reporting Act. According to Lee Peeler, an attorney in the special statutes division of the FTC, the commission, headed by ex-Ralph Nader lawyer Michael Pertschuk, has urged Congress to amend the FCRA so everyone in every state can get his credit report by mail.

What's more, the Privacy Protection Study Commission, set up by Congress in 1974, has recommended in a recent report that you be given access to information distributed about you by banks and your employer so you can make sure that's accurate too. The PPSC is also seeking an amendment that tells a consumer, before he signs up for a charge account or applies for a loan, "the extent to which that information generated by the [credit] relationship will be distributed to other people," Peeler said.

Not surprisingly, credit grantors and credit bureaus are sure to fight these recommended amendments. And they're not fighting them entirely for selfish reasons, either, although the revisions will mean more time and paperwork and ultimately more cost. "The credit grantors are concerned that if the information becomes too available," says Peeler, "they're opening themselves up for a lot of fraudulent credit applications and a lot of fraud claims."

Which becomes yet another wrinkle in the plastic-fantastic world of credit. ☐

HOW TO BEAT THE BASTARDS

Randy Downing is living proof you can be born again financially if you've got a little *chutzpah* and a lot of time. Downing didn't go the recommended route—huddling with creditors, conferring with credit bureaus, explaining prior problems to scrub out past stains. He simply dropped out.

Today, Downing (not his real name) is an art director with a large San Francisco advertising agency. He lives in an elegant flat in the Marina District, drives a sleek BMW, owns a 30-foot sailboat and carries a lot of cash and plastic money. His finances are under control.

In 1966, Downing was just out of the University of Michigan and bringing home $1600 a month as a 21-year-old graphic artist for a Chicago design studio. His wife worked also, and Randy free-lanced at designing advertising brochures at night. About that time, they discovered the joys of credit.

"I went credit-happy," he recalls. "I bought a house; we raised expensive German shepherds, and I bought a Buick station wagon to haul them around. We went out three times a week, and my wife and I both bought a lot of clothes. It was easy."

In less than a year and a half, things started to get tight. Bills piled up faster than the Downings could pay them off. To ease the strain, they got a debt-consolidation loan to pay off all the other loans—at a "friendly" finance company. Never mind the interest rate; Downing didn't even blink an eye. By 1969, Randy and his wife had decided to separate. "We needed space," he says. Although childless, his wife needed temporary support, and so sued for $200 a month. She was granted $100, despite Randy's plea that he was already $300 in the hole each month.

"At that point I said 'fuck it,' " he remembers. "There was no way I could make all the payments and live, even if I free-lanced every night." His solution? Move to California. Before he left Chicago he tried to sell the house in Glen Ellyn, where his wife was living, but there were no buyers. He walked away from it and the lender foreclosed. So did the bank that owned his new Buick station wagon. A pack of creditors were howling for his scalp.

When he arrived in San Francisco, he took a tiny, $100 apartment near the beach, bought a 1954 Chrysler for $100, began free-lancing and started life anew on a cash basis. "The secret is you never contact old friends you may have used as references," he says. "And you don't apply for credit for four or five years." He gingerly returned to the credit world when he bought a television at a neighborhood appliance store for one-third down. The store carried its own paper on small purchases. Downing held his breath; his application cleared.

"Then Standard Oil, who I probably burned for $350, sent me one of those letters inviting me 'to become part of the Standard family.' " Downing filled out the form-letter application and gave the appliance store as a credit reference. Next, he parlayed into a Shell Oil card, and then went out to buy a brand-new Fiat. The commission-hungry Fiat dealer found an old credit application that didn't ask whether the applicant had ever had an automobile repossessed. "I never had to lie." He got the car.

Since then, Downing has been enjoying life but keeps current with his debts. He doesn't see himself as the financial world's David Janssen—a fugitive on the run. At 32, he's got a well-paying, secure job, a $25,000 sailboat, a $15,000 car, a $410-a-month apartment and all the trappings of success, including an American Express card. Adds Downing: "I never leave home without it." —C.B.

HUEY NEWTON "They won't rest until I'm dead or in prison. I'm cautious. I watch what they're doing."

(Continued from page 72)

you was shot while attempting to break into a house next door to a witness who was scheduled to testify against you?

NEWTON: That's possible. A lot of things could have happened. It might have been a group of people who left the party a few weeks ago. Some of them opposed my coming back, and they couldn't stand another drain. Eighty thousand dollars in bail is a real financial drain on the party, on our whole standing in the community. Some people left because they were tired, just fatigued after sacrificing so much of their personal lives.

OUI: Do you think they were trying to protect you in some sick way? Or were there agents who were putting them up to this?

NEWTON: It could have been anything. My posture in the party while I was in prison was to eliminate the line of armed combat, and as a result many people left the party. Now I think that the conditions require that we take a different posture. Some people in the party disagree with my coming back and going through the judicial process. So it could have been people who disagree with my actions, or it could have been police involvement. It could have been people trying to make my case look bad. I don't know. I have never helped the authorities to do their job. We haven't had institutions that can give justice, so it's hard for me to even speculate about it. Let them bring charges against someone and let them try to solve that.

OUI: Do you think this signifies that the authorities' attitude about you has returned to normal?

NEWTON: Yes. They won't rest until I'm dead or in prison.

OUI: So, are you again fearful for your life? Did you anticipate this when you came back from Cuba?

NEWTON: Yes. But it's not a matter of fear. I'm conscious enough to know that nobody gets out of life alive, and that I won't and nobody else will. I always try to laugh at the funny things that happen on the way to the grave. I'm not afraid, because I'm cautious. I want to hang on to this form of existence as long as I can, but I'm aware that there's danger, so I watch what they're doing.

OUI: Are you being followed now?

NEWTON: No, not that I can tell, and that's sort of odd. Maybe it's because their technology has gotten so advanced that they're using satellites or something. I've come to the point where my joke is, "I want my tail back—at least then I can *see* what's following me."

OUI: Is there any possibility that you would jump bail?

NEWTON: No. I think it would be ridiculous for me to return only to split again. There's no way, no possibility that I would leave the U. S.

OUI: Was part of the reason you returned to the United States the hundred-million-dollar lawsuit against the FBI and CIA?

NEWTON: To some degree. But the main thing is that people are more conscious. Before, no matter how loudly we screamed, there was a sort of deafness. I don't even depend on the documentation that exists to extricate me. I believe that, based on the evidence and admissions of the last ten years, the American people are capable of understanding what the police can and will do. America may know for the first time how the police are capable of murder. If I can help prove it—good.

OUI: Do you think that without the intervention of the FBI and CIA the split with Cleaver might not have happened?

NEWTON: I don't know. There was definitely all sorts of government activity in that direction. The FBI has never ceased to amaze me with their audacity. I found that there was a directive to open large bank accounts, withdraw funds and send check stubs around to my supporters to show I was living high on the hog. The FBI also sent letters to party members and friends, just after I got out of jail in 1970, saying that I had been released for the purposes of being an informer. The very fact that I, a black man, was being released from jail—especially with the charges against me—made me look very suspicious. I have never read an account in history where a black man in the North or South was accused of killing a white person and didn't either spend years in the penitentiary or go to the gas chamber. And here I was accused of killing a white policeman and set free. So you have to understand that the doubts people had about me were very real. I think they were based much more on fear than rivalry. I did feel hurt by Eldridge, though. If I had received a letter accusing him of acting against the interests of the party, I would have gone to him about it. That is what friendship is all about. I was aware that people were talking about a split, so I arranged to go on TV with a hookup of Eldridge in Algeria to squelch the rumor the government was circulating. But there was Eldridge, denouncing me. Maybe he never was my friend.

OUI: What happened with Bobby Seale? He left the party under mysterious circumstances a couple of years ago, and no one knows why.

NEWTON: It's as much of a mystery to me, actually. He didn't talk to me about it beforehand—I guess the pressure was such that he didn't feel he could, and that was very sad to me. I wished we could have

(Continued on page 133)

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SEX TAPES LETTERS Finally the door opened and she walked out, her wet body an erotic vision.

(Continued from page 28)

always open in a voluptuous O, ready for the shape of what she liked to put into it most. Her bottom lip turned slightly forward as if daring someone to kiss her.

One night I dropped by her apartment to see her boyfriend, but he was gone and she was there alone. All of a sudden, this incredible feeling of sneakiness, packed with sexual energy, came flooding through me. When she bent over to serve me coffee, I responded to the challenge of that pouting lower lip; her own lips sucked mine with a slow, strong, thrilling suction that reached way down inside of me and told me I had not been misled by the signals I'd gotten from that open red mouth.

"Just a minute," she said. "I'm going to take a bath," and she stepped into the bathroom. I knew this meant she would go all the way, because her boyfriend had told me that she always bathed before sex. He'd also said that she never got enough, and a guy would have to be in good shape just to stay in bed with her.

Well, I couldn't wait, so I stepped into the bathroom to see if she was ready. She was sitting in the tub, quietly washing herself, and I could see her cunt hairs floating in the water.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"No, thanks. I'll get it."

I stepped to the sink, took out my prick and washed it. She gave me a provocative smile, and I went out to the living room to wait for her with intense desire. My whole body thrilled with expectation.

Finally the door opened and she walked out, her wet body an erotic vision clothed only in black panties and an open orange sweater that showed her marvelous breasts. She looked as though my dreams themselves had dressed her. And I must have looked good to her, too, because she placed her hand between my legs. "Come on," she said, and led me by my dick into the bedroom. "How about a blow job?"

Fantastic. I lay back on the bed and she drew out my rod. She peeled back the skin over its head with her fingers and pressed those fabulous lips around it. I thought I'd go through the ceiling, I was in such a frenzy. "Are you sure you don't want me to eat you?" I asked. "Just let me do it," was the answer. And she darted her tongue all up and down my dick, licking and then sucking.

But I just had to eat her. I pulled her shivering body against mine. Her cunt looked just like her mouth. I kissed the reddish lips, licking them apart, then nuzzled her swollen clitoris and the mysterious little round hole that was bubbling like a hot spring. Her tissues tightened around my tongue; my whiskers rubbed against her seed; I grabbed at the flesh all over her body as she shrieked with joy. "Use your tongue, use your tongue," she said. I was dizzy from lack of air, but I couldn't let go. Then, suddenly, I was shooting off into her mouth and she was gushing into mine. She almost turned inside out with the force of her orgasm. Afterward, she was shaking all over and there were tears in her eyes. "At last," she said. "At last. Blessed relief."

HERMAN S.
Des Moines, Iowa

Male multiple orgasm

It's a mental thing, really. I mean, if a woman can have a succession of climaxes, why can't a man? I'm talking about really coming, not that funny stuff. Because how does a woman come? By stimulation of her flesh and mind. Caresses and images, that's how. If she can be stroked after coming and made to come again, why can't the same be done for a man? He has sensitive skin, too. And when he comes, his dick doesn't fall off. His mind doesn't go blank, though he may want it to. And the loss of a couple of c.c.s hardly empties out his supply. But, you see, he has to *want* to come. And if he's uptight about the possibility of coming more than once, it's not so likely to happen. Erections and orgasms are just two instances in which self-consciousness is self-defeating. I mean, if you're worried that you should get another erection, or that you might not get one, then it automatically becomes hard. Not your dick, either; getting it hard is what becomes hard. And it's a vicious circle, because if your problem is that you're overly aware—well, it does you no good to be aware of it.

RICHARD N.
Dragerton, Utah

To tell you the truth, I can't stand it when a guy tries to see how long he can fuck—or how close he can get to coming without actually doing it. While he stays calm, cool and collected, the girl is supposed to be going crazy. I don't think that's fair; it makes me feel like a test subject. I prefer a good, honest screw, even if it takes only a few minutes. After all, fucking isn't the ultimate point of one's existence.

RUTH C.
Providence, Rhode Island

I don't know about multiple orgasms, but I like a guy who can fuck awhile. I mean, someone who can just lay up and boogie all night. If he wants to have orgasms along the way, that's his business, but I don't want him to lose his hard-on and cheat me out of my orgasm.

SANDRA T.
Waco, Texas

HUEY NEWTON "Existence is violent; I exist; I'm violent. It's hypocritical to pretend otherwise."

(Continued from page 131)

talked about it, but he felt otherwise. It's one of a number of things that have made me sad over the years—I guess I'm a very sad person, all in all.

OUI: Did these incidents change how you felt about other fellow party members?

NEWTON: Of course there was a very heavy emotional reaction. Trust is hard to achieve. But if you stop having faith in the people you work with, you're just cutting yourself off. There's a very delicate balance between self-reliance and mutual dependence that you have to learn to maintain. And when you are betrayed, you see that the betrayer has lost a very human connection. You feel a little sorry for them. Their betrayal has deprived *them* of the joy of being able to trust.

OUI: You appear a great deal less angry than you were ten years ago.

NEWTON: I'm much more aware of the contradictions, the conflicts of interests, the contradictions inside myself and the contradictions in other people. It's taught me to be less harsh with others, to not regard them as lesser than myself. I find their difficulties inside myself, too. I understand now that people don't consciously work against their own interests. Many times, people work against their interests unconsciously. The primary problem is to lift consciousness. This doesn't necessarily preclude violence, but we try very hard to resolve problems in a different way. And when we have to hurt somebody, it's an act of tremendous sadness—you are damaging yourself, your extended self, a part of your own organism.

OUI: Is this change in attitude reflected in the party's policies?

NEWTON: I wouldn't call it a change in attitude as much as a shift in emphasis. And I would qualify this further by going back to the very beginning, when we were patrolling the police force of Oakland in the mid-Sixties. We had guns, but they were registered. And we had books—legal books—that were just as much a part of our neighborhood protective policies as the guns. Many news reports said that the Black Panther Party wanted to kill the police. That was nonsense. Our intentions were to keep the police from misusing their tremendous power over the neighborhoods. Along with the defense programs, as we called them, we had the breakfast program, the drive to eliminate sickle-cell anemia—where we tested over a half-million people—and all of these things were overlooked. They had little dramatic value. Yet, if you read the FBI files, you see that Hoover's statement is that the Panthers' Breakfast for Children program was the most threatening single element about us—more than our guns—because it was so effective in the community. In Hoover's eyes, it was a form of infiltration.

OUI: Why do you think you were his main target?

NEWTON: I don't think it was me. I think it was the party.

OUI: But doesn't the FBI perceive a party or movement in terms of leadership? Their strategy has been to force a group to disperse by destroying its leadership.

NEWTON: That's one of our main problems to this day. I've always wondered why it was directed with such intensity at me. It's not logical.

OUI: When you started roaming the streets of Oakland for your defense program, did you foresee that they were going to jack you up, put you in jail, try to kill you?

NEWTON: I thought it might happen.

OUI: Did your family get harassed by the FBI?

NEWTON: They received some threats but, fortunately, did not receive the treatment I feared they might. It wasn't a long, grinding form of harassment that some people's families have undergone.

OUI: Did your family eventually reconcile themselves to your stance?

NEWTON: After I was arrested they unbent somewhat. My mother and father told other people that they supported my act, and it got back to me. Eventually they told me themselves. But it was difficult for them. I was moving in direct violation of their plans. They wanted me to go to music school, to go through law school, and I never fell in line. They had interpreted it as ingratitude when I railed against their plans.

OUI: What struck you as wrong in these plans of your parents?

NEWTON: They really didn't take into account a fundamental racism in our society that changes very slowly. We were poor. Those at the bottom strive to get out of the degradation and pain, but America has yet to develop a place for them to go. There is a sort of stairstep, mobile system for whites to make the transition from one class to another. Nothing like it exists for black Americans. Those few blacks who get ahead are never really assimilated. They forget the old ways to learn the new, but in reality aren't accepted anywhere. Even though they get ahead, a line is eventually drawn somewhere, beyond which they cannot pass. Education becomes a form of alienation. An ambitious project or an adequate income cease being tools and become just another form of loneliness.

OUI: But you went to college.

NEWTON: Yes, but I did it on my own time. But I never forget how estranging academia can be, how absurd it often is.

OUI: How did jail affect your thinking?

NEWTON: I think I'm still finding that out;

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HUEY NEWTON "I would have been put in the gas chamber if they hadn't freed me. This was the power of the people; I never claimed any power."

I'll be finding that out for the rest of my life. Certainly, spending three years in solitary confinement taught me the value of meditation.

OUI: Was this the point where you were introduced to Zen Buddhism?

NEWTON: I'm not sure I have ever been introduced to Zen Buddhism. I don't know if I understand Zen. After I got out of jail, I met Roshi Dick Baker and Baba Ram Dass, and we had a furious debate by correspondence. It started when Dick Baker kept pointing out to me that my way of putting things was essentially Christian. Ram Dass said, 'No, he isn't Christian; he's just alienated.' Of course, this worried me. No one wants to be alienated. So we started corresponding, Ram Dass and I. Somewhere along the line he decided that I wasn't alienated, because I started getting messages back from people who attended his lecture tours, saying that Ram Dass was saying positive things about me. But I don't know about Zen.

OUI: Didn't Dick Baker say that you had achieved meditative states after he read your book *Revolutionary Suicide*?

NEWTON: Yes, but I had to achieve some insight into myself or get crushed by the experience of solitary confinement. It was an either/or situation. But these ideas about meditation strike me as rather luxurious. It seemed to me that Dick Baker was trying to interpret my necessities according to his lights. I don't know if it was meditation or not. Baker kept on saying that I could not have achieved my insights without meditation. I kept on saying that I didn't use meditation. Then Baker would say that only saints don't need to meditate, and asked if I thought that I was a saint. This really bugged me. I never meditated but I'm not a saint. But Dick Baker and I understand each other pretty well, given the difference in vocabulary. And he does have a personal serenity that strikes me as an achievement.

OUI: How would you describe your own religious perceptions?

NEWTON: Well, I haven't developed a personal serenity. There have been times that I felt an absolute freedom, but—it's funny—each time I've experienced this, I thought it was absolute and permanent, and the whole sense would then vanish or last only a day or two at best. Then I'd start asking questions again. And as a matter of fact, I was in a greater state of anxiety after each one of these experiences than I was before I had them. I'm told that it's hard for an activist to understand the absurdity of activity. Baker said that I was hung up on action. I think nonaction is perfectly valid—if you're in solitary confinement. What I learned in solitary confinement I use as I use all of my experience—as a piece of equipment in battle.

OUI: In short, you see meditation itself as a means to an end, where Baker sees it as an end itself.

NEWTON: Well, that simplifies things. I'll put it this way: All the samurai were Buddhist but not all Buddhists were samurai. The way my exposure to Zen helped me was that it showed me that you don't move in anger, that you don't destroy for the sake of destruction. The universal understanding of oneness that Buddhists talk about is not much different from the Marxist definition of the universe as something dialectically interconnected. Both Buddhism and Marxism have accounts of the struggle of opposites based on the eternal contradiction of emotion and matter. Both imply that the individual ego is something that can become cancerous and destructive.

OUI: Do you then consider yourself a fundamentally nonviolent person?

NEWTON: Existence is violent; I exist; I'm violent in that way. The thing we are going to have to learn is how to turn work into creativity, play, entertainment. We must learn to entertain ourselves—entertainment is redirected violence. It comes from violence, from the vital, directed forces, but it isn't a diminishment. The thing to do is to create a situation that enlarges rather than diminishes. But it's hypocritical, too, to pretend that existence is not violent. It's hypocritical—the way vegetarians are hypocritical. They think they aren't harming anything, but a carrot screams too.

OUI: How do you account for the disparity between public image and private man? When you were first released from jail in 1970 you were a hero—"Free Huey" had been the battle cry for two years. You then went on a college lecture tour, and you lectured on Hegel and Immanuel Kant. You were expected to be a flaming rhetorician and here you were giving an introductory philosophy course.

NEWTON: I really don't know. I'm not really an outgoing person. I'm not very charismatic. I'm not a good speaker and I'm a rather shy individual. I never did anything very herolike. I just worked on community programs.

OUI: C'mon, you were the hero to millions when you got out of jail in 1970 . . .

NEWTON: Yeah, they freed Huey and then they wanted Huey to free them. But all the time, I wanted them to *know* that they freed Huey—to know their own power—so that they could free themselves. I would have been put in the gas chamber if they hadn't freed me. This *was* the power of the people; I never claimed any power in the whole thing. When I was lecturing, it was a real letdown. I was trying to teach—which means giving what you have and letting others draw their own conclusions from it—and this is very hard to do with a big crowd of people. The campus lecture tour was the worst experience I have had in my life. I lost fifty pounds during that time.

OUI: Five or ten years ago it would have been impossible to imagine the chairperson of the BPP running for mayor of Oakland, or Elaine Brown becoming one of Governor Jerry Brown's delegates at the 1976 Democratic Convention. What's behind this shift?

NEWTON: It's certainly not because of a fundamental shift in our political goals, which are socialist. Nor have we become a part of the Democratic Party's machinery. If there has been a shift, it's in the fact that we have one of the best organized local parties in the U. S. We have had to make some changes in tactics, but our goal has always been simply one of people gaining control over their community, and we're trying to do that now. The kind of unemployment we have now in the black communities—it's really a form of fascism, and that's a term we don't throw around lightly these days.

OUI: Do you think that the school has much to do with the Panthers' gaining respectability?

NEWTON: It may. A large corporation in Oakland gave us three thousand dollars and said we had the best private school in the area.

OUI: Do you plan to extend it to a high school?

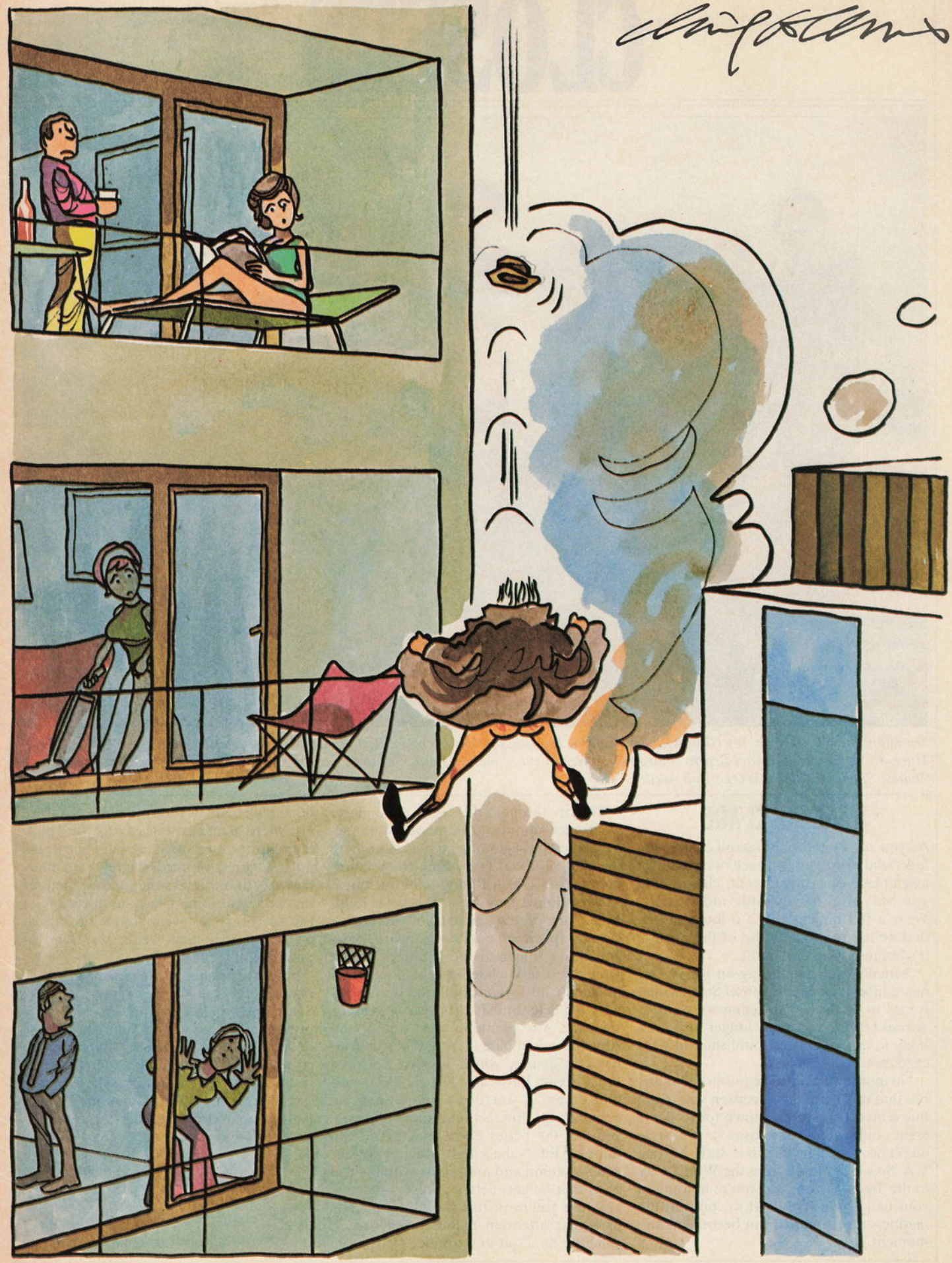
NEWTON: Well, the kids who graduate at the age of twelve have finished high school; the school program is a tough, accelerated one. The next step is to create a university.

OUI: What's next for you and the party in terms of programs?

NEWTON: We think socialism is necessary. At this time we demand full employment, and people believe that they can be fully employed under capitalism; so we push for that, as a way of proving that the system can't possibly accommodate full employment. And we push for it in the belief that the changes we envision will become tangible.

OUI: Do you feel you've been typecast as a revolutionary?

NEWTON: Yes. I think that since October of 1966, when the party formed, it's been very difficult for me to do the things that I would like, because people accepted the image that they made and they could never accept me doing many of the things that I think are important. They're afraid. Politicians are afraid to communicate and civic leaders are afraid to socialize, so they put me in a box. Since I've come back, I've really become aware for the first time that I'll never get out of that box. But it doesn't cause me too many problems anymore.□



CLOSERS

Standing: Stewart Weiner, Toy Gibson, Sheryl Eddins, Jan Golab, Peter Brennan, Richard Cramer, Patricia Berliner, Caryn Weiss, Gerrit Huig, Jo Vanderhei, Michael Brock, Sharon O'Hara, Gloria Stone, Ed Bott. Kneeling: George Kenton, Rickie Kenton, Jim Kiehle, Jeff Dunas, Shelley Miller. AWOL: Bob Melley.

HERE OUI IS/ARE

As you see by the photograph above, the folks who bring you OUI each month are an assemblage of rather decent, clean-living and only slightly unstable individuals. We're a fun bunch, and if it looks to you that we're squinting on top of the world—it's because we are. Almost.

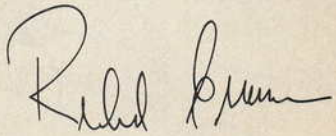
Actually, we're squinting on top of our new editorial offices on Sunset Strip, which brings us to the key question we want to answer but can't wait any longer for somebody to ask. "Isn't OUI published in Chicago, not Los Angeles?"

No more. We used to be published there, but that was before the decision was made that a men's magazine known for its irreverent, outrageous and provocative style ought to be where all that stuff begins: L.A. So we've moved from the Windy City to the Trendy Town, and you're holding in your hands our first effort to confront the madness that America can become at any moment.

Thumb through this issue and taste what's new about OUI. Experience our six departments, beginning on page 30, where we tell you about everything from Laundering Your Credit Rating to Nitpicking a Movie. Notice how we've taken D. Keith Mano out of the theaters of America—closing up the hole in his popcorn box—and thrust him into the country's locker rooms. Peruse Michael Price's *TV* column, but don't hurt yourself. Price is the guy who told Peter Marshall 11 years ago that a show he was planning was stupid and America would hate it. Yep, that was *Hollywood Squares*, which is why we hired Price. Read Lawrence Dietz's *Print* column, even if you don't know anything about books. In fact, the more illiterate you are, the better Dietz looks. And flip through Ed Naha's first attempt at our *Music* column and pray along with the rest of us that he gets better.

While you're in this month's OUI, pay particular attention to our lovely ladies. What we're about to introduce to you, big fella, is the kind of stuff you don't often see elsewhere. Some experts call it "hot" photography, but we swear we paid for it. It's not that tired OB-GYN sleaze that others flash about, nosir. It's the kind of pictures that keep you coming back to those one or two special pages every couple of days to take one more look. Yeah, *that* kind of photography.

There's much more that OUI has planned for you in the coming months. Some of it will knock you over, some of it piss you off. That's good, though, because nobody wants a predictable magazine. So go ahead, flip through this issue, dog-ear a couple of pages, enjoy yourself. You can see we're on the edge of something hot and dangerous. Welcome to L.A. And OUI.



RICHARD CRAMER, EDITOR

Ultimately It's Marantz.
Go For It.

Now, professional 3-head monitoring in a cassette deck.

Up to now you had to choose between a cassette deck for convenience. Or, reel-to-reel for professional recording features. Now have it both ways in the Marantz 5030 cassette deck.

Here's how:

The Marantz 5030 has separate record and playback heads... the same as reel-to-reel. This gives you an instant check of the quality of your recording as you record. And, like some of the most expensive reel-to-reel decks, the record and playback heads on the Model 5030 are super-hard permalloy—a long-lasting metal alloy that gives better frequency response and signal to noise ratio than Ferrite material.

For precise azimuth alignment, both the playback/monitoring and record heads are set side-by-side within a single metal enclosure. They can't go out of tracking alignment.

Complementing this outstanding "head-technology" is Full-Process Dolby* Noise Reduction Circuitry. It not only functions during record and playback... but during monitoring as well.

What drives the tape past the heads is every bit as important as the heads themselves. For this reason the Model 5030 has a DC-Servo Motor System. The steadiest, most accurate tape-transport method. Speed accuracy is superb, with Wow and Flutter below 0.05% (WRMS).

To adapt the Model 5030 to any of the three most popular tape formulations, press one of the three buttons marked "Tape EQ and BIAS." There are settings for standard Ferric-Oxide, Chromium Dioxide (CrO_2) or Ferri-Chrome (FeCr) tape.

With Mic/Line Mixing, two sources can be recorded at the same time, combining line and microphone inputs. The Master Gain Control lets you increase or decrease the overall volume of the total mix.

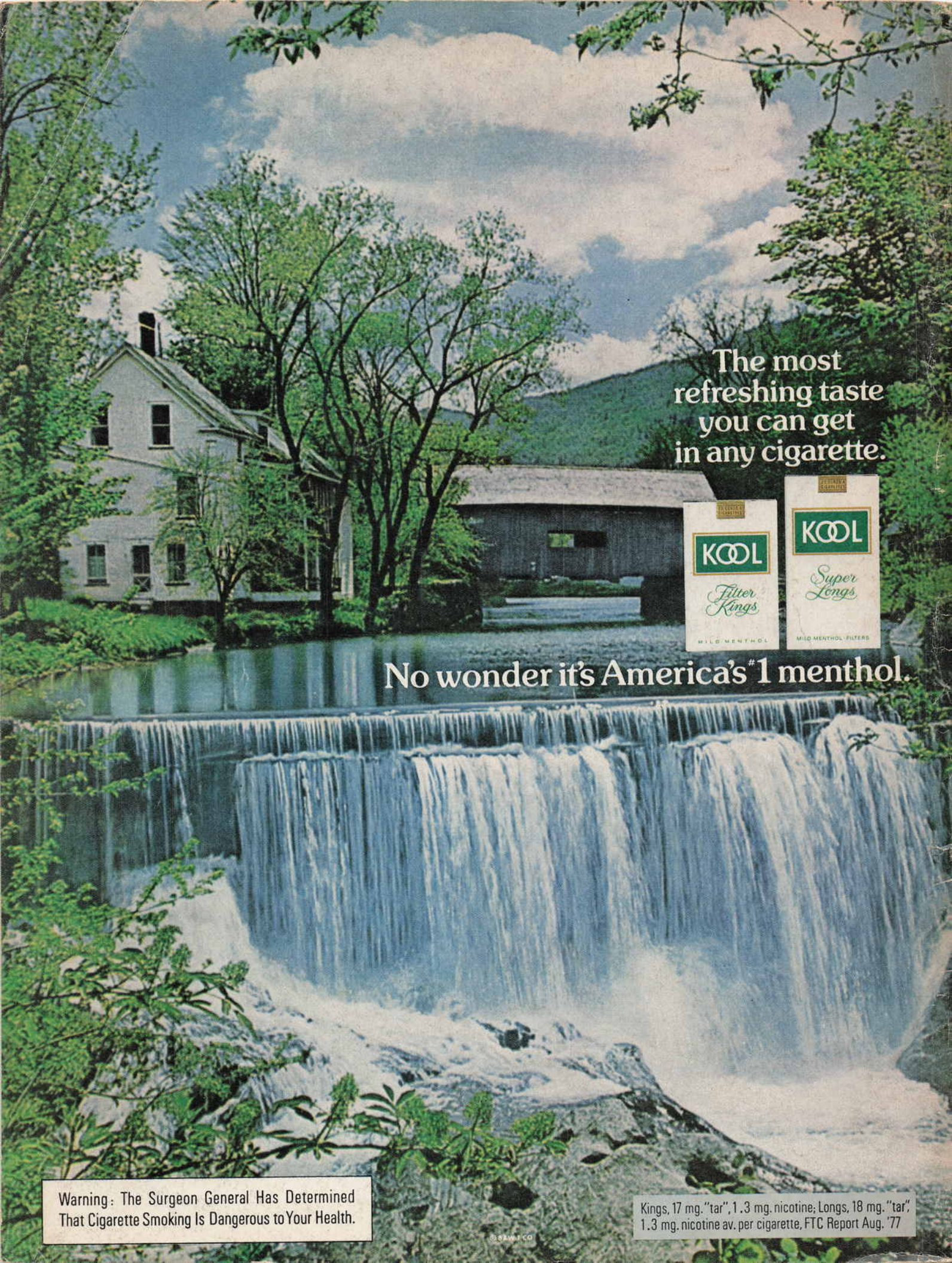
What else could we pack into a front load cassette deck?

More features. Like a 3-digit tape counter with memory function. Viscous Damped Vertical-load Cassette Door. Switchable Peak Limiter. Fast-response LED Peak Indicators. 3" Extended-range Professional VU Meters. Locking Pause Control for momentary shut-off in record or play... and Total Shut-off in all modes when the tape ends.

And, of course, the unbeatable Marantz 5030 is front loading. Easy to stack or fit on a shelf. The styling is clean and bold. The sound is the truest recreation of what was put on tape. If you want the best—then do what you really want to do—go for it. Go for Marantz.

marantz®
We sound better.

*TM Dolby Labs, Inc. © 1978 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Marantz dealer.


The most
refreshing taste
you can get
in any cigarette.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL
KOOL
Super Longs
MILD MENTHOL FILTERS
No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77